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THE FRONT PAGE.

THE inauguration of Government transmission and distribution of Niagara Power will take place at the town of Berlin next week and from every point of view the event is an epochal one in the history of the province of Ontario. Seven years ago last winter the first conference of municipalities with a view to striking a general plan for obtaining electric power from Niagara on reasonable terms was held at this same town of Berlin. It was chosen for the conference because it lies in the centre of the industrial district of Western Ontario and is itself a community remarkable for the fact that, although it possesses no special geographical or other advantages, it has developed a noble series of industries having for their basis the enterprise and mechanical skill of its people. At the initial conference in question, Hon. Adam Beck, who was subsequently to play such an important part in the development of power distribution was present as Mayor of the city of London, and frankly said that he came to learn. There were also present men like Messrs. W. K. McNaught and P. W. Ellis, of Toronto, who had mastered the subject and have for years carried on an educational campaign relating thereto. The idea did not meet with unanimous approval. There were towns represented which thought they enjoyed special advantages in the way of location and local water powers, that might be minimized by a general distribution of "white coal." Nevertheless enough enthusiasm was generated from this conference to create a movement that induced the Whitney administration which a year or so later came into power to adopt power distribution as a Government measure. The Hydro Electric Commission was created and the matter was given into the hands of Hon. Adam Beck, who had entered the new ministry without portfolio. It has been largely due to his indomitable courage and energy backed by the steadfast support of the Prime Minister, Sir James Whitney, that within the comparatively short period of seven years the scheme with its infinite details has been brought to a successful issue. Berlin is but one of thirty-five towns which have entered into what is really but a municipal partnership under Government direction. In this partnership Toronto will be a predominant factor. By a coincidence the municipality where the original proposal was launched is the first ready to receive the power. Everyone who reads the newspapers is aware of the efforts that have been made by vested interests which imagined themselves to be endangered by Government distribution of power to thwart the proposal. Foul methods have been as freely used as fair. The enemies of the proposal have even gone to the length of trying to weaken Ontario's credit abroad in the hope that such a catastrophe might be used as a lever to induce the Government to retreat from the path it had chosen. As a matter of fact no genuine vested interest is assailed. The Government is not developing power itself. It is merely enabling municipalities without the resources to build individual transmission lines to obtain electric power on equitable terms by a system of mutual co-operation. The companies which are developing power along the Niagara River will sell this power to the Hydro-Electric Commission, and the latter will lay it at the doors of the manufacturer in every town which desires it at the lowest possible cost. If the developing companies, however, pool their interests and try to "hold up" the community, then the Government will develop power itself along its own river. The Hydro-Electric Commission is, it may be further added, a protection to the present and the future consumer of electric power against any system of rebates whereby certain favored manufacturers would be able to squeeze their rivals out of the field. It was the knowledge that some such scheme, smelling of Standard Oil was projected by the largest of the development companies that gave impetus to the movement which is to have its first definite fruition at Berlin next week. If the Whitney administration had done nothing else but carry through to a triumphant issue this great achievement it would still deserve the plaudits of all enlightened electors irrespective of party.

WHY should the manufacturer always figure as the villain in the piece? One asks this question after having perused during the past month a hundred or more editorials on the subject of tariffs and reciprocity which have been published in various parts of Canada. The general tone of such editorials is that the manufacturer is a party to some sort of conspiracy to rob the consumer, and the dictum of the free trade doctrinaire invariably places him beyond the pale of consideration. Now, one has no intention of entering into a discussion of the pros and cons of free trade. It is a doctrine with as many ramifications and phases for academic consideration as that of transubstantiation. But one does propose to say a word in behalf of the manufacturer as he figures in the history of Canada. Thirty-five years ago there were those who believed that this country was destined for ever to be an agricultural community. Because the Hebraic patriarchs happened to be agriculturists who played their game craftily as Jacob did when he wanted to get a share of Laban's sheep it has been assumed that there was something sacred in the calling. When, however, the National Policy brought Canadian manufactures into being, Canada entered a new phase. Her cities commenced to assume the outward aspects of a wealthy civilization. Her smaller towns became transformed from cross-roads depots of exchange into centres of industry, with all the social and civic life that centres around industry. The successful manufacturer (and by him one means the practical man and not the promotion agent and the merger expert) is the captain-general of an army great or small. His brain directs the operation of this army, and on its efficiency depends not only the quality of the output which shall supply the needs of others, but the sustenance, well-being and livelihood of the homes which grow up around an established industry. The weekly pay envelope is in almost every case the sustaining force of a home, or at any rate of a home that is to be. The Canadian manufacturer who has guided his business through the troubled waters of trade for a quarter of a century has been a hero. If he has any hair left on his head it is probably prematurely white. He has had his dark days; his bad years; his

struggles with the banks; his encounters with the inexplicable phenomena of hard times; and his sickening sense of defeat when face to face with the problem of over-production. If he fails in business it means temporary loss of livelihood to more than the population of two rural townships. When he is compelled to lay off his men it is a catastrophe. His family and he may enjoy many luxuries, but he has assuredly earned them with every fibre of his system. In the army of men who from 1878 onward, have engaged in the struggle to make Canada something more than a pastoral community there have been as many wrecks as there have been successes. Failure or victor, the manufacturers who have

It was widely copied in the West and later appeared in a slightly modified form in the Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, through which channel it was transmitted to many newspapers in all parts of the United States. Now it has turned up again as an anecdote illustrating a serious discourse on the Englishman in the colonies published by the National Review, of London, England. No doubt this bit of repartee will continue its journey around the world and will be used many years hence to point a moral and adorn a tale. That is how things travel in these days of the printed page. It is like the story of the snake farm, which periodically turns up in the "boiler-plate" and "tit-bit" sections of the press wherever the

girl is to be pitied, and not the less so because, like all persons of her class she showed herself unworthy of belief in the witness box. She first swore that McNulty had treated her badly and starved her, and then swore that he had always been good to her and let her have what money she wanted. This latter statement seems to have been borne out by circumstances. Yet, on the bald assertion of this girl that McNulty wrote her a letter telling her to strangle their child—a statement made by a witness already perjured, substantiated by no circumstance of any kind and to some extent discredited by other circumstances—a conviction of murder is recorded. The handling of the case by the Crown was exceedingly tricky. The prisoners were not tried together as they should have been. The girl no doubt told her first story in the hope that she would shift responsibility altogether to McNulty. Then with a public sentiment aroused and the possibility of a fair trial "according to the evidence" entirely precluded, McNulty was arraigned with results satisfactory to the Crown, but not to anyone who has no desire to see men, however criminal, hanged as hecatombs to public sentiment. The cause of morality and of an even balance between the sexes will not be furthered by such snap verdicts.

SHAKESPEARIAN biographers in describing the poet's boyhood as it may be deduced from contemporary documents and other survivals, love to dilate on the smells of Stratford-on-Avon. They would have us believe that owing to the absence of sanitary ideas in the sixteenth century, the youthful Shakespeare was daily regaled with smells of a variety and richness unattainable nowadays. Whether they wish it to be understood that these smells had a stimulating influence on his genius they do not state, but assuredly they pay a great deal of attention to olfactory matters. If bad smells have a quickening influence on poetic expression we must hope in another decade to see Canadian literature greatly enriched by the effusions of youths reared in Toronto. Despite its modern sewage disposal system this town is rapidly increasing its fame as a city of smells. One of the daily newspapers recently described the thoughts that came to a man of sensitive nostrils who made an excursion in the neighborhood of Queen and York Streets where the foreign population traffics. At this centre he found the acrid odors of decay in infinite variation. He could have added that in almost every retail district there is some vendor of perishable goods who provides foul odors to stagger the wayfarer. Then the traffic in offal and in decayed meat which seems to be a large one in Toronto is carried on in mid-day and under the broiling sun. Any one of the wagons of the abattoir companies which deal in such foulness may be safely trusted to impregnate the air of an area half a mile square. This traffic could be carried on between midnight and six a.m., but that no doubt would be an injustice to those who find such smells stimulating. Then we have that other provider of lusty smells, the motorist who refuses to keep his gasoline engine clean. He helps the miasmic symphony with a deep undertone of choking odor. Altogether Shakespeare, could he come back to life, would find his environment, in one respect at least, familiar.

HENRI BOURASSA, Quebec's particularly bright political reactionary, whose special business in life is stirring up trouble, in a recent number of his paper, Le Devoir, calls upon all loyal French-Canadians to unite more closely in order that they may combat those influences which tend to absorb and assimilate the French-Canadian. Bourassa suggests, among other things, that the French-Canadian should patronize exclusively the French-Canadian banks, that is such banking institutions as have directorates thoroughly in sympathy with Bourassa's reactionary movement.

In the first place, bank directors with the Bourassa viewpoint would be hard to find. Such men may possibly be operating country stores, but not chartered banks. Secondly, the French-Canadian is no fool, and his patriotism (of the Bourassa brand) is not at all likely to run away with his caution and business instinct. In the list of chartered banks there are just three institutions with French names doing business in the Province of Quebec, but as it happens two out of the three are partially officered by Englishmen. This cuts Bourassa's field of endeavor down to small proportions.

But, on the other hand, let us presume for a moment that the Englishman's patriotic bug took a flight in the opposite direction from Bourassa's. What then?

At least fifty per cent. of the French-Canadians in the city of Montreal and throughout the province draw their weekly wage from English corporations. Why do not these men and corporations, taking their cue from Bourassa, discharge all French-Canadians, placing Englishmen in their stead? Of course, it would turn the entire province upside down and inside out industrially; but what of that! Surely Mr. Bourassa could not object to taking a dose of his own medicine.

Bourassa suggests that before a French-Canadian places funds in a bank for safe keeping he ascertain whether the directors of the institution are with him or against him.

That is with or against Bourassa.

Under the circumstances there appears to be only one thing for Bourassa to do, and that is start a bank of his own.

THE most interesting subject of discussion at the present time is Roosevelt. What does he mean to do? Has he definite plans or is he a megalomaniac seizing any opportunity to get into the limelight with no thought of the morrow? Those who slate him for President in 1912 forget that the short period of two years may mean an immense number of changes in politics. If Roosevelt really wants to be President again, he should go away for another eighteen months and explore the interior of Asia and then come back in the spring of 1912 and start another shindy. If he does not give the American public a rest it will soon get as tired of him as is the rest of the world. It is possible that an exaggerated view has been taken of his successful campaign in the New York State convention, a fight in which he had the backing of those forces of discontent which naturally ally themselves with such a stormy petrel as the Colonel. Having captured the temporary chairmanship, who must take his place but Hon. Elihu Root, able, honorable, but a "reactionary" ab-



HON. ADAM BECK,

Chairman of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, who will take a prominent part in the celebration in connection with the inauguration of Government power distribution at Berlin next week.

been the creators of our cities deserve something better than the contempt that is bestowed on them in this reciprocity discussion. An editorial one read recently suggested that the Canadian Manufacturers Association in its opposition to reciprocity wished to prevent the Canadian farmer from getting better prices for his products. It will surprise the city man to learn that the farmer is getting so little for his labor. One can buy manufactured goods as cheaply to-day as one could a decade ago but the prices of food have doubled and trebled. The city man is asked to applaud some measure of reciprocity which will no doubt further increase the cost of living, just because the agriculturist is the traditionally sacred personage, and the manufacturer, in the distorted concept of the fiscal doctrinaire, is ever the villain of the piece.

AN instance of how a good thing travels in these days when everyone reads periodicals has recently come to my attention. It affords a sort of explanation of where all the stories come from. Last March, a Toronto business man, the manager of a large piano concern, was telling a member of the staff of SATURDAY NIGHT of a trip he had taken to the West. He had met in the smoking compartment of his Pullman a dissatisfied barrister, from London, England, who complained of the banality of prairie scenery, and said he missed the noble ruins that dotted the English landscape. The Toronto man replied, "Just wait until we get to Calgary. I'll show you lots of noble ruins. We call them remittance men." THE SATURDAY NIGHT man thought this retort was good enough to print, and the anecdote was published in these columns.

English language is spoken. It was originally the product of the brain of a reporter in Montreal, who was expected to turn in a story from the hotels every day. One day he was short of copy, and devised an interview with a mythical individual who said he intended to breed snakes for profit. For ten years this yarn has been going about the world and will probably be in circulation fifty years hence. The story of the man who killed his wife in a canyon of the Rockies rather than see her suffer, which the other day appeared on the front page of a Toronto paper is yet another old friend one has met before and expects to meet again. Verily the scissors do much to add to the gaiety of nations.

NO feeling of retribution can disguise the fact that the verdict of murder against the wretched hotel keeper McNulty, at Barrie Assizes, was based on sentiment and not on evidence. The jury was vindicating the unwritten law which holds that the man should suffer with the woman, but the evidence on which it found its verdict was so flimsy that it is surprising that Justice Britton accepted such a finding. It is to be hoped that, for the credit of Canadian justice, it will not be allowed to stand. McNulty was convicted on evidence that would not hold good in an ordinary Division Court case, if the matter be considered apart from its emotional aspects. Both the prisoner and his inamorata, the girl Dolan seem to be but little removed from the cave-dweller type of humanity. She bore him one child which was placed in a foundling institution at Buffalo, and another which she could have disposed of similarly in Toronto, but which she took to Orillia and slew. In every sense the

solutely acceptable to the "old guard"; and, it is safe to say, by no means acceptable to many who had supported Roosevelt in what they thought was to be a demonstration of insurgency. In the platform submitted by a committee from which Roosevelt had eliminated the name of every man who did not kiss the ring of Theodore, Pontifex Maximus, the Payne-Alrich tariff, that *bête noir* of insurgency, was praised. It was quite obvious that having won the fight for the recognition of his personal prestige, Roosevelt was willing to stop at that. It was not unnatural that Roosevelt should take an interest in the politics of his own state and should desire to see his friends succeed in its convention. So far his campaign in New York seems to have little to do with public policy, but merely with the recognition of his distinguished self as it. Whether he will be able to induce the rest of the country to accept him as it to the exclusion of President Taft and every other statesman remains to be seen. All democracies rise in time against Caesarism, and Roosevelt's declarations as to what "I" will do during his tour of the West savor strongly of Caesarism coming, as they do, from a man who is a private citizen and not even a candidate for any known office. It has always seemed to me folly that the United States should relegate to private life its ablest men after they have served in the Presidential chair. The nation should have the benefit of their counsel to the last, as is the case with statesmen of British communities. There should be some provision whereby ex-Presidents should become ex-officio members of the Senate of the United States. There is no doubt that Grover Cleveland, for instance, would have been of rare service in such a capacity after 1896, and were Roosevelt similarly placed he would no doubt speak with a more judicial outlook on the affairs of the Republic. At present he seems to aspire to the position of an ancient oracle, as being without responsibility whose off-hand decisions were regarded as final.

At the moment there is on foot in Montreal a reactionary movement which if allowed to follow its natural bent will seal the fate of one of the oldest and most valued public servants in that city. For many years Dr. Louis Laberge has been medical health officer of Montreal, and so far as I am aware he has always commanded the respect of a large proportion of the population, and has moreover performed his duties in so competent and thorough a manner, that there has been comparatively little criticism of his department.

However, the public has ascertained the fact that Dr. Laberge was at one time an active member of Emancipation Lodge of the Grand Orient Free Masons. (Emancipation Lodge has, I understand, now ceased to exist). And it so happens that in the course of his duties Dr. Laberge, as chief of the health department of Montreal, must inspect the schools at regular intervals or else delegate one of his assistants to perform that work.

A week or so ago the Catholic School Board of St. Henri, which up to a short time ago was a separate municipality, but is now a part of the city of Montreal, has thrown down the gauntlet with the declaration that neither Dr. Laberge nor any of his assistants while the Doctor continues to hold office, will be allowed to enter the buildings under their control. This move by the St. Henri school board will be heartily seconded it is expected, by all the other recently annexed districts as well as by the Catholic School Board of the old city. In fact, the Catholic School Board of Montreal has already gone on a heresy hunt. Under the leadership of Canon Roy, a gentleman of mediaeval tendencies, and a prominent member of the Board, the Commissioners have resolved to clean their ranks of any Masonic suspect. At a recent meeting, Canon Roy stated that he had been credibly informed that some of their teachers, six or less in number, were suspected of having been connected at one time or other with Emancipation Lodge. The Canon further stated that he hoped the suspects would resign; thus doing away with the necessity of discharging them.

The text of the resolution under which the Catholic School Board of St. Henri decline to allow a medical inspector under Dr. Laberge to enter their schools is, I think, under the circumstances, worthy of reproduction. It reads as follows:

"That the Catholic School Commissioners of St. Henri refuse in future to allow Dr. J. A. Cousineau to make a medical inspection of schools, of which it has control, for the following reasons:

"Because Dr. Cousineau, appointed to do the medical inspection for St. Henri ward, is under the control of the Montreal Board of Health, of which Dr. Louis Laberge, the head, is an avowed Free Mason of the French rite, according to the Grand Orient of France;

"Because one of the admitted objects of French Free Masonry is to instruct individuals according to the light of science and of reason only without regard to Christian revelation and the teachings of the Catholic faith;

"Because it is repugnant to the conscience of each member of the commission to have the medical inspection of schools, entrusted to their care, carried out under the jurisdiction and dependence of a man openly professing such a doctrine."

"The members of this commission desire, however, to express their confidence in Dr. Cousineau, whom they recognize as a perfectly competent man, a good Christian



THE KAISER PULLS UP.

General von Loewenfeld informs the Kaiser of the delay of Lord Roberts. The British Special Mission to announce to the Prussian Court the Accession of King George, headed by Lord Roberts, was delayed at Vienna by the indisposition of the famous Field-Marshal. The news did not reach Berlin until all preparations for the official reception of the mission at Anhalter station had been completed. While returning from the station General von Loewenfeld, who had been waiting on the platform, met the Kaiser riding in the Tiergarten and communicated the news to him. Luckily, Lord Roberts soon recovered from his illness, and was duly received by the Emperor in Berlin.

—The Bystander.

and a good citizen, against whom they have no reproach to make.

That the city of Montreal through its Aldermanic Board may if it chooses over-rule the decision of these various Catholic school boards and compel them to open their doors to Dr. Laberge and his assistants, or else force the schools to close, is obvious. It is just as obvious however, that these aldermen will do nothing of the sort. Dr. Laberge's head is on the edge of the basket, and sooner or later it will be safely deposited therein.

As a specimen of high-handed intolerance and mediaeval mummery these incidents probably stand without a rival in this day and generation, and as a concrete illustration of just how to disrupt a community, I recommend it to all.

THE action of the Toronto Board of Control in recommending by a majority vote Dr. Charles Hastings as Medical Health Officer of the city of Toronto is to be commended. SATURDAY NIGHT has always taken the stand that in case of an appointment of this nature the medical profession should have a voice in the choice. The application of Dr. Hastings has the approval of a majority of the physicians of the city irrespective of creed or other affiliations. He was one of those who supported the application of Dr. Amyot last spring, and only allowed his name to be used in the contingency of the latter's withdrawal. Particularly have his energies been devoted to fighting typhoid, the most crying evil of the day in this community, and he has shown especial energy in endeavoring to safeguard the local milk supply. As a man he stands very high in the esteem of his fellow citizens, and as a practicing physician he is noted for his ceaseless zeal. Altogether, he should make a capable directing head for the city's health department.

The Colonel

The Alleviations of Poverty

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THE alleviations of poverty are as real and as widespread as its hardships, though many of the former may be of too immaterial a nature to be perceptible to persons unacquainted with the private lives of those who enjoy the one and bear the other. That "there's nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so," is more than a poet's fancy; it is a fact that rules the world of every day life. The narrow, crowded rooms of my patients and their friends have not the same appearance to them as to a chance visitor of the wealthy classes, nor even as they have to the district nurse to whom they are to some extent familiar. The standard of comfort varies like all other standards, and I have scarcely ever seen a street that some one did not call "quiet," nor a back-yard so dismal that it was not "a nice piece of ground," nor a room that was not "all that you can wish so long as you've got a nice bit of fire." It is always most touching to observe the unfeigned joy and relief with which patients return from the best appointed hospital to the meanest home where there is the affectionate attendance of husband, wife or neighbors.

If a housemother is shown a working class home perhaps less than twice the size of her own, her first and strongest impression is, "What a place to keep clean!" while her husband remarks thoughtfully, "It would be pretty chilly of an evening, or if the children was to be took bad." I have often had patients in the lofty, well-ventilated married quarters in military barracks and in carefully designed modern almshouses, and have heard far more bitter complaints of cold and discomfort than in the gloomiest court-yard or the most tumble-down country hovel. I have known a man engage a two-roomed cottage (both rooms measuring 9 feet by 8 feet by 7 feet 6 inches) without garden as a dwelling-place for himself, his wife, a baby of ten months and a sister-in-law of thirteen or fourteen. He was earning good and regular wages, and there were decent cottages at 3s. 6d. a week within easy reach of his work, but he had been brought up in a similar home and nothing short of legal compulsion would have forced him to engage rooms with an adequate amount of air, space and light.

Perhaps the greatest alleviation of poverty is self-esteem, a quality often extravagantly developed. It is never without an under current of amusement that I hear preachers and lecturers kindly assuring "even the most humbly situated of their hearers" that their work is of value to the world. Fortunately it rarely enters the mind of the poorest laborer to doubt that he is of as much value in heaven and on earth as his social superiors. In fact,

his belief leans heavily in the opposite direction, and with much excuse. He knows the necessity for hard manual labor and he knows its physical cost to himself, while he is rarely in a position to estimate the productive power of the wisdom which is "profitable to direct."

But the poor man is not satisfied with his superiority to the rich, who generally live too far off to afford him sufficiently frequent opportunities of contrasting his conduct and theirs. He loves in addition to compare himself with his neighbors, and rarely to their advantage. Not long ago I was making enquiries about an elderly man I had seen wandering in the lanes near a country town. "Where does he live?" I asked a cottager. "Not anywhere till the weather begins" ("weather" and "language" are always understood to be bad.) "He gets into a shed, or lies between two haystacks." "I thought the farmers did not allow that kind of thing?" I have read several prosecutions in the local paper, men charged with destroying a shilling's worth of straw, and so on. "I 'spect those was just thievin' tramps, ma'am, and that bit of straw was all that could be brought home to 'em. Farmers wouldn't never be hard on a man that's always ready to take a job, and wouldn't ask any better than to work reg'lar if only he could." "How does he manage in the winter?" "He pays for a room if he can. If not, or if he gets ill, he goes to the workhouse for a bit. You ask old Mr. Williams about him. He's known him for thirty years or more. But old Williams' views were decidedly less charitable. If there is one thing he scorns more than another it is a person with a good appetite, and before he could give any reply at all he was obliged to tell me how many days that week he had entirely abjured dinner and "not borme the sight of" his breakfast; moreover he had earned his living until he was eighty-three. At last he began, "He's ate himself poor, that's what he's done. I first knowed him when he had a job of hedging and ditching. Eightpence a perch is the contract price. Well, he didn't never do more'n one perch a day, that's four shillings a week. And where he lodged they told me that if they set a four-pound loaf in front of him for's supper, there weren't but enough for un to carry away for's breakfast. Ord'n'y man's work? Why, most of 'em will do four perches and maybe five. I've heard of six and seven, but that would be as out of the way as one. Ah, he's a poor tool. Half off the parish and half on at his age!"

One point on which the poor frequently congratulate themselves is on their freedom from social restraint. Many quite respectable people will refuse to live in a street or a set of buildings where shirt sleeves look "out of place" on Sunday afternoon and where shawls are hopelessly out of fashion. A young married woman in South London was telling me with many regrets that her parents would not move from the Blocks where they had lived for more than twenty years to one where "you can get two lovely rooms and a wash-house good enough for a kitchen all the summer, and a balc'ny where you can hang two pairs o' sheets easy, and a fitted dresser and a splendid cupboard and all for five shillings. But there, the rules and the regglations they do beat all! Chrissie's little girl has got to put on felt slippers the instant she comes in, and she mustn't have a child in to play with her, and if anyone was to get the worse for drink, or even a bit lively, they'd get notice the next morning, and—" "But, Lizzie, how could any of this affect your parents? They are staunch teetotallers, and you are all grown-up and married." "Miss, I haven't told you the half of it not yet. No one's allowed not a moment standing talking in the passages, nor stairs, nor doorways. If you want to speak to anyone for a single minute, you must go right into their place and the door must be shut. And as for calling to your own child out of the window! And if you've a complaint to make, you mustn't make it to her, but to the caretaker. Father says he couldn't stand it nohow, but he only says that just to back mother up. Why, it's just a pleasure to father to beyave himself! And always has been. Once he went and had his tea at Marlborough House, but he would have it he felt a bit out of it there."

Shakespeare says "the sauce to meat is ceremony," but philosophy of experience has it that "hunger is the best sauce." In spite of coarse food and indifferent cooking, the laboring classes derive a great deal of satisfaction from their simple meals, and certainly far more than the members of the classes immediately above them, persons who have become more sensitive and fastidious and yet have little improved in the cooking and serving of their less monotonous but scrappy and innutritious repasts.

Another great alleviation of all poverty not too intense to prevent the enjoyment of a fixed home is the deep interest taken by the poor in their immediate surroundings, the closeness of neighborly intercourse and the generous and friendly character that it usually bears. A woman told me with reference to this point, "Why, all those years my poor brother Tom had fits, often ten in a day, and he has had as many as twenty-two in the twenty-four hours, not one person in the whole Block ever complained, or tried to get mother to put him away. He was right over the same woman most of the time, and if ever mother was out at work when she heard the thud and the scream, she'd run up and see to him herself, even if she was in the middle of cooking. She'd lost a son herself. Drowned he was." Friendship between poor women is often both strong and lasting. It does not seem to depend upon an exact similarity of up-bringing or experience, for the childless woman is frequently the chosen adviser and helper of the many-childed, and it is the teetotaller's wife who nurses



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

THE SULTAN OF SULU ARRIVES.

Jamil Kiram II, Sultan of Sulu, arriving in New York, on board the ss. St. Louis. He was met by Major Hugh L. Scott, of the U. S. Army, who is seen to the right of the picture. The Sultan is the little man in the centre.

and protects the victim of the drunkard. To have known trouble is the one link necessary. In many instances friendship takes forms as ungrudging and self-devoted as it does with the closest blood-relationship. Of many a poor woman who has not sipped to spare in a week it is said, "She is more to me than my father and mother." Such women will sit up half the night to do all the washing for a sick neighbor's family, and will very reluctantly own that they "can't prop'ly afford" the soap and hot water. I was told of one such person that she was an "atheist"—a charge very rarely brought against any woman, and it seemed to excite much horror, although she was a generous and self-sacrificing neighbor and an excellent wife.

The strong religious faith of the poor must certainly be counted among the alleviations of their lot. My patients' views on doctrinal questions could scarcely have been considered orthodox by the instructed members of any church or sect, but they held with great firmness to the belief that in the world to come the crooked would be made straight, all wrongs would be righted, all sufferings compensated, and the inexplicable explained. This future life is to be a happy one for all except the unrepentant rich, and in domestic life the tone is so different from that of Tower Hill and Trafalgar Square that the rich are rarely accused of anything worse than ignorance, and are commonly admitted to "have their troubles like the rest of us."

A Precursor of Walt Whitman.

JAMES THOMSON'S essays on Walt Whitman have been published by Bertram Dobell with a comprehensive introduction from Mr. Dobell's own pen. The meat of the book is probably to be found in the introductory pages, where Mr. Dobell is at pains to draw a striking parallel between Whitman and the English poet, Thomas Traherne (1636?-1674). In Traherne, the writer finds all of Whitman's philosophy with much of his temper and his style, but a far greater degree of originality. The resemblance between the two men could only be accidental, for there is nothing to show that Whitman had ever come across the writings of the obscure seventeenth-century Englishman. And yet, says Mr. Dobell, "a believer in the transmigration of souls would find little difficulty in believing that the soul of Traherne was reincarnated in that of Whitman."

"Is there," Mr. Dobell asks, "in all the records of literary parallels a more remarkable instance of resemblance than that between the following extract from Traherne's 'Serious and Pathetical Contemplation' and the whole spirit and tendency of 'Leaves of Grass'? There may be similar instances where one writer has, consciously or unconsciously, borrowed from another; but I cannot now recall any such instance where it was not possible to suspect that the second writer had borrowed from the first:

O Lord, the children of my people are thy peculiar treasures,
Make them mine, O God, even while I have them.
My lovely companions, like Eve in Eden!
So much my treasure that all other wealth is without them

But dress and poverty.
Do they not adorn and beautify the World,
And gratify my Soul which hateth Solitude!
Thou, Lord, hast made thy servant a sociable creature,
for which I praise thy name,
A lover in company, a delight in equals;
Replenish the inclination which thyself hath implanted,
And give me eyes

To see the beauty of that life and comfort
Wherewith those by their actions
Inspire the nations.
Their markets, Tillage, Courts of Judicature,
Marriages, Feasts, and Assemblies, Navies, Armies,
Priests and Sabbaths, Trades and Business, the voice of
the Bridegroom, Musical Instruments, the light of
Candles, and the grinding of Mills
Are comfortable, O Lord, let them not cease:
The riches of the land are all the materials of my felicity
in their hands:

They are my Factors, Substitutes, and Stewards;
Second Selves, who by Trade and Business animate my
wealth,

Which else would be dead and rust in my hands;
But when I consider, O Lord, how they come unto thy
Temples, fill thy Courts, and sing thy praises, O
how wonderful they then appear!

What Stars,
Enflaming Suns,
Enlarging Seas
Of Divine Affection,
Confirming Paterns,
Infusing Influence,
Do I feel in these!
Who are the shining light
Of all the land (to my very Soul):
Wings and Streams
Carrying me unto thee,
The Sea of Goodness from whence they came.
In this fine passage Traherne sums up almost his
whole philosophy, and Whitman's likewise."

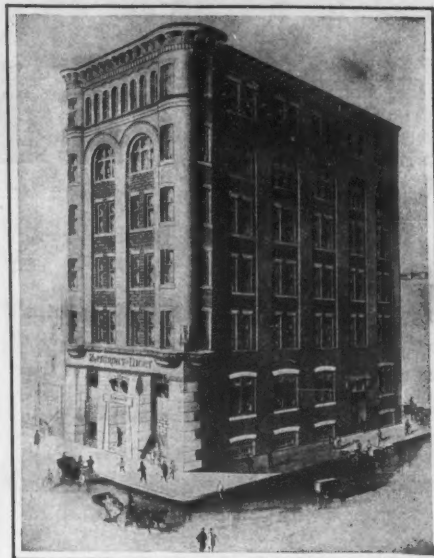


HENRY L. STIMSON.

The Republican candidate for the Governorship of the State of New York. He was chosen at the recent Saratoga convention, where ex-President Roosevelt scored a signal victory.



"I SPY!"
Both (together): "Peep-bo! I see you!"



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!?. POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE. ?!

The Grand Old Man of Chess.

JUDGING by the record achieved by J. H. Blackburne, the champion chess player of England, who this year celebrates his jubilee as a chess player, times have not changed, we have only become very much more democratic. Instead of merely gratifying the passion for the game of persons of high rank and estate, as the chess players of long ago used to do, and as some of the most famous painters and musicians had to do, the chess player of our time appeals to the people in their thousands, and wanders more diligently than ever, and as frequently and rapidly as our present-day methods of transport will permit him to do so.

In 1859, the meteoric career of Paul Morphy, in his day the greatest of English chess players, excited the admiration of Blackburne, who was then a youth of 17, not even acquainted with the game of chess. He had previously shown some precocious skill as a draughts player, and devoted himself, therefore, to learn the game of chess with an amount of that enviable self-confidence begotten only by youth and genius. In the case of Blackburne, however, the confidence was well justified; for, becoming a member of the St. Peter's Chess Club, Manchester, and also joining the Athenaeum, he challenged, merely for the purpose of testing his strength by the measure of his defeat, a Mr. Pindar, who was considered the strongest player in Manchester. To the great delight of Blackburne and a large circle of chess players who admired his youthful talents, the winner was not Pindar, as was generally expected, but his young and bold challenger. Blackburne's rise in strength was so rapid that shortly afterwards he defeated the same opponent, though conceding him the odds of the exchange. In the same year he won the championship of the Manchester Chess Club, thus confirming the fact, long suspected by his friends, that Blackburne was a player of the highest class. In the year following, 1862, he took part in the International Tournament ar-



Intoxicated man to temperate old lady (who is looking through a public-house window after the closing hour, to see the time): "It's no use, mum, you can't get a drink. They turned me out half-an-hour ago."



J. H. Blackburne, the veteran English chess champion.

ranged in London in connection with the International Exhibition. Young Blackburne failed to get a prize, but left his mark in the history of chess by defeating Steinitz in their individual encounter. I need not enumerate the minor successes gained by the player who had thus early in his career established himself as the British champion. In 1868 he gained the first prize and the British Championship at the tournament of the British Chess Association in London. In 1873, in one of the severest and strongest tournaments held in the history of international tournaments, he tied with Steinitz for first prize. In 1874 we find him winning a first prize at a tournament at Simpson's. In 1880 he tied for first prize in the International Tournament at Wiesbaden. In 1881 he gained his greatest success by winning first prize in an International Tournament at Berlin with three games to spare, against such strong competitors as Zukertort, Tchigorin and Winawer. In 1885 he won first prize in an International Tournament at Hereford, and in the following year first prize in an International Tournament promoted by the British Chess Association in London, also in a handicap tournament later on. In 1892 he won first prize in a London Tournament known as the Black and White Tourney, and so forth. There have been many English players of exceptional strength both before and after Blackburne's appearance who enjoyed the esteem of the chess world, but none either before his time or since have been so universally admired and popular as J. H. Blackburne, owing to the fact that, apart from being one of the world's strongest chess players, he is also one of the world's greatest geniuses. I have said that he tried to emulate Morphy, and, accordingly, at an early stage of his career, he trained himself to play a number of games from memory without sight of the board, as Morphy had done before him.

The Retort Courteous.

THERE are a great many varieties of the "retort courteous," even though no one has ever taken the trouble to classify them. The repartee of the cultured wit is often so subtle that it appears pointless to the man whose methods are those of a heavy-weight. The retort of the skilled parliamentarian differs greatly from that of the professor in an academic debate. There are many other types, but standing all alone in a place by itself is the retort of the rural newspaper.

A very good example of the way in which these editors go for one another appeared a short time ago in an Ontario paper. It was a weekly published in one of those small towns which has a rival community a few miles away. They hate one another with a deadly enmity, but for the sake of economy they occasionally work together and use the same electric power house and the same private telephone system. It is unnecessary to add that the town which gets its telephone service from the other village spends considerable time passing criticisms upon their treatment and the management of the company. The bickerings over these things have become chronic.

One week the paper came out with an article which occupied the most conspicuous portion of the front page and gave the telephone service a severe raking over the coals. The editor had a personal grievance which he made the text of his editorial. His wife had been left at home alone one evening, and a drunken man got on the verandah by mistake. The lady attempted to call the police but could not get "central." In lurid colors and with all the emotional ability which characterizes a country newspaper, the editor described his wife's state of mind. He proved that the telephone company was responsible for the pitiful condition of nervousness in which the lady was eventually found.

It was confidently expected that the paper in the neighboring town would come back with an attack upon the electric light system. The next issue was eagerly secured, but it contained only one short reference to the incident, printed in large letters. The editor remarked, "We are greatly surprised that Mrs. Scribe should be disturbed by the sound of a drunken man on her verandah."

A Remedy Suggested.

THE two things which struck the people who came in contact with Father Vaughan while he stayed in Toronto were his vigor and the very practical nature of everything he said. He seemed to be a man who could not possibly deal in abstracts, which characteristic will doubtless keep him in the public eye. When he speaks he may always be counted upon to "say something," and he has the courage of his convictions, even when they do not prove very popular. One little anecdote about him indicates that he is equally practical in his actions, and I do not believe in spending his time upon futile trips or in unproductive effort.

His schedule did not allow him to stay in Toronto as long as he would have liked, and his friends wished him to make some changes so as to see more of the city. He consulted Father Burke, who informed him that if he stayed in Toronto it would be necessary to curtail his visit to Niagara Falls.

"Well, I would not mind that," said Father Vaughan, "is there anything to see there except water?" There is a sequel to this little incident, which shows that the now famous remarks about Protestantism dis-

pleased even some members of his own faith. They may have agreed with his views, but experience of living in a community of mixed religions had taught them to use a little tact in voicing some of their convictions. One of these priests, who doubtless feared a little hard feeling in his own parish, heard the story of the practical English orator, but he did not seem at all amused by it. He may have resented the reflection upon Ontario's chief side-show, or the Montreal speech may have been worrying him. "He should have been told that it is an excellent place for some persons to soak their heads," was his only comment.

It Caused a Panic.

THE attempts of Theodore Roosevelt to house-clean the Republican party recall a very characteristic story of the ex-president. It is told by a well known Y.M.C.A. worker, who has visited Toronto in connection with the work of that organization on several occasions. The Y.M.C.A. man has known the Apostle of the strenuous life for a great many years, but they do not meet very often. He paid the president a visit shortly after the great financial panic of a few years ago, and in a brief conversation, they discussed many things.

The man who tells the story says, "We had been talking about the country generally, and it came into my head to ask the president for his explanation of the great financial distress and the condition of the money market. When I asked him, he came up close to me, as is his habit when he wishes to drive something home, so that his chest almost touched mine. Then he explained very directly, 'I said to the great American public, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and there was a panic.'"

Sam the Wheeler.

COL. SAM HUGHES was in command of the militia camp at Kingston last summer. He gave both officers and men a regular back-breaking course of training, but so long as they showed intelligence he was not economical of praise.

One major, though, got on the Colonel's nerves, and Brigadier Hughes called him down good and plenty. Finally the major's commanding officer interceded for him with the Brigadier.

"You're pretty hard on him, Sir," he said. "Yet he's a decent fellow."

"Decent!" roared Sam. "He may be decent. What I want is sense. Did you see how he mixed up that wheeling movement to-day?"

"It was pretty bad, I'll acknowledge."

"Bad!" howled Col. Sam. "Bad! that fellow has not got enough sense to know how to wheel around in a swivel chair!"

Wake Up America.

SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR BART, who recently visited Toronto for a few days, resembles in one particular the hero of Locke's latest novel, for he gave up his active interest in politics in order to devote more of his time to philanthropy. Three years ago he was Lord Mayor of London; now he is the head of the Alton Home for Cripples. He has done a great work on behalf of the unfortunate children of the English metropolis, especially in fighting against the scourge of tuberculosis.

While on this continent, Sir William visited New York and while there he created considerable amusement by lecturing the self-satisfied people of that city. He showed them that "Teddy" Roosevelt is not the only person who can back his hosts up against a wall and tell them some home truths. It was this echo of their own wielder of the big stick which amused the New Yorkers, especially when he reminded them that every change was not an improvement.

After visiting the institutions in New York similar to those which are interesting him at home, Sir William plainly told the people that had charge of them that they were far from being up-to-date. "I come to New York hoping to get some ideas," he said, "and find that you are woefully behind the times. I know that this is a land of big things, and I am accordingly surprised. I want to give you some advice on the spur of the moment just as Mr. Roosevelt gave it to us, so I shall say 'Wake up America.'"

Surely it is a new reproach for the land of nerves to face.

Oyster Bay.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

BY the Mighty's old pagoda, sittin' somewhere near the sea,
There's a mighty thinker thinkin', an' I know he thinks o' me;
For there's hot air in the headlines, and some one seems to say:
"Come you out, you little statesmen; come you out to Oyster Bay!"

Come you out to Oyster Bay,
Where the politicians pray;
Can't you 'ear their 'earls a thumpin' from
The Bridge to Oyster Bay?
On the road to Oyster Bay,
Untin' 'armony they say;
And the dawn comes up like thunder; such a
Noise at Oyster Bay!

I'm sick o' nuttin' doin' and o' walkin' pavin' stones,
An' the blasted air o' Broadway feeds the fever in my bones;
Though I talks with mollycoddles; though I talks to beat the band;
An' they talks a lot o' politics, wot do they understand?

Just an Ananias Band—
Law! Wot do they understand?
I've a keener, cleaner leader in that dear old happy land!
On the road to Oyster Bay—

Ship me somewhere east o' Broadway, where the best is like the worst,
Where there's politicians plenty you can raise and quench a thirst;
But the mighty Colonel's callin', and it's "next" that I would be—
By his mighty old pagoda, lockin' lazy at the sea—

On the road to Oyster Bay,
Where the politicians pray;
Some who see the mighty master
Often "pray the other way!"
On the road to Oyster Bay
From dawn to dawn o' day
His voice comes up like thunder; that's the
Pride of Oyster Bay.

—Robert Wallace, in N.Y. Life.

First Sight at Forty

Curious Effects Follow the Deliverance of a Man From Blindness

THE experiences of a blind man, whose sight has been restored to him—or rather bestowed upon him—for the first time in adult years, have been described before this. But a particularly interesting description of the kind, and one of much detail, taking up especially the question of color-perception by blind persons, is contributed to Harper's Magazine by Dr. Edward A. Ayres. He tells the story of a man whom he names "Farmer John," blinded from birth by cataracts, who was made to see at the age of forty by the surgical removal of these obstacles to vision. He had already acquired marvellous skill with his other senses, could almost rival the homing pigeon in direction sense, follow a trail like a hound, trade horses with skill, and tell colors accurately. Says Dr. Ayres:

"Here was a shrewd adult brain, with all the manifold bits of knowledge that forty years must bring to it, which perhaps had learned to think, to imagine, in measures of sound, touch, taste, and scent only, about to play with a toy as strange to it as is an aeroplane to a baby. All that you and I have subconsciously acquired—found in our possession before we realized it—of perspective, of dimension, of bas-relief, of reflection and illumination, of luminosity and color, of opacity, translucency, and transparency, of yielding and unyielding qualities, of smoothness and roughness, friction, iridescence, and motion he now acquired consciously and in constant comparison with knowledge which his other senses had brought him.

"He was shown a round ball and a square box. What were their shapes? He 'could not tell without getting his hands on them.' Yet his third effort was successful. He 'took a good look,' closed his eyes, and, after a few moments, said he thought it (the box) was square and the other round. He had to fit these strange contour sensations of sight to familiar forms of touch. He had to imagine his fingers moving over these objects—all on curves with the ball; and on flat surfaces, straight lines, angles, and points on the box. The first lesson over, his eyes were put to bed until the next day.

"The second lesson was on size. 'How long is one foot?' He showed this correctly with his hands on his walking-stick; but when a stick twelve inches long and one inch thick was shown him at a distance of a few feet, he said it was four inches long and the size of his little finger. Handed the stick, he quickly corrected his mistake. At another time, as previously mentioned he underestimated the size of men and animals. But the visual trick of perspective soon ceased to trip him. To state the number of objects held before him was a great puzzle. It took four or five trials to learn to count one, then two, and finally five, but he could not count beyond five.

"Shown the variously colored skeins of worsteds used by eye specialists in testing color vision, Farmer John named the reds, yellows, greens, and blues correctly, though with some hesitation; and designated intermediate shades as 'light' or 'dark.' To have named colors correctly the first time his eyes beheld them—and Dr. Minor and others with him were in a position to know positively that he did—it would seem that he must have experienced the individualized sensations of colors when blind."

Passing on to some of the former blind man's other feats, the writer says:

"Farmer John's avoidance of obstacles when blind was probably due to keen, fully developed sensitiveness to temperature variations in the air and to air resistance. Concentration carries one far in sense-organ superiority, blind or not, and exclusion of interfering impression carries one farther. We can not read a page when holding it with the sun glaring in our faces. We can not scent the rose with garlic under the nose; nor will we notice, having our eyes open, that the temperature of every piece of furniture in a room is less than the trend of that of the air; colder than the air when the temperature is rising and warmer than the air when the room is growing colder. Knowledge ever moves the marvellous into the commonplace, though we never tire admiring the skill involved.

"But Farmer John's homing instinct! Alas! in the quiet darkness of the night woods, with no sound but from scrambling chipmunks' feet or hoot of owl and sighing of the wind, too far from home for the millionth particle of a familiar scent to sweep the nostrils, the zig-zag of the trail a crisscross of compass points beyond the power of memory to back-track, in a thicket of trees too broken for 'wireless' waves to penetrate, with all the known senses marooned in the black forest, what occult guide led the blind farmer home again? Farmer John could not tell.

"When the farmer's eyes were opened and he learned to see, he lost his extraordinary homing instinct and his 'touch vision.' But he continued to be a successful horse-trader."



THE HAT GUARD.

Mrs. Grady: "Wot, another new 'at, Mrs. Murphy?"
Mrs. Murphy: "Yus, Mrs. Grady my dear. Get a piquant toque now and again and retain yer 'usband's love—that's my motto."—The Sketch

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HOW TO BE A DOCTOR

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

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CERTAINLY, the progress of science is a wonderful thing. One can't help feeling proud of it. I must admit that I do. Whenever I get talking to anyone—that is, to anyone who knows even less about it than I do—about the marvellous development of electricity, for instance, I feel as if I had been personally responsible for it. As for the linotype and the aeroplane and the vacuum house cleaner, well, I am not sure that I did not invent them myself. I believe that all generous hearted men feel just the same way about it.

However, that is not the point I am intending to discuss. What I want to speak about is the progress of medicine. There, if you like, is something wonderful. Any lover of humanity (or of either sex of it) who looks back on the achievements of medical science must feel his heart glow and his right ventricle expand with the pericardiac stimulus of a permissible pride.

Just think of it. A hundred years ago there were no bacilli, no ptomaine poisoning, no diphtheria, and no appendicitis. Rabies was but little known and only imperfectly developed. All of these we owe to medical science. Even such things as Psoriasis and parotitis and tripanosomiasis, which are now household names, were known only to a few and were quite beyond the reach of the great mass of the people.

Or consider the advance of the science in its practical side. A hundred years ago it used to be supposed that fever could be cured by the letting of blood; now we know positively that it cannot. Even seventy years ago it was thought that fever was curable by the administration of sedative drugs; now we know that it isn't. For the matter of that, as recently as thirty years, doctors thought that they could heal a fever by low diet and the application of ice; now they are absolutely certain that they cannot. This instance shows the steady progress made in the treatment of fever. But there has been the same cheering advance all along the line. Take rheumatism. A few generations ago people with rheumatism used to have to carry around potatoes in their pockets as a means of cure. Now the doctors allow them to carry anything they like. They may go round with their pockets full of watermelons if they wish to. It makes no difference. Or take the treatment of epilepsy. It used to be supposed that the first thing to do in sudden attacks of this kind was to unfasten the patient's collar and let him breathe; at present, on the contrary, many doctors consider it better to button up the patient's collar and let him choke.

In only one respect has there been a decided lack of progress in the domain of medicine. That is in the time it takes to become a qualified practitioner. In the good old days a man was turned out thoroughly equipped after putting in two winter sessions at a college and spending his summers in running logs for a saw-mill. Some of the students were turned out even sooner. Nowadays, it takes anywhere from five to eight years to become a doctor. Of course, one is willing to grant that our young men are growing stupider and lazier every year. This fact will be corroborated at once by any man over fifty years of age. But even when this is said, it seems odd that a man should study eight years now to learn what he used to acquire in eight months.

However, let that go. The point I wish to develop is that the modern doctor's business is an extremely simple one, which could be acquired in about two weeks. This is the way it is done.

The patient enters the consulting room. "Doctor," he says, "I have a bad pain." "Where is it?" "Here." "Stand up," says the doctor, "and put your arms up above your head." Then the doctor goes behind the patient and strikes him a powerful blow in the back. "Do you feel that?" he says. "I do," says the patient. Then the doctor turns suddenly and lets him have a left hook under the heart. "Can you feel that?" he says viciously, as the patient falls over on the sofa in a heap. "Get up," says the doctor, and counts ten. The patient rises. The doctor looks him over very carefully without speaking, and then suddenly fetches him a blow in the stomach that doubles him up speechless. The doctor walks over to the window and reads the morning paper for a while. Presently he turns and begins to mutter more to himself than the patient. "Hum," he says, "three is a slight anaesthesia of the tympanum." "Is that so?" says the patient in an agony of fear, "what can I do about it, doctor?" "Well," says the doctor, "I want you to keep very quiet, you'll have to go to bed and stay there and keep very quiet." In reality, of course, the doctor hasn't the least idea what is wrong with the man. But he does know that if he will go to bed and keep quiet, awfully quiet, he will either get quietly well again or else die a quiet death. Meantime if the doctor calls every morning

and thumps and beats him, he can keep the patient submissive and perhaps force him to confess what is wrong with him.

"What about diet?" says the patient, completely cowed. The answer to this question varies very much. It depends on how the doctor is feeling and whether it is long since he had a meal himself. If it is late in the morning and the doctor is ravenously hungry, he says, "Oh, eat plenty. Don't be afraid of it. Eat meat, vegetables, starch, glue, cement—anything you like." But if the doctor has just had lunch and if his breathing is short-circuited with huckleberry pie, he says very firmly, "No, I don't want you to eat anything at all; absolutely not a bite. It won't hurt you, a little self-denial in the matter of eating is the best thing in the world."

"And what about drinking?" Again the doctor's answer varies. He may say, "Oh, yes, you might drink a glass of lager now and then, or if you prefer it, a gin and soda, or a whiskey and apollinaris, and, I think, before going to bed I'd take a hot scotch with a couple of lumps of white sugar, and a bit of lemon peel in it and a good quantity of nutmeg on the top."

The doctor says this with real feeling, and his eye glistens with the pure love of his profession. But if, on the other hand, the doctor has spent the night before at a little gathering of medical friends, he is very apt to



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THE DALAI LAMA.

This is the first picture ever published of the Lama in his robes of state. It shows him on his throne with the sacred umbrella over his head. Behind are the sacred Tibetan pictures painted on silk.

forbid the patient to touch alcohol in any shape and to dismiss the subject with great severity.

Of course this treatment, in and of itself, would appear too transparent and would fail to inspire the patient with a proper confidence. But nowadays this element is supplied by the work of the analytical laboratory. Whatever is wrong with the patient, the doctor insists in snipping off parts and pieces and extracts of him and sending them mysteriously away to be analysed. He cuts off a lock of the patient's hair, marks it, "Mr. Smith's hair, October 1910," then he clips off the lower part of the ear and wraps it in paper and labels it "Part of Mr. Smith's ear, October, 1910," then he looks the patient up and down with the scissors in his hand, and if he sees any likely part of him he clips it off and wraps it up. Now this, oddly enough, is the very thing that fills the patient up with that sense of personal importance which is worth paying for.

"Yes," says the bandaged patient later in the day to a group of friends, much impressed. "The doctor thinks there may be a slight anaesthesia of the prognosis, but he has sent my ear to New York and my appendix to Baltimore and a lock of my hair to the editors of all the medical journals, and meantime I am to keep very quiet and not exert myself beyond drinking a hot Scotch with lemon and nutmeg every half hour." With that he sinks back faintly on his cushions luxuriously happy.

And yet,—isn't it funny?

You and I and the rest of us,—even if we know all this,—as soon as we have a pain within us, rush for a doctor as fast as a hack can take us. Yes, personally, I even prefer an ambulance with a bell on it. It is more soothing.

The Height of Great Men.

BALZAC declared that "nearly all great men are little." But Mr. Havelock Ellis has compiled some "height statistics" which point just the other way. Scott was 6 feet. Shelley 5 feet 11 inches, Carlyle 5 feet 11 inches, Darwin 6 feet, Thackeray 6 feet 4 inches, Burns 5 feet 10 inches, Byron 5 feet 8½ inches, Swift 5 feet 8 inches, and Dickens 5 feet 9 inches. So much for the stature of men eminent in the world of literature who were over, at or slightly under 6 feet. The great men who were short in stature include Balzac himself 5 feet 4 inches, Keats 5 feet, Napoleon 5 feet 1¾ inches, Nelson 5 feet 4 inches, Tom Moore 5 feet; while Dryden, Milton, Gibbon, Goldsmith, Horace, Macaulay, Spencer and Blake all hovered near the 5 feet. We usually think of Gladstone as a very tall man, and Disraeli of medium height. As a matter of fact, Disraeli was 5 feet 9 inches and Gladstone only 5 feet 8 inches. So with Wellington, he was only 5 feet 7 inches. If we believe Carlyle, Jeffrey would seem to have been something under 5 feet, but he was 5 feet 6 inches. De Quincey's contemporaries always describe him as a diminutive elf, whereas he was 4 inches taller than Moore and Keats.

Sir Carl Meyer, of London, banker and director of the De Beers Company, is the donor of the \$350,000 which it was announced had been promised to aid in carrying out the scheme for a national Shakespeare Theatre. Sir Carl was made a baronet in June last by the wish of the late King Edward.

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for murder in Ireland in which
the evidence was so palpably insuffi-
cient that the judge stopped the case
and directed the jury to return a ver-
dict of "not guilty." A well-known
lawyer, however, who wished to do
something for the fee he had received
for the defense, claimed the privilege
of addressing the court. "We'll hear
you with pleasure, Mr. B—," said
the judge; "but, to prevent accident,
we'll first acquit the prisoner."

THE INDIAN EMPIRE: TARIFF REFORM

Addresses delivered by Mr. G. A. Lloyd, M.P., for West Staffordshire, and the Hon.
W. G. Ormsby Gore, M.P., for Denbigh, before the Empire Club of
Canada, Toronto, on Sept. 30, 1910.

MR. GEORGE A. LLOYD, M.P.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: During the few
minutes at my disposal to-day I will not have time to go
very deep, but merely touch the fringe, as it were, of the
subject I am to speak on—India.

That vast country, with its population of 350,000,000,
makes the population of England, and other European
countries, in fact of Europe itself, seem infinitesimally
small in comparison. I have chosen this subject because
we have got the feeling at home that India does not
amount to much in the affairs of the Empire—ought we
not to throw her aside? This is the feeling among some
of the people in the Old Country—true it is only a cloud
the size of a man's hand. They seem to forget that these
millions of people, all fellow subjects, are looking up to
us. True, this feeling is not general, but it should be
"nipped in the very bud."

I believe with Lord Curzon, that India is the only
really imperial part of the British Empire. It is held
by the sword and gun, and must continue to be held thus.
That does not mean that we are not to go on pushing
forward civilization in India. It is different from every
other part of the Empire because it is absolutely Imperial
in the real sense of the word—it belongs to us beyond
question.

It was India that caused the purchase of the Suez
Canal by Great Britain—she had to have that water-way
to protect her Indian Empire. India has had peace under
British rule, something she never knew before, and that
is the reason they look up to our King as practically
their King and head of their faith to-day. Then, again,
think of Aden, that strategic position, held by the
British, think of Gibraltar, think of Malta—they and
many other strategic points all held for the sake of India!
Look at Central India itself, and see how that great pen-
insula is influencing the whole of Central Asia. Had
Germany and Russia no India to take into account, what
would be the effect upon our navy. It would have to be
doubled, tripled and quadrupled. There it lies—the centre
of the world, a dominating influence upon every road,
every route, upon all people, and, almost more important,
upon the commerce and industries which enrich those
routes.

As an argument in favor of maintaining India, we
might show what British rule has done for India. It has
done almost everything you could ask or imagine. It
produced peace, which India never had before when she
was the prey of a thousand invasions, each one carrying
off a million or so of her population. Tartars two or
three hundred years ago would carry off two or three
million with one fell swoop. What a grand training
ground we have in India for the army of 350,000 sta-
tioned there, to accustom them to look after the long
frontier line. You have a long frontier in Canada, which,
please God, will never have to be jealously guarded by
a large army. Again, think of the immense irrigation
system which has been established in India under British
rule—17,000,000 acres of fertile soil under irrigation, now
feeding a people that were starving like flies before.
The land values in India during the last 50 years have
increased 1,500,000,000 dollars, and this increase has al-
most entirely all gone to the people—an answer, I think,
to the argument that we merely drain India of its wealth.
The increase in imports and exports during the same
period has been \$1,000,000,000. These are arguments in
favor of British rule which we like to place before men
like Keir-Hardie—traitors we call them in England.

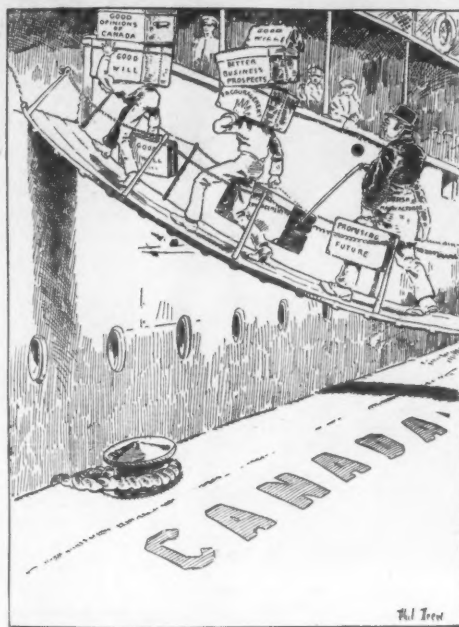
Great Britain has not spared either men or money to
better the conditions of the Indian people, and I believe
we all realize there is still a work for India to be done
by the British hand—that hand that nobody has ever
seen turn back from the plow so far. A few of our
people refer to our rule in that country as a failure, but
I don't think that any of us with anything of the Impe-
rial spirit in us will admit that for one moment. We
are British, let us not scuttle our ships on a calm day—
let us, if we have to, get sunk, but let it be as a rich ship
with a full cargo, true to the great traditions of Great
Britain. This is the spirit in which the great work should
be carried on in our India Empire.

THE HON. W. A. ORMSBY-GORE, M.P.

Mr. President and Members of the Empire Club:
I must thank you, gentlemen, as one of the newest
and youngest recruits in England in carrying the torch
lit by Mr. Chamberlain in the British Isles, for your in-
vitation. I can speak from very little experience, for
when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain started his campaign I
was still a schoolboy, and I remember with what youthful
enthusiasm I entered into the campaign as soon as I left
college. I was given a pretty hard task, being sent into
the mining district of Wales, next door to the formidable
present Chancellor of the Exchequer, and had to stand
at the pit-mouth, on the street corners, and everywhere
preach the gospel not merely of Protection, because I be-
lieve we could have carried Protection for England, but



Mr. Wilfrid; All Ready, William. Your kick-off!
—Montreal Witness.



The returning British manufacturer takes back a
deal of baggage. —Montreal Witness.

to carry the torch for something more than that—the
Preferential idea. We had to urge the establishment of
a tariff in the British Isles, not merely to protect British
interests, but also as the first step in the establishment
of a policy of Imperial reciprocity throughout the world,
and involving therefore the taxation of food products.

Now, I might tell you, I honestly believe we would
have carried the protective tariff if confined to manu-
factured goods. One of the ablest Labor-Socialists in
the House admitted this to me. He told me that if Mr.
Chamberlain had worked for a tariff on foreign manu-
factured articles he would have won, but because he in-
troduced the Imperial element, because he asked for food
taxes and a sacrifice for the Dominions over the sea, they
beat us. But he was an anti-Imperialist, what we call a
"Little Englander." I am glad when we come over to
the Dominion of Canada we very soon forget this "Little
Englandism." I came to Canada a staunch Imperialist.
I go back a more staunch one still.

I will add this, that despite all the social problems
Britain is facing to-day, both Liberals and Conservatives,
with the exception perhaps of a few demagogues, they
are really Imperialists, and opposed to the policy of
drift. The Tariff Reformers in the Old Country are
confident of success at the next election. As a young
man, perhaps I am a little biased against what we call
the *laissez faire* principles of Cobdenism, and what makes
me feel even more strongly attached to the Imperialistic
principles is a medal given to my great-grandfather by
the men, women and children of the factories of Lanca-
shire as being one of the first ten men who put their
names to a bill limiting the hours and improving the con-
ditions of labor in our factories. It is in the principles
of that bill that you find the basis of our Protection move-
ment in England, and of your national policy here. It
is what is behind those principles that antagonizes the
policy of drift. Why, Canada from the very fact that
she is what she is, is an answer to what we call the
laissez faire principles of the doctrine of Cobdenism;
from the fact that you have a real national life, working
out your own salvation, living out the national policy in
which the tariff is only one evidence of patriotism acting
from that spirit of national endeavor—that spirit which
seeks to divert trade in the Imperial and national chan-
nels. That is what we want to carry in England to-day.

Now you ask me if this is what you are striving for
—how far have you got along the road. In 1906 the
Parliamentary majority in favor of Free Trade was 300,
and when the last vote was taken in 1910, the majority
was only 31. We have only 31 against us, and I believe
we shall hold what we have got; in fact, I am certain
we shall hold what we have got in England. Wales, of
course, is pretty solid against us, Scotland very nearly
solid against us, and Ireland does not change very much.
Well, you say, where do you expect to have any change
in order to win the day? We must look for the change
in England. There are two large factors, two keys. In
my opinion, if we are going to make the issue a permanent
and lasting success, we must have a clear majority in
London and must win Lancashire.

Now, I would just like to say a word as regards Cana-
da. I came to Canada, of course, enthusiastic for Impe-
rial Preference, and a firm believer in Mr. Chamber-
lain's policy. I go back all the more so. What have I
learned in Canada? That it is not merely a country with
a great agricultural future, not only the finest country in
the world—it is a country that has the national policy
impressed upon its people. I have learned what a hardy
race of people you are, learned that this is a country
which can manufacture for the world as well as produce
grain for the world. When the Imperial Preference
policy is fully in force you will manufacture more largely
as well as grow wheat. Not only will Montreal, Toronto,
and Winnipeg do the bulk of the manufacturing, but in
the West the new settlements all over the prairies, which
you see growing before your eyes to-day, will become
great industrial towns and cities of the future. If you
get Preference you will have manufacturers come from
the United States, you will have skilled workmen come
in from other industrial centres and build their factories
and get the benefit of the British Preference and the
British market. I believe you have everything to gain
and nothing to lose by our policy.

I hope you will have more men like Sir James Whit-
ney, who will come home and speak right out. Canadian
Preference has done us good in the British Isles, as
everybody will tell you in England, and we are sure that
if we give you Preference, it will benefit Canada as well
as the Empire. Do not be afraid to speak out in favor of
that which will be of inestimable value to the Empire to
which we are proud to belong. I think that this silence,
this fear of treading on each other's toes, is not strong,
is not British, and it smacks of that policy of drift which
I feel the people of this country and the great British
Empire want to avoid.

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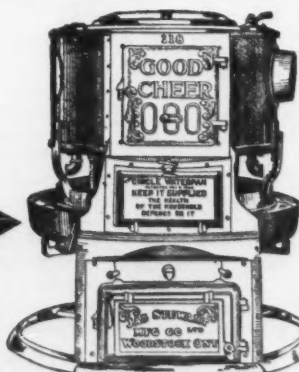
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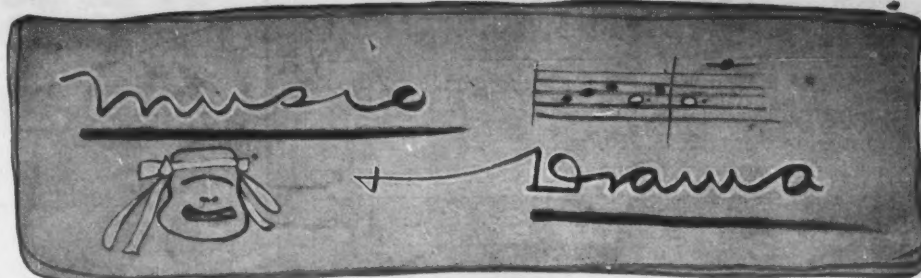
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Daphne Glene and William Greene, in Charles Frohman's production of "The Dolls Princess," at the Princess Theatre next week.

"THE Pillars of Society" was the first of the great series of prose dramas on social subjects which was destined to carry the name of Henrik Ibsen around the world, and to become part of the dramatic repertory of every European country. Seen to-day when playgoers have become familiar with the later Ibsen and have noted his influence on every contemporary playwright of importance, "The Pillars of Society" is not half so revolutionary as it was in 1877, when it was first produced. Compared with later works like "Rosmersholm" and "Hedda Gabler" the structure seems loose and the action at times theatrical and arbitrary. Ibsen had not, when he wrote this play, attained unto that supreme faculty for intensive dramatic writing which a few years later was to impress even those who disliked everything else in him. The drama is rather in the diffuse style of the earlier poetic dramas like "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" though of course not nearly so formless as these inspired works. Ibsen was not only striving to work out an idea—namely that the only sure foundations of any society are truth and justice—but he was trying to satirize a whole community. Consequently we have a large number of characters that are merely sketches but which to the Scandinavian playgoer must be racy with familiar interest. It bespeaks the genius of the man that by his humor, sentiment and intellectual power, he is able to interest a foreign audience keenly in the affairs of a small Norwegian parish, ruled by the financial genius Consul Bernick. Minutely as he has painted the life of this community, whose hypocrisies he rudely pricks, there is sufficient appeal to universal principles to interest the intelligent playgoer of every land. The play, moreover, is full of surprises for the playgoer accustomed to the ingenious methods of other dramatists who as a rule enable one to see beforehand exactly what is going to happen. Yet while Ibsen surprises he does not bewilder and his logic is almost invariably good.

The character of the great man Bernick is a masterpiece; the man whose creative powers operate through a purely commercial intelligence is familiar in every land and especially so in new countries. The man who retards the entrance of the railroad to his town until he has had an opportunity to buy up land along the proposed right of way, would be recognized as a type by anyone familiar with the political affairs of this country. No doubt many a man in the audience chuckled at the thought that thirty or forty years ago in Norway financial magnates played the same tricks as they do in Canada today. Ibsen paints Bernick as a man so indurated by his life-long pursuit of fortune, his desire for power at whatever cost—that he does not know the enormity of his own iniquity. It seems a natural thing for Bernick to order a rotten ship to sea, when he believes that it will carry with it the man who has it in his power to ruin him. His crime only comes home to him when he momentarily fears that his only son is aboard the fated vessel. In his revulsion of feeling, he makes a partial confession to his fellow townsmen. It will be noted that he only tells them what he thinks it good for them to know and keeps silent about the iniquity of his endeavor to send a rotten ship to sea with human lives in jeopardy. It is quite obvious that Bernick feels he has the situation in his own hands and that with a clear

conscience he will still retain his dominant position in the community. He is at the drop of the curtain more than ever master of his fate and the captain of his soul.

The production is the fruit of the desire of Mrs. Fiske to give the public of this continent the best that is obtainable in the way of intellectual drama. It was finely acted in every detail and this fact added immeasurably to the interest of the production. The part of Lona Hassell, which she herself played is not a lengthy one but it is a very important one for this middle aged woman is made the vehicle of the Ibsen wisdom and it is her humor and honesty which clear the atmosphere. It is moreover a role which suits the delicately ironic quality of Mrs. Fiske's art as a comedienne. The main burden of the play necessarily falls on Bernick, magnificently acted by Mr. Holbrook Blinn. Here is an actor who is intellectual and incisive, with a sure grip on all the resources of his art. The picture he presents of the egotistical and unscrupulous man of affairs is never overdrawn and is absolutely convincing at all times. Admirable also was the plitudinarity dominion of Mr. Henry Stephenson and the ship master, Aune, as delineated by Mr. Sheldon Lewis was a really fine and moving bit of character acting. Miss Merle Madden showed fine temperamental qualities as Dina Dorf and Miss Alice John was charming as Aunt Martha. Ibsen had a peculiar sentimental tenderness for kindly old maids. He idolized the type in Peer Gynt's sweetheart, Solveig, and in nearly every drama of his there is some tender figure of this type who finds her reward in service. It is a type to which an audience readily responds as was evidenced by the approval of the audience which saw "The Pillars of Society," and demonstrates that Ibsen was not wholly a cold hearted analyst.

SEEN again after eleven years, one marvels once more at the skill displayed by Mr. Langdon Mitchell in his dramatization of "Vanity Fair" known to the stage as "Becky Sharp." Except in one or two main episodes the style of Thackeray is the reverse of dramatic. It is brilliantly discursive and didactic. The book moreover, is so enormous that it was a problem for the dramatist to decide where she should begin and where leave off. Though by no means a perfect drama, Mr. Mitchell's play is racy, vivacious, and of unflagging interest. Mrs. Fiske's Becky is destined to be the historic representation of this classic role. It is one that is bound to arouse a certain amount of controversy because in such roles Mrs. Fiske strips her acting of conventional symbols and poses and aims at elementals. No doubt, moreover, she is much better on some nights than on others as is the case with all highly strung artists. But considered in retrospect it must be admitted that the modern stage possesses no other actress of comic roles who could bestow so much imagination, wit and charm on Becky as does Mrs. Fiske. Her characterization is full of those flashes which put this actress in a class by herself, and before proceeding to criticize, it would be well to pause and try to name any actress capable of so brilliant and humorous a tour de force as her portrayal of the quick-witted, sharp-tongued, soulless vixen that Thackeray created. Her acting in the scene when Rawdon catches her supping

with Steyne is a most poignant picture of a woman in abject terror of physical violence with her teeth chattering as she tries to jabber out excuses. It is emotional acting stripped to the bone; the real thing and so real that audiences trained to certain formal effects in the expression of emotion fail for the most part to grasp its significance.

"THE NAKED TRUTH" is one of those pleasant spineless little comedies that are very entertaining when done by a London Company with the tasteful and luxurious investiture that is customarily bestowed on them. Transferred to a New York locale it does not seem the same thing at all and the mild cheery English humor seems to evaporate. It is possible, however, that the fame and popularity of Mr. Henry E. Dixey may carry it through the season. The authors, one of whom at least, is a lady, have devised a little intrigue in the manner of F. S. Anstey. It is one of the inconsistencies of the piece incidental to the transplantation of its locale that the New York broker played by Mr. Dixey has an uncle from India. Many London brokers have uncles in India, but such relationships are rare in New York. However, this uncle from India gives the broker a ring which once lodged on his finger compels him to tell the truth. He becomes estranged from his sweetheart because he cannot lie about his flirtations with a married woman; he wins the enmity of the latter by telling her what a fool he thinks her in reality; he paralyzes a Scottish prig by scoffing at his literary affectations; and he wrecks a financial corporation by telling the truth about its condition. Altogether it is pleasant fooling of the kind one finds and enjoys in Punch. The trail of the inimitable light comedian, Charles Hawtrey, is over it all. Mr. Dixey is a comedian of the romantic type—there is something debonaire and gypsy-like in his personality which does not precisely jibe with the mild fun of the character he plays. Nevertheless, his humor and facility enable him to deal with the various scenes. He is ably supported by four most capable farceurs, Herbert Standing, Spottiswood Aiken, Frank Hatch and Kenneth Davenport. These, with the assistance of some comely women, furnish a most agreeable entertainment.

MR. C. HARTLEY MANNERS' play, "The House Next Door," is that unique achievement, a farce written to a thesis. He set out to flay the folly of Anti-Semitic prejudice and though his whole picture is distorted, he has written his play so cleverly that it interests and entertains. Moreover, it owes its continued existence to the art of Mr. J. E. Dodson who plays the role of Sir John Cotswold, the Jew hating baronet, whom Mr. Manners tries to show is everything a man ought not to be, in contrast with the Jew, Sir Isaac Jacobson, who is depicted as a veritable monster of magnanimity. The whole argument is one-sided. Anti-Semitic prejudice though it may have gross and vile manifestations is not wholly bad. It is the instinctive protest of refinement and idealism against greed, grossness and the



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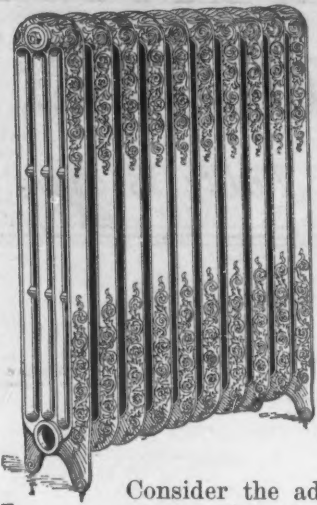
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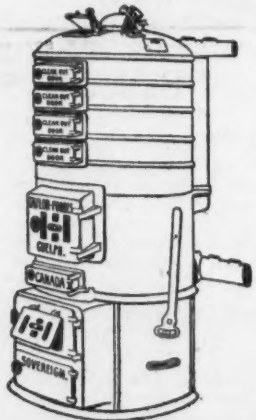
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BIRTHS.

SINKINS—At Toronto, on October 1, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Sinkins, a son.

MARRIAGES.

HARTMAN-EVANS—At St. James' Church, Orillia, on Wednesday, September 28, 1910, by the Very Rev. Lewis Evans, Dean of Montreal, assisted by the Rev. Canon Marsh of Lindsay, and the Rev. Canon Green of Orillia, Maria Sophia Lewis, the youngest daughter of the late Frank Evans, to J. Harold Hartman, of Clarkson, Ont.

WICKETT-DAUM-VON DAUN—On Tuesday, October 4, 1910, in St. Paul's Church, Toronto, by Rev. Canon Cody, assisted by Rev. Dr. Workman, Hildessa Daum-Von Daun, only daughter of the late Colonel Gustav Baron Von Daun, of Buda Pesth, to Samuel Morley, son of Mr. S. R. Wickett, of Toronto.

DEATHS.

COOPER—At Toronto, on October 2, 1910, Elinor McKenzie, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Cooper, aged 5 months.

OSZOWSKI—At Aldershot, Eng., on September 25, 1910, Roy Maurice Osowski, Lieutenant Q.O.R., aged 20 years.



Sextette of pony dancers in Lew Field's vast extravaganza, "The Midnight Sons," at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week.

worship of Mammon. The Hebrew race has produced its saints and prophets just as has every race which enjoyed a place in civilization, but there is a well-established belief that the object of worship and pursuit in mind of the average Hebrew business man is the gold in his neighbor's pocket. He regards it so to speak, as his money. He stands a notch higher than the average man of other races in the intelligence and keenness with which he pursues his objects, but in the idealistic elements that have contributed to the building up a humane civilization he is for the most part lacking. One can pay a hearty tribute to the genuine entertainment of Mr. Hartley Manners' play, but one cannot permit the conclusions he draws to go unchallenged. The crispness, significance and humor of Mr. Dodson give him very high rank among the players of the present day. No other actor reminds one so much of Sir John Hare when the latter was in his prime, and he is the making of the play. He is ably seconded by Mr. Frank Losee who plays the high-minded and exceptional Jew in a dignified and characteristic manner.

Hector Chasnovich

THE THEATRES

CHARLES FROHMAN'S production of "The Dollar Princess," one of the most delightful of last season's New York musical comedy successes, will be the attraction at the Princess Theatre next week, and the production will be identically the same as it was during its ten months' run at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York city, and in London, England, for over a year. Not since "The Merry Widow," it is said, has there been a musical piece so filled with mirth, beautiful lyrics, graceful waltzes and tuneful melodies as in this latest success. Willner and Grunbaum, the librettists, have written a story full of action, comedy situations and bright, snappy, dialogue; and they have differed from most modern librettists in producing a book that is entirely clean and refined. No coarse horseplay is indulged in by them and not an objectionable line or situation can be found in the entire piece. Its refinement and freedom from vulgarity forms one of the elements of its success. Leo Fall, the Austrian composer, has written a most melodious and musicianly score. A capable company of English musical artists, supported by the famous New York World "beauty chorus" will be seen in the piece.

"THE biggest entertainment under roof with the exception of the New York Hippodrome," can be applied to Lew Field's "The Midnight Sons," the mammoth musical production which Mr. Fields is sending to the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week.

"The Midnight Sons," enjoyed a year's run at the Broadway Theatre, New York. It was intended to serve as a summer entertainment for the spacious Broadway Theatre which Lew Fields had but recently taken over. The piece instantly "caught on," with the result that it stayed in New York not only during the entire summer without a single day's intermission, but continued until long after Christmas. There are thirty musical numbers scattered throughout the two acts and eight scenes. Strangely, for a musical spectacle. One of the most picturesque and striking ensembles comes but a few

minutes before the fall of the final curtain. In the words of the dramatic reviewer, "the interest is sustained until the finish." The production comes in a special train of six scenery cars and five Pullmans.

NOVELTY, the everlasting demand of American amusement lovers, is to be gratified during the winter by the introduction of a comparatively new craze, Russian dancing. While it is a revival of the almost forgotten ballet of the past, the Russians have thrown new life, action and interpretative powers into this form of divertisement, with the result that their performances stand forth as a revelation in artistry.

The first taste America had of such dancing was furnished last March when the Metropolitan Opera Company brought over Anna Pavlova and Michael Mordkin, the Czar's favorite dancers, and the greatest exponents of the Russian school of dancing, for a brief season of four weeks. Their short stay proved a triumph. The management closely allied with that organization has arranged for an additional twenty weeks, which will be devoted to an American tour. A ballet, recruited from the Imperial Opera House of St. Petersburg and Moscow, and an orchestra will support Pavlova and Mordkin in what will be known as "Ocular Opera." This attraction will be the crowning feature of the array of artistic events at Massey Hall this season.

It is a most attractive bill that Charles Frohman promises the Princess Theatre for the week of the 17th instant, in the presentation of Mr. William Gillette in a repertoire of that famous actor's most popular stage triumphs. The plays underlined are "Sherlock Holmes," "Secret Service," and "The Private Secretary," and the opening one is to be Sherlock Holmes.

Messrs. Shubert and Daniel V. Arthur will present Mr. Weedon Grossmith in his London comedy success, "Mr. Preedy and the Countess," at the Royal Alexandra, week of Oct. 17th.

"Mr. Preedy and the Countess," is from the strong and virile pen of R. C. Carton, author of "Lord and Lady Algy" and "Lady Huntley's Experiment." The cast and production to be seen here is identically the same that amused Londoners for two years running.

AT the Gayety Theatre next week the attraction will be Bob Manchester's famous "Cracker Jacks" company, new entirely except in name. In the eleven years of its existence the show has always been the best of its kind; but this season Mr. Manchester promises a truly great show in which will be seen thirty-four people with a chorus of twenty-two pretty, fascinating girls who are experts in singing, dancing and poses. The company introduces five rattling comedians, headed by the little funny fellow, Johnny Jess, who is a whole show in himself; he has as assistants John Williams, Frank Harcourt, Will Brooks and Frank Fanning, four well-known fun-makers, and all local favorites.

MANAGER SHEA has a treat for his patrons at Shea's Theatre next week in his headline stunt Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth. This is Miss Bayes' first appearance in many seasons, and since that time she has become a great favorite in New York. Mr. Norworth

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is a big favorite with Sheagoers and the two are sure of a warm welcome. "Seldoms' Venus" will be the special attraction; this is a remarkable living picture act. Included in next weeks' bill are Edwina Barry & Company in the "Homebreakers," The Lawlors, Van Hoven, Patsy Doyle, Cook and Sylvia, and the Kinetograph.

MUSIC

GREAT interest is being taken in the coming to America of Pietro Mascagni to produce his "Ysobel" at the New Theatre, in New York, next month. Bessie Abbott, who is to create the title role in "Ysobel" sails from Havre within the next two weeks, and Mascagni, comes a few days later. The latter will be accompanied by his librettist, Luigi Illica.

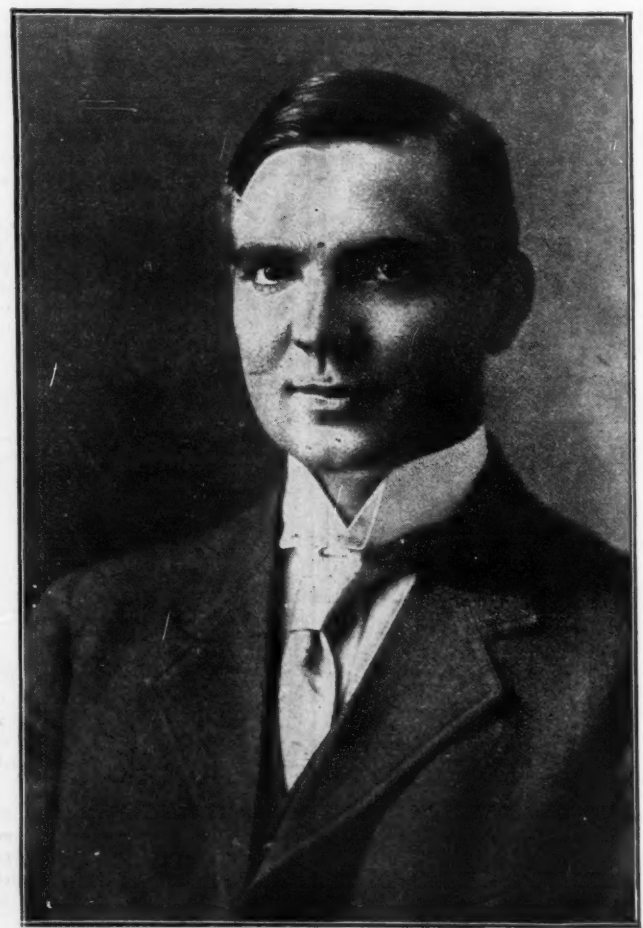
MISS GRACE SMITH, the accomplished young English pianist, who has made two successful tours of Canada, has decided to take up her residence in Toronto and will engage in teaching as well as recital work. She is an artiste who, with no sacrifice of the feminine quality, is remarkable for the range and power of her technique. She studied with Mlle. Colmaiche and the great Teresa Carreno, and later by invitation of Signor Busoni, became a member of his class in Vienna. She toured the British Isles with Kubelik and has played as a soloist, not only in all the chief concert halls of London and the Provinces, but by special command before Queen Alexandra at Buckingham Palace.

Miss Catherine Proctor, the talented Toronto actress will have an important role in David Belasco's coming production, "The Concert," a translation by Leo Deitrichstein, of a comedy which has proven immensely successful both in Vienna and Berlin. Miss Proctor is a pretty woman who is surely winning her way on the stage of this continent.

Barnaby Nelson, Tenor, who scored so successfully in the West last season with the Jessie MacLachlan Concert party, has decided to stay in Toronto this season to study repertoire and fill numerous concert engagements throughout Ontario. Mr. Nelson has just returned from Chicago and the P. L. A. Chautauqua, at Winona, Indiana, where he appeared on two programs and was highly praised.

Russel G. McLean has returned to the city and reopened his studio at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, where for the past year he has been teaching with great success.

Mr. McLean has spent some years



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Mackay

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in Europe and New York studying and coaching with the foremost singing teachers. He sang as soloist in many of the leading church choirs and under the auspices of the best organizations in New York. The announcement of Mr. McLean's annual recital will appear later.

PUCCINI appears to have small confidence in the music of his new opera, "The Girl of the Golden West." He has changed the original Belasco play so that the action of the third act takes place in a forest instead of a schoolhouse; "and there

ADELINÉ GENÉE, who will make her farewell appearance on the stage this season, under the management of Klaw & Erlanger, will open her season in Philadelphia in October in "The Bachelor Belles," by Harry B. Smith and Ray Hubbell.

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A BALTIMORE man recently called at a friend's house where the stork had recently arrived. "Hello, Tom," was the effusive greeting of the caller. "What is it, boy or girl?" "Guess," said the father. "Boy," ventured the caller. With a sad smile the new parent added: "Old man, you're only half right."



CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

Some Gems of the House Beautiful.

It seems unfortunate that so many people naturally interested in such things should apparently be unaware of the importance of the collections of applied art that have been got together for several years past by the Canadian Society of Applied Art. Though it attracted little public attention, this year's collection, obtained principally from England, was an exceptionally important one, and now that the rush is over, it is pleasant to recall some of the outstanding features of the exhibit.

Probably the most notable contributions were Professor Gerald Moira's mural sketches, one of which is reproduced herewith. Mr. Moira is Professor of Painting in the Royal College of Art, the centre of the Government system of art education in England, and these examples were the original sketches for his mural decorations now in the Central Criminal Court on the site of Newgate Prison in the Old Bailey, London. The series comprises three lunettes dealing with law and justice as befits their association with a court for the administration of justice according to the interpretation of the law. In the first lunette—Mosaic law—secondary figures of Mosaic times are decoratively disposed about a commanding figure of Moses that forms the central feature, and a great gray mass of natural rock against a blue sky forms a setting for the group, for the third English law is represented in the figure of the English Alfred surrounded by types of

impossible to go into details, but it is interesting to note that the collection contained examples by Frank G. Garrett, instructor in bookbinding in the Birmingham Municipal School of Art; Maud B. S. Bird, his associate; Mary O. Robinson, of London, a gold medalist of the Franco-British Exhibition in London in 1908; Irma T. Rountree,



Sketch for Mural Decoration—"Justice." Professor Gerald Moira.

of Oldham; Gwladys Edwards, of London; Else Hoffmann, who was awarded a diploma of merit at the Frankfurt International Bookbinding Exhibition in 1906; and John F. Graban, of Buffalo. There were altogether thirty-one specimens—all of the highest order of design and workmanship, and very many of them of sufficient importance to be illustrated and specially mentioned in the Studio Year-Book of Decorative Art.

We are glad to learn that the president of the Canadian Society of Applied Art secured a fine specimen of Garrett's work, "The Sonnets of Shakespeare," in orange-colored Niger morocco tooled in gold and in'aid, and also a volume, "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," in white vellum, colored and gold-tooled, by Irma T. Rountree.

Metal work was well represented. One piece, a bronze statuette of Joan of Arc, the work of the Bromsgrove Guild, metal workers to the King, is reproduced herewith. A silver statuette, another rendering of the same subject by the Guild, is now in the Vatican Treasury.

Bernard Cuzner, teacher of metal work in the Municipal School of Art in Birmingham, sent ten pieces, all of silver, some with enamels and some set with various stones. The beautiful silver chalice and paten should certainly have remained here—but it did not. Mrs. Ernestine Mills, a gold medalist in enameling at the Milan Exhibition, showed six splendid examples of enamels on silver and copper—one of them a recent exhibit in the Royal Academy—and Miss Ethel Newcombe, now of Guelph, was represented by a very excellent collection of jewelry. It is gratifying to learn that a number of the exhibits in this department have come into the possession of admirers in the city.

Charles C. Cundall is associated with Messrs. Pilkington's in the production of their well-known "Lancastrian"



Bronze Statuette—"Joan of Arc." The Bromsgrove Guild.

lustre ware, and his contribution to the section of ceramics was a very fine example of that ware.

At fourteen years of age Charles F. Binns entered upon his apprenticeship to the practical side of ceramics in his father's establishment, the Royal Worcester works in England. He is at present at the head of the New York State School of Ceramics, which is also the experimental station in which clays are analyzed and tested for ceramic purposes. We are told that until somewhat recently matt glazes were obtained only accidentally, and that to Mr. Binns' researches is due the determination of the formulae whereby matt or lustre glazes can be produced at will by the controlling of the oxygen ratios of the component parts. It is largely the work done in this direction that gives the man, the school and the station the place they hold in the world of ceramics.

Mr. Binns' exhibit, then, was of exceptional interest. Consisting of fifteen pieces, nearly all matt glazes, it was large enough and varied enough to pretty adequately represent his work and to be a source of pleasure to the amateur and of profit to the student. An illustration is given of a group of vases from his collection.

In woodwork the exhibit of Charles Rohlf, of Buffalo, struck a new note. Mr. Rohlf, originally an actor, played in "The Leavenworth Case" and afterwards married the authoress, Miss Anna Katherine Green. She wanted a writing desk and he made it for her, and was so successful in the venture that he finally abandoned the stage for the studio and the workshop and entered upon the designing and manufacture of furniture as a profession. He is a frequent contributor to the principal European exhibitions.



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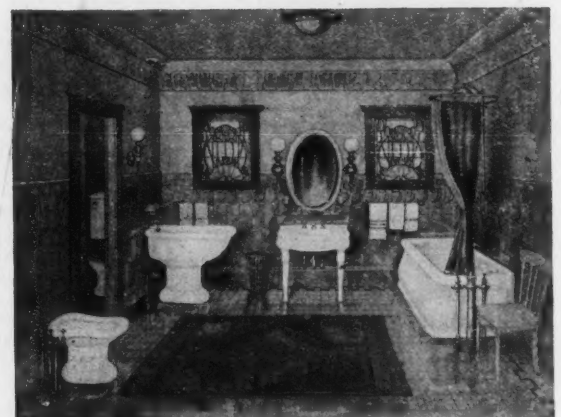
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LIVING IT DOWN

By WARWICK DEEPING

CHAPTER XXXV.

AT Danebarrow next morning, Eve was at work in the December sunshine, sleeves rolled up to the elbows, head bare, her short rough skirt showing her ankles. Her figure looked peaceful enough in the sunlight against the dew grey-green of the meadow grass. Her spade gave a rhythmic gleam as it struck into the great mound of soil that lay near the well's mouth. Then there was a half turn of the body, a swing of the white forearms, and the spadeful of brown soil disappeared into the throat of the well.

Eve's consciousness, as she worked, was as clear as the blue of the winter sky overhead. She looked at the happenings of the night before, and judged them with a spirit that lost none of its purity by confronting sordid hazards. Death was under the brown soil, hidden away from before the face of the idol of law, that idol to which men sacrifice so blindly, forgetting that the image was made by the cunning of men. Here was a case apart, a tragedy that concerned three people only, and where justice had been done as on a desert island, and no more said.

It may have been about eleven o'clock when John Lavender appeared round the end of the turf wall, climbed the wire fence, and came across the grass towards Eve. She was an enchantress whom John was not wholly able to understand, but her incomprehensibility did not detract from John's instinctive admiration. It merely struck him as a strange yet rather interesting that such a fine young gentlewoman should dig and delve like any laborer. John had views of his own, and was a healthy young sentimentalist in his own way. He had a conviction that Eve ought to be driving about in a carriage, and that she ought to occupy a very big house, wear handsome dresses, and consent to be adorned by a fabulous number of distinguished noblemen.

John came up a little shyly, wondering whether the ideal woman would be angry with him for approaching her when she was in her working clothes. Eve's smile set his doubts at rest.

"What is it, John?"

"I wish you'd come and see Mr. Ben, miss."

Eve's face betrayed nothing.

"Why, John, isn't he well?"

John had his convictions.

"It's all along of the cottage," he said. "Mr. Ben seems to be right down over the burning of it. I heard him go tramping up and down the garden path before it was light this morning. After breakfast, miss, he started off for the wood, and I axed father to let me go along with him. But Mr. Ben didn't seem to hear anything I said, and when he should have said 'Yes,' he just said 'No.' Well, I cleared off, miss, but hung about a bit. And Mr. Ben's been sitting down in Hindleap for more than an hour, staring at nothin' like, and just picking up fir cones and chucking them away again."

Eve, resting her hands on her spade, looked beyond the lad over the open moor.

"I expect Mr. Ben's just beginning to feel it, John," she said.

"I guess that's what it be, miss; just like a dose o' medicine; it bides its time in ye, but presently you know it's there."

Eve smothered a smile.

"I will walk over and see if I can cheer him up."

When the blue sky showed like a canopy above Heriot's clearing in the wood, Eve paused amid the tree trunks and looked about her for some sign of Ben. She thought at first that he had gone back to Orchard's Farm, for the clearing was full of sunlight and of silence. But presently she saw someone moving in the wood beyond the glade, a man's figure that went slowly to and fro, passing and repassing behind the fir boles. Eve was about to call to him when she saw him turn aside and strike away from her into the deep of the wood. Eve felt convinced that he had not seen her, and some instinct made her follow him in silence, keeping the tall figure in view, though it was hidden ever and again by the trunks of the trees.

That he was suffering for the tragedy of yesterday Eve guessed too well, and she had begun to quicken her pace to come up with him, feeling that it was inevitable that they should bear the pain of it together. She had passed calmer hours than Heriot, perhaps, because she had been more sinned against, and because her compassion had made her strong. But the loneliness of those few hours had carried her more passionately towards this com-

rade who alone could share the sorrow of their common heritage. The womanhood in her was full of a great yearning that stretched out its hands to touch and to be touched.

Eve found the woodland thinning before her, the sky broadening out, and in place of the brown, mast-strewn earth she saw a stretch of water reflecting the white clouds and the green tops of the firs. She had heard Heriot speak of Blackwater Pool, but this was her first glimpse of that strange and sullen piece of water hid in the depths of still darker water. The circle of green boughs cutting the blue of the sky, the silence, the mystery, the aloofness, all these were a part of a picture that stirred in the heart a sense of strange unrest.

Eve paused beside the trunk of a fir, her eyes fixed upon Heriot, who was standing motionless at the end of the long plank that jutted out on trestles over the black and glassy water. He was staring into the pool, as though looking, not at his own reflection, but at something beneath the quiet surface. Eve held her breath as she watched him, for the figure of the man seemed poised on the brink of the unknown. Blackwater Pool, dark, silent, and inscrutable, seemed symbolical of the mystery of death, and of the waters that close over the soul when the last leap is taken. She felt suddenly afraid of the melancholy magic of the place. What were the thoughts in Heriot's mind as he stood staring at the water?

"Ben! Ben!"

She left the shadow of the wood as she called to him, the vague dread in her overflowing into her voice. Heriot turned sharply, and seemed to steady himself. Then he walked back slowly along the plank, holding his head up as though afraid to look at the water under him. The touch of the firm earth came as a revelation. He felt Eve's eyes upon his face, but he could not bring himself to look at her for the moment.

"What a strange and wicked place, Ben!"

Her voice had the hush of thought.

"Wicked? I have always thought it beautiful."

"But wicked in its beauty, like a morbidly colored book."

She turned towards the wood, face and eyes haunted by a conviction that she could not smother. Heriot glanced at her, and then followed, walking with long, slow strides.

He held a little apart from Eve, looking at the brown carpet of mast that stretched away under the tall, straight trunks. Miserable hours of self-abasement and of blindness had brought him to the brim of Blackwater Pool. He had had no sure purpose within him. A kind of instinct had led him thither, and then the dark water had spoken to his soul. He knew, too, that the woman beside him had devined much of the madness that had leapt up into his brain. And the silence between them seemed an accusation and an appeal.

"Do you know what came into my mind as I stood looking at the water?" he asked her. "It was that it might be better to save you from being too generous to a disgraced man."

She looked at him with eyes that were very sad.

"Ben, do you know what you are saying?"

"Too well; I have been thinking of the future."

"Yes, and what is the future? It lies hidden in ourselves; we have some power to make of it what we wish. Ben, if you had done—that—it would have been the truest treachery to me."

He glanced at her with a sharp lift of the chin.

"It was not cowardice," he said. "No, no; did I accuse you of that? Can't you understand, Ben, that I am just a woman? It is not sacrifice that I want, not a species of tragic reverence that leaves me cold and alone upon a pedestal, with nothing but memories to prove that I was loved."

He was silent, and she kept her distance.

"And yet you were tempted to leave me alone with it all; to go out yourself into the darkness and condemn me to the glare of the light."

Heriot's mouth quivered.

"Eve, I did not mean that. I was so utterly miserable and had such a hate for myself—"

"Ben, why look backward?"

"Why do men drown in the sea?"

"And why are the women left to suffer?"

He swayed in his stride, brushing against the tree trunks with his shoulders. Eve spoke on.

"Ben, do you know how I have passed the night and the morning? Perhaps you can guess. All that I have done has been a looking for-

ward towards life. And when I had planned it all so dearly, would you dash the life away and leave me alone with the memory?"

Heriot seemed caught by a great gust of emotion, as though a wind had come sweeping through the wood.

"Eve, a man is a blind beast at times. He blunders on towards what seems to him the light, trampling on things that wound him, yet rushing on. I—I felt—that I could not take what you had granted me. It seemed too good, too wonderful. I was asking too great a sacrifice."

He felt her move nearer to him.

"Ben, what sacrifice is there? Don't build a wall across the future and make me climb it. If you only realized! The hours—last night; they made me afraid to be alone."

He hung his head and looked at the ground.

"Ben, you won't leave me alone with it all! Oh, if you love me, Ben, you won't let me bear it alone!"

He gave a deep cry, turned, and caught her with all his strength.

"No, no; I was blind. I did not realize—"

She let him hold her, loosing up into his face.

"How much a woman feels?"

"Eve, beloved, forgive me—that thought."

"If I forgive?"

"You will?"

"Don't think I am so strong, so proud, that I can bear it alone without you."

He kissed her mouth.

"I am strong now; you have shown me the truth. Oh, my beloved, if you had suffered because—I—a blind and passionate fool—"

Her eyes appealed to him.

"Don't say it, Ben. Think if you were alone here, and I—yonder—under the water."

"Eve, forgive me. I understand."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The disappearance of Burgoyne roused no stir or comment in the neighborhood for several days. He had always been a man of spasmodic moods, vague and erratic in his comings and goings, a man who had refused to tolerate curiosity in his underlings, and had never consented to take the world into his confidence.

Andrews, the agent for the Mistmoor estate, was the one man who

knew something of Burgoyne's inner life, but he had been too discreet to look too deeply into "The Roman's" eccentricities. Roger Burgoyne had been known to vanish for days together, and then to walk back into the house as though he had been for an hour's stroll round the park. Most people believed that Burgoyne's life would not bear investigation. He had always chosen to gratify himself in defiance of all social orthodoxy, letting his passions put him within that pale where a man's friends are parasites and grooms.

A week passed before there was any questioning of the silence. Burgoyne had ridden out late one afternoon, telling his servants that he was bound for Lyndwood, and that it might be late before he returned. He had left his horse at an inn on the Lyndwood road about dusk, and no one had seen him since. This silence of his had roused no comment at first among the servants of the Manor House. Burgoyne's habits of late had been the habits of a moth, and if his servants suspected why he flew by night, they were accustomed to his vagaries and did not trouble. But at the end of a week Mr. Andrews drove over to Crutchet and set inquiries afoot in a quiet and unobtrusive way. Another week went by, and the silence and mystery remained. The news began to drift over Mistmoor and into the surrounding villages, and the brown-faced country folk discussed it, but with no great measure of surprise. Every cottage within five miles knew how Roger Burgoyne was hated. They were morose and secretive people in the main, and the belief had been steady within them that some day Roger Burgoyne would be found dead in a ditch.

Down at Danebarrow the days showed no concern. The work went on, and David Love's pick and shovel cut their way steadily across the meadow. The well had been filled in before the New Year, the surface levelled and the turf re-laid, so that the spot would soon be lost in the broad sweep of the grass. Eve too, worked in the trenches, crumbling the soil that David threw aside, and slowly gathering the relics of Old Rome. Sometimes David told her the news, casting it up casually much as he threw the earth up out of the trench. And sometimes Eve scribbled questions on David's slate, showing nothing more than a vague interest in order to make her callousness seem real.

As for Heriot, he had pitched the white tent again in Hindleap Wood,

braving the bit of January and the protests of the good folk at Orchard's Farm. Something within him cried out, "Work, work!" and he had flung himself grimly into the old life, hardening the habit of health about him, and compelling the work of his world to go forward. He gathered all the fir boughs that had been broken by the snow, and piled them in a great green wall about his tent. Then he began to clear away the ashes of the burnt cottage, driving his consciousness towards the future, and refusing to be challenged by the past. He, too, heard all the news from John Lavender, who drove down with the pony cart as of yore. And Heriot's face had a kind of grim watchfulness as he sat in his tent at night, thinking of the strange cross-currents in the stream of life, and of the way a man may be brought to the edge of an abyss.

January was a very grey month that year, and to Eve Thorkell and Ben Heriot the winter sky seemed clouded with suspense. It was as though some storm hung over them, ever impending with sluggish blackness, ever threatening to break above their heads. All through that month they were like two solitary wanderers crossing an open plain, seeing no shelter near them and conscious of the thunder clouds above. Each day seemed to carry them a little further towards the edge of that black canopy of suspense. Each day the clear sky in the distance seemed to broaden and to promise the blue infinite and a sight of the sun.

Heriot went daily to Danebarrow, and he and Eve made no secret of whether they were tending. Old David Love would look at them sideways under the brim of his hat, stroke the patch on his trousers thoughtfully, and turn to shovelling earth with an air of workmanlike satisfaction. Mrs. Sarah Snow, too, had come as a godsend to Eve, with a large and cheerful personality that seemed to fill the house with comfortable life. She was a big woman, rather silent, with a broad and placid face and eyes that were ever ready to twinkle. Eve and Mrs. Sarah had slipped into each other's lives without effort, but with a very lively sense of mutual goodwill. Mrs. Snow seemed to come like some steady and satisfying dogma into the void of doubt and suspense. It was good to have this large and quietly cheerful woman moving about the house. She was so real, so vital, so homely, so simple. The

very shadow of anything problematical seemed to fly away before the flick of her duster. Eve was very glad to have the woman near her, and Heriot was glad, also, because he knew that Eve suffered.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It was a February day with raw mist everywhere and an inconstant wind moving amid the tops of the firs. The whole moor had huddled itself into grey obscurity, and the world had the dull and faded look of a world just before the dawn. In the Danebarrow garden the snow-drops shivered white, and a few bold crocuses were streaking the dull earth with gold.

Eve and Heriot had been at work in one of the shelters and had wandered out over the meadowlands as the light began to fade. David had gone home to Monk's Crossing, and the two were alone together in the grey of the stealthy dusk. They wandered on till they came to the fence on the western side of the meadow, and tarried there, leaning their arms upon the poles, and looking out wistfully over the moor.

Eve put her hand into her blouse and brought out a letter. It had the look of having been crumpled by impatient and angry fingers and of having been smoothed out again when the impulse of anger had passed. The man's eyes met the woman's as they leant side by side against the fence.

"I have had this from Barnabas," she said.

He continued to look at her for a moment in silence.

"Am I to read it?"

"No, there is no need, Ben. I am sending it back to Barnabas to give him the chance of burning it—himself."

"Will he burn it?"

"Yes, I think so. Barnabas would never have written it if he had not been possessed by an absurd sense of responsibility. Poor Barnabas! He will always be an old maid among men, advising married people how to

(Concluded on page 16).



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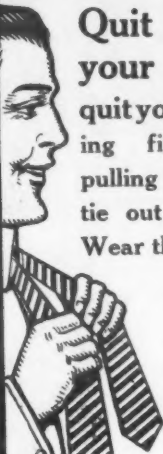
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PORTER

MEN'S WEAR

ALTHOUGH the danger of overstepping the limits of good style, says a writer in Vogue, is greater in selecting suit materials of decided pattern and coloring, on the whole I believe the majority of men are too much given to conservatism. In this country—there does not seem to be the same fear of criticism among the Englishmen—we are apt to shrink from anything that may mark us as different from the mass of our fellows, and the result is a uniformity of appearance that, however much it may save us from the imputation of "loudness" and ostentation, is a decided sacrifice of individuality and exclusive style.

Every year there is the same old lot of nondescript gray and brown mixtures, stripes and overplaids—it may be here and there a microscopic variation of weave—and we look them over and say to ourselves, "Yes, that is rather 'pretty.' It looks a good deal like the suit I had last autumn, but it's 'quiet' and unobtrusive." Certainly it is, and so is plain black cheviot and dark blue serge, and when it comes home from the tailor we find it absolutely correct, and so much the same in general character as the rest of the suits in our wardrobe that when we want to put it on we have to turn on the electric light in our closet to distinguish it from the others. And we put it on, and nobody at the breakfast table makes the least remark about our having a new suit, and when we call attention to the fact our family says, "Oh, yes, I didn't notice it, but I think it's 'quite' pretty."

Of course this is one phase of correctness that has no distinctive air whatever, and since smartness is to a great extent dependent on individuality of effect, it counts for little in the scale of fashion.

However, as has been intimated, the risk of positive bad form is vastly greater in running to extremes, and therefore the choice of materials of decided character, whether in pattern or coloring, must be governed by refinement of taste and due regard to one's individual possibilities. Some men can "carry" much more showy raiment than others without appearing overdressed, and it frequently happens that the kind of fabric best adapted to the style of one is the worst possible selection for another. So far as an observance of the prevailing mode of a season is concerned, it really matters little whether one wears a striped or a check or overplaid cloth, or whether the shade be gray, brown, green or blue, but when it comes to the question of personal becomingness the importance of the stripe over the decided check, or vice versa, is a thing to be reckoned with.

And, to take up the sack suit materials of this autumn, so far as I can see there really is very small choice between the broad classes of patterns and shades, from the standpoint of fashion. In looking over the importations of one tailor one may get the impression that the overplaid design is the leading idea of the season; at another shop the new cloths may strike one as leaning toward the general stripe effect. Here one may see a lot of quiet harmoni-

zing mixtures; there some decided effects of herring-bone, diagonal, diamond, cross or basket weave. And on the whole one is apt to conclude that there is little out-and-out new, or so pre-eminent in vogue as to deserve the name of ultra smart. Indeed, although it frequently is the case that one general shade or pattern effect is more in evidence than another, and although as a very good classification it may perhaps be said that the simple and complex overplaid designs are this year in the lead, fashion in sack suit materials is never so narrow that as between two cloths equally good in point of style, and equally attractive in themselves, one can be called more smartly correct than the other. If one kind or pattern or shade of cloth has been in such popular demand as to have become common, it is usually well to select something else, but generally speaking one will make fewer mistakes by choosing the intrinsically stylish and becoming fabric than by attempting to follow what one may suppose to be the season's fashion.

I always feel that it is more or



FANCY WAISTCOAT.
A model in gray worsted with silk braid and pearl buttons.

less hopeless to attempt to give a description of specific fabrics that will convey any idea of their real appearance to the mind of my readers, but from the pile of "samples" before me I may say that among the grays there is a hopsack weave, with double line of black and almost indistinguishable thread overplaid of red; a very wide herring-bone (perhaps it should be called an alternate diagonal) with diamond weave in white—the white effect being only the effect of the weave, not caused by a white thread; a soft flannel with dark blue and gray lines so closely spaced as to give the general appearance of a blue-gray body color; a cheviot with broken square pattern of black, giving a general dark-gray effect; a shadow stripe of two shades of dark brown with here and there a fleck of red and green, the whole (I don't know how to describe it otherwise) mixed with gray, to give a brownish gray appearance; a hard finished gray with the least suspicion of overplaid in black (but the effect being more of a stripe than a plaid) and a check of blue, brown and gray with soft finish surface.

In browns there is a very dark seal shade with narrow stripes of dark blue, flecked with orange or brick red—the fleck almost indistinguishable; a very soft-finished, hairy cheviot with almost undiscernable herring-bone of darker brown; a three-tone shadow stripe; a dark red, or claret colored, brown with hair line of dark green; a brown, green and red overplaid, having the effect of a general dark brown mixture; a broken-line diagonal of red on a greenish-brown mixture with soft, nappy finish, and, besides several absolutely indescribable mixtures, an overplaid—or rather double overplaid—of two shades of lighter brown on a very dark purplish red-brown body color.

In decided greens there are few effects, but several of the gray and brown fabrics have a dark greenish tone, and in dark blues there are, of course, a number of more or less attractive colorings, although there is more similarity in these—or rather it is more difficult to find distinctive effects—than in the other shades. Among them a blue with hair-lines of light blue and light green is rather effective, if without great character, while among the other morning dress stuffs the gray and black square weave cheviot, the gray diagonal worsted, the light brown and white mixed cheviot and the dark brown Circassian wool serve as well as any of the more conservative fabrics, perhaps, to give an idea of the general vogue.

Regarding the materials for the semi-formal morning coat there is probably none more smart than the soft finished dark gray (almost black) vicuna of indistinct herring-bone weave, but the Oxford mixtures, the basket-woven vicunas and the scarcely distinguishable shadow stripes in very dark gray, are all fashionable fabrics, while the plain black worsted for coat, and lighter gray Cambridge mixtures for full suit, are correct fabrics.

With the black and dark gray coats one wears trousers of some not too pronounced gray, and black striped stuff, similar in general character to the worsted, and, of course, with such suits the odd waistcoat of suitable material is always permissible. On the other hand, however, the English walking coats and trousers should be of the same fabric—a gray or dark brown—and with them the waistcoat, if not of the same material, should be of some such informal fabric as flannel or cotton mixture.

Many changes have been rung on the materials for evening dress, and while the unnoticeable diamond-woven and very dark blue shadow stripe undressed worsteds are perhaps the newest cloths, we may feel perfectly safe in the soft finished plain blacks and small basket-woven stuffs. The shadow stripes, however, are less desirable because of greater commonness.

The subject of fabrics would hardly be complete without some reference to the shirt and necktie materials of the season, but as the variety quite baffles any attempt at general description, I shall only call attention to those giving some idea of what is to be seen—the shirts running largely to narrow stripes and all-over designs in every shade, and the necktie silks to stripes of matching or contrasting color on grounds of every conceivable weave. Purples, reds, greens, blues, grays, horizontal and diagonal stripes, flower and spot effects. Oriental designs—it matters little what the shade or pattern, if intrinsically good looking. Indeed one may say of this season's fabrics generally that there is an absence of fads and an infinite field of selection.

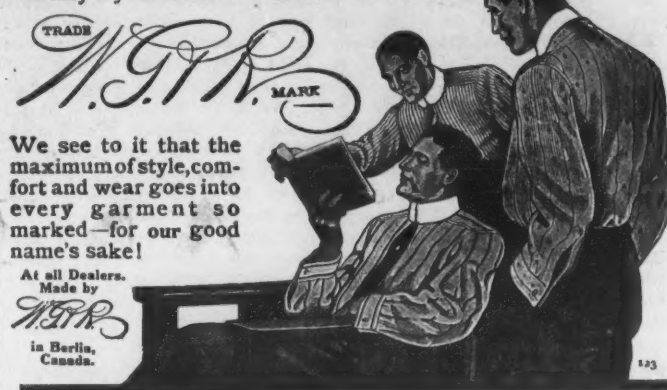
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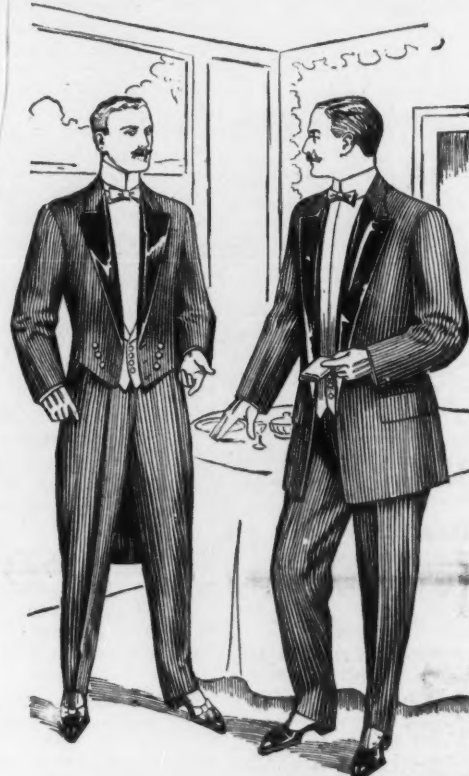
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ANEC DOTAL

THE farmer's wife was greatly stirred up by the agitation of the woman's rights question. One evening the old lady was condemning the men in very strong terms and expressing herself in favor of women's voting. The old man got tired of it. He dropped his paper, pushed back his spectacles, and exclaimed: "Marendy! The men hev made out to govern this kentry ever since Robinson Crusoe discovered it, and I guess they will for a spell longer, so you keep still."

MANY are the "Uriah" stories which are current in the British Army. These are usually told with closed doors, late at night, and with much painful personal detail. Here is one, rather out of the common, which was once brought forcibly to my notice. I do not attempt to excuse the lady. At the same time I imagine that no sympathy will be felt for the general.

The general, meeting the lady, (who, by the way, wore a wedding ring) instantly thought (as she intended he should think) that she was a married woman. She was about to

do if you were in my place, Mr. Chase?" There was a merry twinkle in the eyes of Mr. Chase as he answered: "I think it is the duty of every man to live unspotted as long as he can."

MARK TWAIN hated a gloomy man. Once, at a banquet, a gloomy man sat opposite him. This man would not smile at the most amusing jokes. "What's the matter with you?" cried Mark Twain. "The stories are all good. Why don't you laugh?" "Ah, sir," said the gloomy man, "how can I laugh when I remember that every time I breathe a soul passes into the great beyond?" "Good gracious," said the humorist, "did you ever try cloves?"

IN an English town a gentleman and a countryman approached a cage in the travelling zoo from opposite directions. This cage contained a very fierce-looking kangaroo. The countryman gazed at the wild animal for a few minutes with mouth and eyes both open, and then, turning to the gentleman, he asked, "What kind of an animal is that?"



A FRESCO FOR BANKS.
Showing Fortune showering favors on the careful investor, while Want follows in the footsteps of the prodigal.

—Punch.

break with a young captain whom she no longer cared about, and she wanted him out of the country. Suddenly she got her chance. The general made love to her; and, when he thought his suit was prospering, he bluntly asked her first if she would like her husband to have a good appointment abroad, and secondly, in the event of his getting one, if she wanted to go with him to it.

To the first question she answered "Yes"; to the second, "No."

The general had great influence, and he got that young captain a very good Colonial appointment; but, when on his departure, he made more violent love to the supposed wife, she flatly told him the truth, namely, that she was not married and she proceeded to demand that he (the general) should marry her.

"You can't say that you thought I was a married woman if it comes to a public row. If you do, I'll tell the truth about that appointment, and you'll have to leave the army."

The general was wise enough to know when he was beaten, and he compromised by paying a large sum of money. Meanwhile, the captain prospered in his lucrative appointment.

GLASGOW invitations are nothing if not hearty. Two friends met after a fairly long separation.

"Man, Tam," says one, "whaur in a' airth hae ye been hidin' yersel'?" I havena seen ye for an age."

"Weel, Jeems, I've been doon Gourock way a guid while. Come doon an' see me sune. I've got a set of good boxing gloves, an' if ye come doon any day I'll knock the face aff ye."

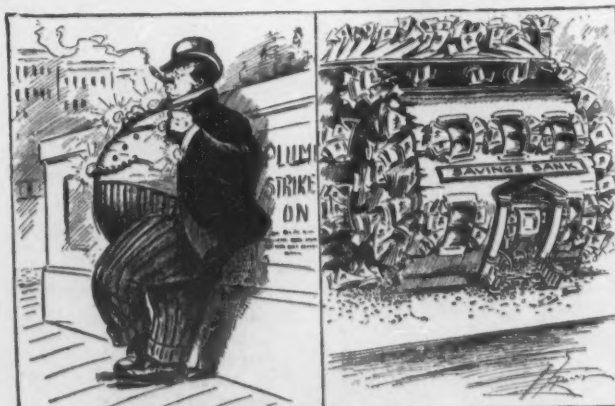
WHEN Chief Justice Chase chose to unbend himself, he could be witty as well as wise. At a social gathering at his house when he was Secretary of War, the subject of taxation having been mooted, a distinguished naval officer present said he had paid all his taxes except the income-tax. "I have a little property," said he, "which brings me in a yearly rental, but the tax-gatherers have not spotted it. I do not know whether I ought to let the thing go on that way or not. What would you

"Oh, replied the gentleman, "that is a native of Australia." The countryman covered his eyes with his hands as he exclaimed in horror, "Well, well! my sister married one of them!"

THERE is a story told of a French poet who inquired of a friend and flatterer what he thought of his last work. "I have arrived at the fifteenth canto," he replied with enthusiasm, "and think there is nothing more beautiful or harmonious in the language." "Pardon me, there is one thing," said the poet. "Ah, perhaps you mean Chateaubriand's 'Atala'?" "Certainly not. I mean my sixteenth canto."

A SCOTCH laird once said to his servant John, who had complained of his temper: "I am sure, John, it is nae suner on than it's off." "Aye," said John; "but laird, it's nae suner off than it's on."

KEEN theologian though he is, the Prebendary Webb-Peplow is not without a strong vein of humor. There is a story told of how at a church congress he was once introduced to a city stockbroker, who began to enlarge upon his own business capabilities and to deplore the lack of initiative in the modern British youth. "Whv," he said, "when I



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—Montreal Star.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"An Affair of Dishonor." A romance of the Restoration. By William De Morgan, author of "Joseph Vance," "Somehow Good," etc. Published by Henry Frowde, Toronto. Price \$1.25.

EVERY one who writes about this wonderful old man and his work, always begins by alluding to the greatness of his age. He is a sort of standing miracle in literature, a man who after sixty-three years of a life devoted to other pursuits should have turned to fiction as a recreation and at one bound become the leading novelist of his day. It is certainly a marvellous record. And no less marvellous has been the manner in which book after book—double-deckers, too, and not your skimpy affairs of a couple of hundred pages, big type—have flowed from his pen. And the books have all been excellent of their kind, leisurely volumes full of kindly wit and genial philosophy, marked, too, by keen insight, and possessing at times a superbly dramatic rapidity of action. And now, not satisfied with all that he has done to overturn the traditions of letters in the matter of the age of writers, Mr. De Morgan comes out with a romance, a thing of passionate loves and hates, duels to the death, unfortunate heroines, and villains that are villainous beyond words. Furthermore, let it be said here and now that the story is a good one, and that the aged author has accomplished one more feat that most critics would have regarded as impossible for a man of his years.

Of course, it would be too much to expect that this book would add very greatly to the fame of the author of "Joseph Vance." It really is little more than a feat, but it is a feat that has been successfully performed. It is an interesting story of passion and intrigue, and it holds the reader's attention as a romance should. But in view of the nature of the subject, there is less room for that leisurely wisdom and meandering wit which have constituted so large a part of the charm of Mr. De Morgan's work in his earlier books.

The story, briefly, is that of Sir Oliver Raydon, a coarsely sensual scoundrel, with little to recommend him but his beefy beauty and heavy-jowled courage. He is the kind of hard, bad man that fears nothing of this world, and seems to exercise a fascination over certain types of women. The unfortunate heroine, Lucinda, belongs to one of these types, and she leaves her home to become his mistress. Her father challenges her seducer and is killed in the duel which opens the book. Killed unfairly, too, for he was stricken twice in the heat of conflict. The bold Sir Oliver then carries her off to a lone manor-house of his, in order that she may not learn of her father's death. Here from the tower of the building they see the battle of Solebay between the English and Dutch. Her brother is carried ashore and taken to the manor-house where he learns of his sister's shame. But he does not kill Sir Oliver because of his sister's love for him. He promises, however, that so soon as that love dies, he will fight him to the death. When the girl learns of her father's murder at the hands of her lover, she flies from him. He follows her to her brother's house, and pleads with her. But she strikes him and runs from him. And her brother seeing the blow knows that her love for the villain is dead, and so fights him and nearly kills him. Nearly, but not quite. For Sir Oliver recovers, learns of his wife's death in the Great Plague in London, marries Lucinda and "makes an honest woman of her," and finally meets the end he so thoroughly deserves. Altogether it is a vivid story, well told. But there are lots of writers who can produce readable romances, while there is only one who can give us the kind of work which Mr. De Morgan has made peculiarly his own. One would, therefore, like to see the veteran novelist return to his first loves and the people and scenes he knows best.

"The Doctor's Lane," a story of Northumberland. By Edward C. Booth, author of "The Cliff End." Published by the Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto. Price \$1.25.

WHILE the main lines of this story have furnished the skeleton structure to more than one novel, the characters are so well drawn and the story is so well told, that it holds the unflagging interest of the reader to the end. It is the tale of a country doctor, who had in his youth been left in the lurch by his sweetheart. She forgot her promises to him and ran off with another man. Of course, the other man proved to be a scoundrel; and, according to the tradition of such cases, she was left with a little girl, which she bequeathed to the doctor in a last moving epistle. One is not



LADY DOROTHY NEVILL.

One of the most interesting personalities in English society, who is famous for her vivacity, her wit, and her conversational powers. She is about to publish a new volume of reminiscences, entitled "Under Five Reigns."

surprised to find that the little girl grew up into a sweet and wilful woman. The doctor fell madly in love with her. Anybody would have done the same. But she engaged herself to a clerical nincompoop, and came mighty near marrying him. It all came out right at last, however, very much to the doctor's satisfaction—and that of the reader. It is an old story told in a new and interesting way.

"The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language." A book of literary criticism, by Hudson Maxim, inventor of high-power explosives. Illustrated by William Oberhardt. Published by Funk and Wagnalls, New York. Price \$2.50.

MR. MAXIM'S name is one to conjure with in war offices and the places where men sit and consider how best to blow their fellow-men to—well, it depends on the lives they have led. But it is somewhat of a surprise to hear it echoing in the halls of literature as it is to see it emblazoned on a bulky volume of literary philosophy—let us use a genial word. For this book endeavors to set forth the true inwardness and science of poetry, and to lay bare the basic principles on which alone the manufacture of poetry can be carried on with maximum efficiency. To use the author's own words:

"The main object of this book is to provide a practical method for literary criticisms and analysis, and a standard of uniform judgment for determining the relative merits of literary productions, and further, to supply a more practical and efficient means than we have had heretofore for the standardization of poetry, whereby any poem may be assayed and the amount of its poetic gold determined and separated from the slag and dross."

This is a worthy purpose. But it is one which a great many men have formed at one time and another in their careers, have worked at with a large expenditure of energy, and have finally left with a very slender accomplishment. In fact, discussions on the nature of poetry have proved about as fruitful as discussions on the nature of the soul. The result in both cases has usually been a head-ache—only that and nothing more. Nor is Mr. Maxim the exception that proves the rule. In fact, his head ought to ache rather harder than the others that have undertaken to explain this extremely subtle and elusive problem. For the nonsense which he has exploded upon the subject has been of a particularly high-powered variety.

After pointing out the inconsistencies and absurdities involved in the familiar definitions of poetry, Mr. Maxim arrives at the following oracular statement: "Poetry is the expression of insensuous thought in sensuous terms by artistic trope." He then goes on to make a number of classifications, expressed in terms of his own coining.

"In modern science," he says, "it

is very often necessary to coin new words for the expression of new ideas, and to name new things and new properties of things. To all figurative language—that is to say, all language whose basic principle is trope—we shall take the liberty of giving the name tropetry; and when figurative language is used in conjunction with what he have named tropetry, we shall call it tro-potetry. As rhythm, whose basic principle is time; that is to say, periodicity, is the basic principle of verse, we shall call verse tem-potetry. When we have a mixture of trope and verse and poetry we shall call it tro-tem-potetry, continuing to use the chemist's method of word-building. When we have something that is simply plain, literal statement, we shall call it literatrv, from the Latin word litera, a letter. Literatry is literal statement—non-figurative language, or language where figures have lost their original metaphorical significance.

"According to our new terminology, language is divided into six branches with respect to the manner in which thought is expressed through sound-symbols used as the signs of ideas: Potentry, tropetry, literatry, tro-potetry, tem-potetry and tro-tem-potetry."

The simplicity and lucidity of the whole thing must be at once apparent. No wonder Mr. Maxim states that with a knowledge of his system, any educated person could write poetry—real, sure-nuff, honest-to-goodness poetry—at any time or place. He even contributes a few verses of his own to show how easy it is. I have no doubt it is easy to write verses like Mr. Maxim's, but it is to be hoped that the habit will not become general. In conclusion, however, it should be said, that though Mr. Max-



WALDEN. Site of Thoreau's cabin at Walden, as marked by a cairn.

im's contribution in this volume to the philosophy of criticism is not particularly valuable—is, in fact, rather amusing—there should be nothing but praise for the motive which led a distinguished inventor into such an unexpected field.

"The Frontiersman," a story of a missionary in the Yukon. By H. A. Cody. Price \$1.25. Published by William Briggs, Toronto.

THE author of this story of the far North is very evidently following in the literary footsteps of Ralph Connor. That well-known servant of the Lord and of publishers has made popular the story of the muscular clergymen who brave the elements and the "jags" of semi-civilized regions. He has given in such a book as "The Sky-Pilot" an account of a parson on the plains. And now here comes Mr. Cody with a story of a parson among the Indians and miners and wolves of the frozen land of gold. There is the noble young minister, with the soul of a Sir Galahad and the punching ability of a Jack Johnson. There is a hopelessly villainous villain who has debauched Indians and murdered his mining partners with the most desolating success. There is a noble young girl who has come north to find her brother—murdered by the villain, of course. And then there are a whole host of noble



A GREAT NATURALIST'S BIRTHPLACE. The house in which John Burroughs was born at Roxbury, New York.

redmen who stand by their "pale-face" spiritual guide. And then, of course, there is the final clutch in the spot-light of the last chapter, when the noble missionary and the noble young girl decide to throw in their nobility together. It is a good story in its way, but it is not the first of the kind by any means.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

WERE it only for its pictures of social life in England in the eighteenth century, the correspondence of Sanderson Miller, a Warwickshire squire "with a genius alike for friendship and architecture," was well worth publishing. When it is added, however, that the letters to Mr. Miller include familiar epistles from men who played an important part in the history of their times, and that they throw much light on many interesting questions, it will be seen that the editors have rendered an extremely useful service in giving the correspondence to the world.

One of the most lively of Mr. Miller's correspondents was Deane Swift, the cousin and biographer of the famous dean of St. Patrick's. A letter of his, dated from Dublin, April 4, 1744, gives a vivid picture of the creator of Gulliver at the time when his mind failed him. "On Sunday, the 17th of March, as he sat in his chair, upon the housekeeper's moving a knife from him as he was about to catch at it, he shrugged his shoulders, and rocking himself, said, 'I am what I am, I am what I am'; and about six minutes afterwards repeated the same words two or three times.

"His servant shaves his cheeks, and all his face as low as the tip of his chin, once a week; but under the chin, and about the throat, when the hair grows long, it is cut with scissors.

"Sometimes he will not utter a syllable; at other times he will speak incoherent words; but he never yet as far as I could hear, talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing.

"About four months ago he gave me great trouble; he seemed to have a mind to talk to me. In order to try what he would say, I told him I came to dine with him, and immediately his housekeeper, Mrs. Ridgeway, said, 'Won't you give Mr. Swift a glass of wine, sir?' he shrugged his shoulders, just as he used to do when he had a mind a friend should pass the evening with him. Shrugging his shoulders, you may remember, was as much as to say, 'You'll ruin me in wine.' I own, I was scarce able to bear the sight. Seen after, he again endeavored, with a good deal of pain, to find words to speak to me; at last, not being able, after many efforts, he gave a heavy sigh, and, I think, was afterwards silent."

Although so little is known about Mr. Miller himself, the impression left by the letters addressed to him is that of a singularly lovable character, while the allusions to his wife, the "Little Woman," show her to have possessed a particularly attractive nature. Altogether, these old epistles give such pleasant glimpses of the life of the past that they should find many delightful readers in this more prosaic age.

A WRITER in The Westminster Gazette recalls Tennyson's attitude towards the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy: "I have just had a letter from a man who wants my opinion as to whether Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon," Tennyson said in 1892, as recorded in the "Life" by his son. "I feel inclined to write back: 'Sir, don't be a fool!' The way in which Bacon speaks of love would be enough to prove that he was not Shakespeare: 'I know not how, but martial men are given to love. I think it is but as they are given to wine, for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures.' How could a man with such an idea of love write 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

JOHN DAVIDSON, as the poet of anarchy is the subject of a sane judgment by Milton Bronner in The Forum. While for a time Davidson promised to become the true singer of the humble laborer, and had a gift of spontaneity, on his falling at cross-purposes with life he passed into a position of revolt. A decadent philosophy warped his mind and ruined his life, and he went out into the ultimate dark and cold disappointed, defeated, and embittered. He, who might have had so much baggage for posterity now leaves but a small fardel for time to toy with. The editor of some of Davidson's prose work reaches a kindred conclusion.

For the past twenty years Prentiss Cummings, a Boston lawyer of scholarly accomplishments, has devoted his leisure to translating the "Iliad" of Homer into hexameter verse, the metre of the original, which is to be published in two volumes by Little, Brown & Co., on the translator's seventieth birthday.

Tom Folio

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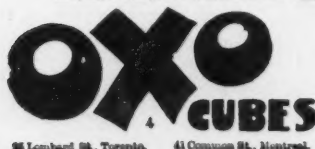
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STEWART IVES DE KRAFT, writing in a recent issue of Harper's Weekly, gives some very interesting and useful pieces of advice to inexperienced motorists. His article, which reads as follows, is worth quoting at length:

You are, or you may be, one of the 300,000 buyers of an automobile who never before have owned a car. It is your collective investment which made it possible for the manufacturers of this country to turn out a product valued at \$600,000,000 in the year of grace, 1910, a very tidy sum for the various interests vitally concerned in the making of the motor car and its up-keep. It is estimated that on July 1st of the present year, more than a billion and a quarter of dollars was invested in automobiles of all kinds in the United States; it is your demand for a car which has spurred the maker to greater endeavor, and your collective investment which made some glaring construction faults, until the nearly perfect machine is in sight.

That the factories cannot meet the demand of the agents and buyers is illustrated by the fact that the present writer, while in Texas, in the scouting car for the recent 1910 Glidden tour was offered \$10,000 for a car which cost \$1,350, f. o. b., at the factory at Racine, Wisconsin. The extra fittings brought the actual selling price, not cost, which is about twenty per cent. less, to \$1,500. And this car had taken five weeks to make the run from Cincinnati to Dallas in the dead of winter, over roads a man on horseback would not attempt to negotiate.

Don't imagine that the manufacturer is a highwayman, or the selling agent, either, for that matter.

Don't attempt to buy a \$10,000 car for \$2,500. It cannot be done.

Don't purchase a car until you have decided how much money you care to invest.

Don't invest on your own judgment or be beguiled by alluring advertisements. After deciding upon the amount you intend to spend, go to some person you can trust who knows cars, tell him your needs and desires, and be guided by his advice.

Don't overlook the fact that all agents are "delighted" to demonstrate their cars. In having this "demonstration," be sure and take in all kinds of country roads; you never can tell when you want to make a tour, or the call you may make on the car.

Don't forget that it is machinery,—not paint, varnish and upholstery—which brings you to your journey's end.

Don't fail to read the book of instructions which all makers give with each car sent from the factory. If you are hazy about any instructions, ask the agent. He will explain.

Don't think that your ability to employ a driver excuses you from knowing how to operate your car. You should know all about its mechanism yourself, so as to be able to drive, either for pleasure or in case of emergency. Also the automobile laws of many States require the owner and driver to pass an examination before receiving a license.

Don't above all things "joy-ride." No sane person fools with death, and "joy-riding" is responsible for ninety per cent. of the automobile disasters ending in death and maiming.

Don't fail to have the agent's representative instruct you in the proper way to drive your car. Have him remain with you until you master the fundamental principles. The time necessary depends on your nerve and knowledge of machinery.

Don't, in driving your car, fail to keep uppermost in your mind that the cardinal thing is to stop it—not start it.

Don't lose your head, keep cool. The mere fact that your life is in danger in an accident is no reason

why you should kill or maim a dozen to escape what, in most cases, is the result of your own folly.

Don't start on a trip, no matter how limited you think it will be—without seeing that you have plenty of oil, gasoline, and water. Otherwise, you are courting trouble.

Don't take someone's else's word that you have supplies and tools. See for yourself. You should not start out on a trip without a change of clothing and a supply of clean linen.

Don't fail to observe the rules of the road. Slow down when approaching a vehicle; if animal-drawn, stop; if the horse is frightened, alight and lead him past the car. It is the best missionary work you can do to increase the popularity of the automobile. Besides, it saves damage suits growing out of accidents.

Don't try to "hog" the road or "burn it up." States and municipalities have laws and ordinances which are made and enforced for the protection of the public. Study them and avoid arrest.

Don't try to take a steep and winding hill on high speed. The second speed will take you up faster, and with less strain on the car.

Don't attempt to coast down a steep hill without being sure that your brakes are equally adjusted.

Don't fail to test your brakes before starting out; have them equally adjusted and avoid accidents.

Don't imagine that your foot-brake will stop you in a hurry. The emergency brake lever is at your hand for a purpose.

Don't start out without seeing that your nuts and bolts are tight.

Don't allow the motor to race. It is hurtful.

Don't ride on soft tires. They make punctures easy, and blow-outs are more liable to occur.

Don't have tires too hard; about eighty pounds pressure is right. Every tire has stamped on the rim the pressure needed. Keep tires pumped up to this pressure. If you use a foot-pump and have no pressure indicator (which costs \$1.50) have the tire bulge when the car is empty. Then you are safe.

Don't forget that tires cost money.—from \$32 to \$90 each. In case of cuts, dig-outs or blisters, wash with gasoline and use liquid cement. If you have an extra shoe, replace the injured one, giving the repairs time to dry and harden.

Don't imagine that a patch on an inner tube repairs the trouble; it is an emergency shift. The heat generated by friction will melt the cement in time. Have it vulcanized as soon as possible, which practically makes a new tube.

Don't vulcanize outer tubes; it burns the cotton fabric. In case of serious tire-trouble, go to your dealer—it is up to him.

Don't neglect to have inner tube valves perfectly set. Much so-called "tire-trouble" is caused by slow leaks in the valve rather than in the tire.

Don't jam on your brakes if the car skids; you may tip it over. Slow down, let your car roll, and drive carefully.

Don't drive fast or turn corners at high speed on a wet, slippery pavement, or you will invite skidding.

Don't imagine that you can prevent skidding—that is impossible. Metal or studded rubber treads will reduce the possibility in winter, also the speed of the car. In touring, chains are used, but these are more for traction in wet clay roads.

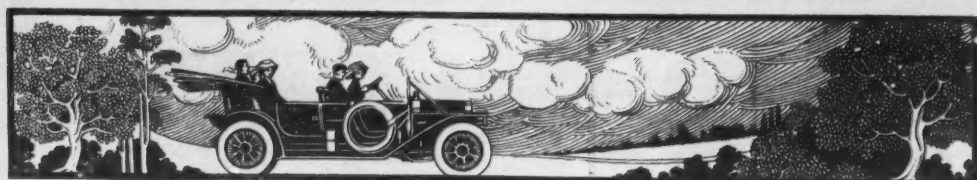
Don't "jump" the car by quick opening of the throttle; start gradually, as if you were driving a horse.

Don't fail to throw your switch from the battery to the magneto, once the motor is running.

Don't fail to see that the shifting-gear is neutral in starting. Then adjust spark and throttle valves according to instructions which go with the



THE LADYBIRD OF A BIRD-MAN.
The curiously shaped "Coccolle," the new car built for Mr. Hubert Latham. The car, which is a Gogroire, was built to the famous airman's own design.



Russell "30" for 1911---\$2,350---Specially Equipped

A YEAR AGO WE ANNOUNCED RUSSELL "30" FOR 1910 AS THE MOST REMARKABLE VALUE ON THE MARKET. ITS RECORD IN THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS AND ITS LONG LIST OF SALES HAVE PROVED OUR CLAIM AND ESTABLISHED THIS CAR AS THE FOREMOST AUTOMOBILE OF ITS TYPE.

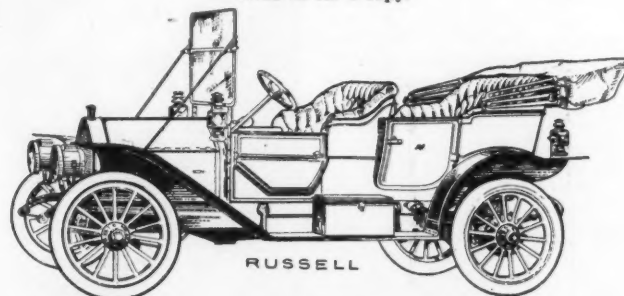
RUSSELL "30" for 1911 is an even greater value than its predecessor. Every feature which contributed to its success is retained, and, with no advance in price, important improvements have been added.

The car will now have 34x4-inch tires both front and rear. Spark and throttle control levers are of an improved type. A foot accelerator has been added. Better lamp equipment is given, including larger gas lamps. Solid type of dash-board attachment of glass front without the use of filler-in board. The car has the popular high fore-doors, introduced to Canada by us last season and now universally demanded.

Nothing has been omitted which will serve to keep this car in front of all others. Its powerful engine (save for improvements) is the same as the one used in the 1910 model—certainly a recommendation.

Russell "30" has the following styles of bodies: Five-passenger Touring, Toy Tonneau, and Special Roadster. Its wheel base is 115 inches. It has standard construction, including shaft drive, selective transmission, full floating type of rear axle, etc.

This ideal car at a moderate price is fully described in our new catalogue now in press. Write us for a copy.

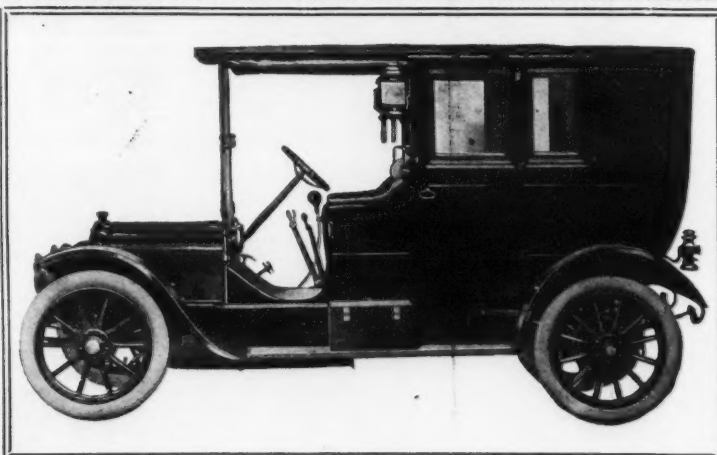


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WHAT the White Limousines are in their class, the White Landaulets are in theirs—the arbiters of elegance—the models—the patterns for correctness of style. The cars in which the subtle suggestion of graceful curves, the ensemble of harmonious lines, satisfies every sense of proportion.

The careful construction evident in the most obscure details of these cars, makes them ideal town cars for practically all seasons of the year. Again, as the limousine, its size is greatly in its favor—not too large nor too small—massive and substantial-looking, yet not unwieldy. Because of its size it is easier on tires, and threads its way in and out among the larger vehicles of the crowded city, avoiding many of the delays of the more cumbersome cars.

It is convenient to enter or leave—in fact, satisfactory for shopping, theatre, calling and the score of trips for which the city dweller needs a car. Richest leathers and handsome broadcloths, cords, tapes, and every other detail, are of the kind found only in constructions as conscientious as the White. There can be no finer example of efficiency than the White Gasoline Landaulet—larger cars may be built, but none better. Literature sent upon request.

THE WHITE COMPANY

LIMITED

170 KING ST. WEST

TORONTO

car, throw on your switch, and crank. Don't neglect to crank rapidly, and with the left hand, always pulling up, unless you want a broken wrist or arm.

Don't drive with the spark so much advanced that the engine pounds. It is hard on the engine, also a sign that you are a poor driver.

Don't blame the engine if a cylin-

der misses; it is probably caused by a dirty spark plug. Test the plugs if you have time; but, better still, replace a faulty plug with a new one. It takes only a minute, and road repairs are harrowing things at best.

Don't light a match to see how much gasoline there is in the tank. The fools are not all dead yet, but this is one way of killing them.

Don't fill the gasoline tank when the lamps are lighted. You may spill some of it, and cause an explosion.

Don't neglect to see that the car is well lubricated.

Don't let your exhaust emit a cloud of smoke. You are burning up "gas" and oil needlessly, both of which cost money. Besides, you befoul the atmosphere.

LONDON LETTER

London, Sept. 23, 1910.

BY the time this is read the visit of the Queen's Own Rifles to England will be an old story, for the regiment sails for home to-day. There should be six hundred mediums through which the Canadian who does not know the Old Country personally can learn how unlike the English of his imagination and his newspaper stories are from the English of fact. Each man of the Queen's Own will have his stories to tell of English warmth and kindness and enthusiasm, and of the brotherly welcome which the English have given to their young brothers from over the seas. To those who know England and the English well it is a constant source of irritation and regret that the country and the people should be so misrepresented. American yellow journal jokes and gossip are repeated in Canadian papers and a totally false impression is given. It is therefore a satisfaction to think that a whole regiment of men headed by that public-spirited Imperialist, the Colonel of the Queen's Own is on its way back to tell of what kindness was received at the hands of the Mother Country.

On the day the regiment marched through the streets on its way to the Guildhall the streets were as crowded as for a royal procession, and the soldiers with Sir Henry Pellatt at their head were cheered loudly, by the people in the streets, on bus-tops, and in windows from which, in many cases, flags were flying, including the Canadian flag.

Judging by the interviews published in different papers the men found it a great surprise that there were no evidences forthcoming of the decadence of England, which has been from time to time mentioned by her enemies, and used for political purposes. If the rest of the world only realized that English people systematically run down the country and themselves and consider it bad form to praise their own, the general public might find it easier to understand statements which are made by those most concerned.

"I suppose" said a delightful woman with whom I was discussing this point the other day, "that the truth is we don't care tuppence for the opinion of other people—at least it doesn't make us angry. We detest boastfulness, and we really don't mind if people misunderstand us. Perhaps in the days of Boadicea or even King John, or some of them, we were touchy but you see we've had so much time to get over it. Then for another thing we were told for so long that we were self-satisfied that now we are going to the other extreme and listening with humility while other nations tell us our faults. I notice that the politicians on both sides point out unpleasant things about England, and of course as such things are not kept for the family only, it gives our enemies a handle, but after all what does it matter?"

CANADIAN peaches are again in the market, and are given an honourable place in the big fruit departments. Canadian apples are well known but the peaches are a surprise to some of the shoppers who notice the large signs.

Mr. Norton Griffiths, M.P., has returned to England, wildly enthusiastic about Canada and the prospects for men of the right kind, and the Boy Scouts are also telling youths of their own age what a wonderful country they mean to settle in when they are old enough.

Apropos of Canada the Dominion has no more enthusiastic exploiter than Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, whom I noticed in the crowd on Holborn cheering the Queen's Own. She has been lecturing for months on Canada, and writing in the "Graphic," "The Strand" and other publications on the same interesting topic. Miss Cameron has made a host of friends in this country, where she expects to remain until about Christmas time.

THE death of Lady Sybil Lascelles, wife of Major Lascelles, and daughter-in-law of Sir Frank Lascelles, late British Ambassador to Germany will remind a good many Canadians of the first year Lord and Lady Minto spent in Canada, for Lady Sybil Beauclerk, as she then was, visited them at that time. She was a daughter of the late Duke of St. Albans, and a niece of Lady Minto and of course of Earl Grey. Captain Lascelles, as he then was, was an A.D.C. to Lord Minto.



MICHAEL MORDKIN.

The Russian male dancer who is the dancing companion of Anna Pavlova.

Lady Sybil leaves two little girls of ten and six years of age.

Another death of the week is that of the late Archbishop of York, who passed away full of years and honours. He will be remembered long as the only Archbishop who retired willingly from his high office when he felt that he was no longer physically fit to perform his duties. The last time the writer saw him he was walking in St. James' Park with his daughter and a dog, looking the picture of a venerable noble man. His funeral took place yesterday.

Annie Swan, the well-known writer, who is, in private life, Mrs. Burnett Smith, has just lost her only son under particularly distressing circumstances. He lifted hastily a loaded gun shot himself accidentally through the head. Mrs. Smith has many friends in Canada for she has visited the country more than once. She is particularly interested in the West and in the prospects for women out in that vast country.

THE sensation in the theatrical world is the engagement of Madame Sarah Bernhardt at the Coliseum, the big variety theatre in St. Martin's Lane. To say



ANNA PAVLOVA.

of the Imperial Russian ballet. She is reported to be the most exquisite dancer in the world and has caused a furore in England. She will appear at Massey Hall on October 20.

that this engagement, which began on Monday is a success is to speak with such mildness as to be unconvincing. Besides the crowd waiting for hours to get into the unreserved parts of the house there are immense crowds waiting every day to buy tickets. The audiences are going simply wild over her, for age does not seem to spoil the wonderful voice nor affect the charm which has gained her admirers by the thousand. Madame Bernhardt's engagement lasts for a month, and whether from curiosity to see so famous a woman, or from a real admiration for her and her art the house is sure to be packed for every performance during that month.

THERE are small business tragedies and great ones. Here is an example of a small one: on a rather tumble-down little shop near Waterloo Station a sign has been crudely lettered. It says, "Coming down after one hundred years' business here. Building to be destroyed."

The great one may seem trifling at the first glance, but is really serious in this country where so many people are looking for work. In certain cheap restaurants tables are reserved for "Ladies Only," but latterly the woman clerk has so increased in numbers in the City that in some of the City lunch-rooms the sign appears on tables "Gentlemen only." The small clerk who feels bitterly the intrusion of a bright young woman into the business world, who does his work for less pay than he received, and on which he kept a wife and family in some cheap neighbourhood, is, in his way, the hero of a minor tragedy. He is not fitted for anything but the work he has been doing which he sees gradually drifting out of his hands. The employers are not to blame; neither are the women who must support themselves and can do the work, but it is tragic nevertheless.

M. E. MACL. M.

The Egoism of John Burns.

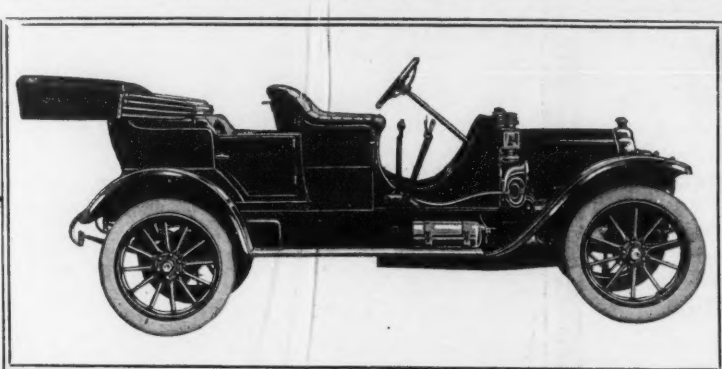
THE Right Hon. John Burns, the workman Cabinet Minister, is the British politician who most closely resembles Mr. Roosevelt in temperament, says the London correspondent of the New York Evening Post. His physical energy seems inexhaustible. Politics to him are a huge romp, which he enjoys as naively as a child. Academic politicians are his natural enemies. Although he loves to give a literary air to his speeches, he is essentially an out-of-doors man. He lives the strenuous and simple life. Things have an extraordinary way of happening in his immediate vicinity. London fires seem to wait for his proximity before they break out, and the insurance companies might be excused if they raised their premiums in his neighborhood. These things began to happen even when he was an urchin. He could not run after and capture an old man's hat on the Chelsea Embankment without the old man revealing himself as Thomas Carlyle and patting his shoulder. He had hardly entered the chapel at Windsor, on the occasion of King Edward's funeral, when the representative of one of the Australian colonies fainted beside him, and had to be carried out by the ministerial handy-man. His crowded life is a rich mine of reminiscence and anecdote. He has a keen appreciation of the picturesque and the dramatic and

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2 oz. Tins cost	-	-	25c
4 oz. " "	-	-	40c
8 oz. " "	-	-	75c
16 oz. " "	-	-	\$1.50

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The Story of the White Gasoline Car CHAPTER II

THE master idea in the design and manufacture of the White gasoline car, is to produce one great result—economy in fuel consumption and economy in maintenance. How it succeeds and why it succeeds is the burden of to-day's story.

Intake Gases Heated

Perhaps you know that gasoline should be vaporized to be thoroughly combustible—the more vaporized, the more powerful the explosive combustion and economical in the use of gasoline. A little heat—not too much—helps to vaporize gasoline. The White engines having the cylinders cast en bloc, the intake passages are included, therefore, the heat of combustion warms the intake passages and they in turn vaporize the gasoline; consequently less gasoline is required to produce any given result.

Exhaust Gases Cooled

It is an axiom in physical science, that gases expand in all directions with equal force, consequently, the exhaust gases of an automobile are not only expanded forward toward the muffler, but laterally toward the sides of the exhaust passages, and backward toward the piston that is just being driven. By water-jacketing the exhaust passages, these gases are reduced in temperature as they leave the cylinders and the chill reduces the expansion of the gases and the consequent backward pressure. In other words, it increases the effectiveness of the engine and makes a little fuel go further.

Four-speed Transmission

Four forward speeds is the number considered typical of the most luxurious construction—it is a very important feature in the life of the car—it gives a greater range of possibilities, and the car may be run at a speed at all times that complies with the road conditions and thus avoid overloading or racing the engine.

Valve Mechanism Enclosed

Dirt and grit have no place in a valve mechanism and their presence means destructive wear and faulty timing. Consequently, in the White car they are fully enclosed, and yet two thumbscrews will quickly release the covering plate, when the valve mechanism is more accessible than in most other constructions.

Accessibility of Parts

The cost of making an adjustment on any car is determined in a large sense by accessibility of the part. In the White car everything has been planned for simplicity—only one intake pipe, only one exhaust pipe, no external manifolds, no mazes of electric wiring—the magneto on one side and the water pump on the other, thus being on independent shafts. In fact, every part that needs to be reached may be reached practically independent of any other part. It is a pleasure to take care of a White gasoline engine, and this is very important whether you do the work yourself or a chauffeur does it for you.

Continuation in next Saturday's issue.

An opportunity to demonstrate our cars solicited.

THE WHITE COMPANY, Ltd.
170 King St. West, Toronto

the humorous, and if the autobiography which he often talks about is anything like as interesting as his conversation it will be a book to be prized. It is seldom, however, that a man succeeds in being his own Boswell. The first and most obvious feature of Mr. Burns's conversation is its frank egoism. He is the hero of his own drama. He sings his own Odyssey, and he is a sincere hero-worshipper. Fastidious people are often repelled by these evidences of conceit, or, as some do not hesitate to call it, "swelled head," and certainly Mr. Burns is at no pains to propitiate them by any affectation of modesty. After some critic on the Labor benches in the House of Commons had made what was intended to be a scathing attack upon the conceit of the President of the Local Government Board, that minister rose in his place and said that his sole reply would be: "Modesty is meant for the plain." As he walked down Whitehall with a friend,

a flower girl pressed him to buy a bunch of violets. "No! No! my dear," said Mr. Burns, "the granite column needs no adornment."

As for the actions whose motive power is love, they are for the most part as violent, as frenzied, and as cruel as the actions inspired by hunger; so much so that one must come to the conclusion that man is a mischievous beast.—Anatole France.

With the recent assumption by Major-General Leonard Wood of the duties of chief of staff of the army, two doctors now occupy the two most responsible positions in the army of the United States. The other doctor who has risen to such powers in the army is Major-General Fred C. Ainsworth, adjutant-general, who entered the army as assistant surgeon in 1886.



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is the Tailor's Masterpiece and should combine all the niceties of digital skill with absolute fidelity to the latest accepted mode. Cloth and linings should be of the very finest quality, and the fit should be beyond criticism. Our dress garments are made with a full appreciation of these facts.

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Fashions now-a-days are not just exactly confined to Millinery Costumes and other wearing things—and the lady has to study style in many of the things she uses besides what she wears. For instance, she is as particular about the shape and shade of her hand bag as about anything in her dress. You will find the Julian Sale collection of Hand Bags a big study in the harmony of shade and color, and their fitness to present modes and color effects in fashionable gowns. A rich collection Paris, London and Berlin novelties at prices **\$1 to \$8**

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BURKE'S BOTTLED GUINNESS'S STOUT

is a perfect tonic for those who need the rich nutriment of a malt extract combined with the invigorating properties of the finest stout.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING WINE MERCHANTS

FRENCHMEN of every rank and class dearly love titles. The manager of a Paris insurance company was decorated with the Legion of Honor a few days ago, and his clerks, in honor of the event, presented him with a piece of plate, to which their visiting cards were attached.

The manager was amused by the visiting card of the office "boy," an old soldier from the Invalides, who was employed to open the office doors from nine to four. Under the man's name was the title, "The Emperor's Orderly."

Not understanding what this meant, the manager sent for the old soldier.

"Of what Emperor are you the orderly, and how?" he asked. The old Invalid drew himself up to attention.

"I am the orderly of the Emperor," he said—"Napoleon, le Petit Caporal." "But he is dead; he has been dead some time," answered the puzzled manager.

"I am his orderly. I dust his tomb for him," retorted the old soldier, with dignity and no small show of pride at holding so great an office.

The Honorary Governors who will visit the Toronto General Hospital this coming week are Mr. W. T. White and Dr. John Hoskin.

Music Notes

IT was a well pleased audience that filed out of Association Hall last Tuesday evening, after listening to Jessie Alexander and Mr. Leo Smith, 'cellist. The popular reader was in excellent spirits and voice, and once again proved herself worthy of the best that has been said in her praise. The selections were a test of versatility. There were four groups of natural types representing the travelling American, the Cockney, Scotch and Irish character. "A London Lyric" by Arthur H. Adams, an Australian journalist, was a vignette of one phase of the heart of the Empire. It goes without saying that her two Scotch numbers were well contrasted. "In Covenanting Days" stirred many hearts. Mr. Leo Smith proved himself a musician of rare talents, and his solos on the 'cello were marked by a fine breadth of tone and feeling.

MRS. LIZA LEHMANN-BEDFORD, or Mme. Lehmann, to give the name by which she will best be recognized, is even better known now than when she was a singer. If England lost a charming songstress, she gained a fine composer in her stead, for the retirement of the singer, made room merely for the composer whose name is now as well known in Germany and France as it is in England and America. Noted composer as she is, great popular favorite as she has been, it was not England, or even London, but America that first recognized Mme. Lehmann's talent. That beautiful song-cycle for four voices, entitled, "In a Persian Garden," was the composition that made her known. Mme. Lehmann will appear at Massey Hall Friday Oct. 14th. Sale of seats begins Tuesday, Oct. 11th.

For the purpose of increasing the local prestige of all that is good in band music the management of Massey Hall have projected a series of high-class band concerts during the season, which will enable a thoroughly equipped concert band to exploit not only the popular classics in band music, but more important selections. The first band concerts of the series will be given this (Saturday) evening, under the direction of Mr. John Slater, who has in hand a most attractive programme.

Mr. Percy French and Dr. Houston Colinson, two artists who appear to stand quite alone in the ranks of those who entertain the public, will be seen and heard at Massey Hall on October 12. Mr. French draws and paints for his audiences on sheets of brown paper, and keeps them amused with his witty and original stories. Dr. Colinson plays the piano and sings Irish songs, chiefly, many of them written by Mr. French and himself. Together the two do burlesque sketches that are said to be very funny and clever.

IN consequence of the rapid development of taste for orchestral music and the ever-increasing demand therefor, the management of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra who are always ready to respond to the wishes of the musical public, have decided to give a series of popular concerts during the winter months in Association Hall, the dates for the first two performances being fixed for Saturday evenings, Oct. 15th and 29th. The personnel of the orchestra is this season superior in every way to that of former years, and Frank S. Welsman, the conductor, has made his programme sufficiently diversified in character to ensure entire satisfaction to the ordinary concert-goer as well as to the more cultured musician. A welcome feature of the first concert will be the singing of David Ross, the well-known concert baritone, late of Franklin, Pa., and for many years one of the leading singers and teachers of this city. In conjunction with the orchestra Mr. Ross will sing the Recitative and Aria "O Santa Medaglia" and "Dio Possente" from Gounod's Faust, and "The Sands of Dee," Clay; and "Bid me to live," by Hatton, with piano accompaniment, all of which are selections admirably suited to the magnificent voice of the singer.

The orchestral programme will be as follows: Nicolai, Overture "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; Schumann, "Traumerel"; Lacombe, "Aubade Printaniere"; Dvorak, Largo, "From the New World"; Puccini, "Fantasia La Boheme"; Rossini, Overture, "William Tell."

The Board of Managers of the Crescent (Presbyterian) Church, Montreal, of which Dr. J. H. Smith is organist, have engaged the Sherlock Male Quartette of Toronto, for the dedication of their new church on Sunday and Monday, October 9th and 10th.

Gerhard Heintzman Pianos Pianos of Prestige

You are trying to decide even now which piano to buy. Little wonder you are confused, for the best of claims can so easily be made for the worst of instruments—the English language is free to all.

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A reputation that has been earned, not purchased.

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AND RETAILED IN TORONTO BY
THE WM. MARA CO.

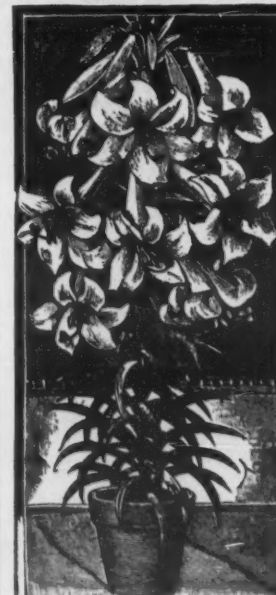


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NOW is the time to plant your beds out with Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Crocus, etc., etc., to flower in the Early Spring. Nothing easier grown or more gorgeous, and at a very little expense; also for flowering in the house during the Winter months. Try a Round Bed of Tulips, as follows—it makes a gorgeous effect:

COLLECTION FOR BED—SINGLE TULIPS—SOLID COLORS—Contains 200 Tulips in named kinds, will fill a bed 15 feet in circumference, 5 feet across, planted 4 inches apart, viz., 50 Belle Alliance, scarlet; 50 Chrysolora, yellow; 50 Cottage Maid, rose; 50 White Swan, white. Price, \$3.00, postpaid \$3.50. Divide the bed equally into four parts, planting one color in each.

FOR HOUSE PLANTING—Hyacinths, 50c. per doz. Narcissus, 30c. and 50c. per doz. Freesias, 20c. per doz. Bermuda Easter Lilies, 15c. each. Calla Lilies, 15c. each. Pamphlet, "How to Grow Bulbs," free. Catalogues free for the asking.

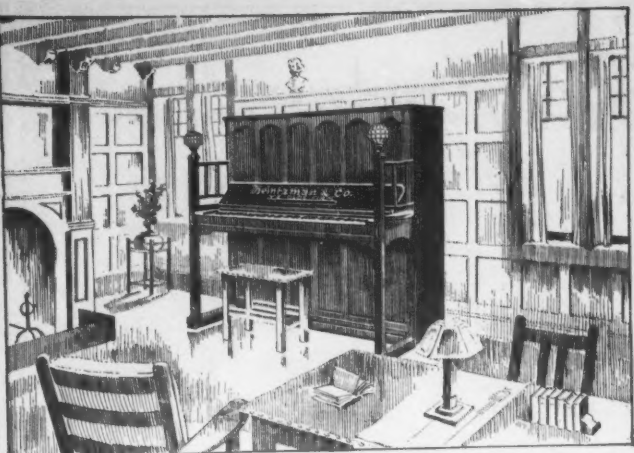


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Heintzman & Co. Piano

—the piano made by ye olde firme of Heintzman & Co., Limited. It was this same piano that was used by Melba in her wonderful success in Massey Hall—and used exclusively by the great prima donna in her entire Canadian tour from coast to coast.

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It would never pay us to sell you a gas appliance that would create dissatisfaction, would it? We advertise good service to all, and as far as we are able to do so, we will give this service. We will thank any one who reports any incivility, or neglect of duty on the part of our employees.

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H.P.—rich, Oriental fruits and spices blended with Pure Malt Vinegar, with the cunning which comes from long, long experience.

So—next time if's Oysters let it also be—H.P.



LIVING IT DOWN

(Continued from page 9).

make a home and to bring up children." She put the letter back into her blouse.

"I wanted you to know, Ben; that was all. Don't let it hurt you. It hurt me so that I was angry. But these things are only part of the past."

He reached for her hand and held it as they leant against the fence. The grey moon dwindled before them into a dim wall of vapor. Even the green of the grass had become the color of lead. Eve's face was upturned slightly, the lips apart, the eyes wide open towards the dusk, the face of one who craved instinctively for air and light. The dead days before the spring were over the land. The green life had not bubbled up as yet to cover the shabby wreckage of the winter's decay.

"Eve," said the man suddenly. She turned and looked at him with a softening of the eyes.

"I am going to take you away for a while. We need the sun, both of us, and the warm smell of the spring earth. Everything is stagnant, hopeless, here, for the moment."

Her eyes wandered over the gray land.

"Yes, it is dead here," she said. "I feel, Ben, that I want to rush towards the south and open my arms to a warm wind."

"Then we will go," he said; "it will be easy. Mrs. Sarah can have some friend to be with her up yonder. The life here can wait for us. There is little to be done at Hindleap, and David and the Lavenders can look to that."

They were so close together now that Eve was leaning against his shoulder. Heriot held both her hands in one of his.

"We must come back here," she said thoughtfully.

Heriot's left arm went around her. "Yes, it is our fate, my beloved. Are you afraid?"

"No, Ben, not afraid. It may make me shudder a little—at first. But I mean to conquer, to be happy here. The place can never be in other hands."

"No," he answered; "no, it is bound to us by ties that can never be broken."

They stood there together as the dusk came down, their figures becoming part of the vague oblivion of the coming night. Heriot's face was alert and watchful. His eyes seemed to be looking a long way into the future.

"We can outlive that memory," he said at last. "Many inspirations come to me. The habit of happiness lies in the habit of work, in the lust to accomplish things, and in helping the happiness of others."

"That's true, Ben," she said, feeling his arm holding her very strongly.

A stranger who takes the moorland road out of Crutchet and whose eyes gaze over the glory of the heather will pass upon his way a solitary house, white against the green of a wood of towering firs. And south of this house, standing among shrubs and cypresses, the stranger may see a number of quaint buildings of rough-hewn stone, roofed with dark heather thatch, and covered with pink roses if the month be June. Perhaps the stranger may be sitting beside Driver Will from Mr. Thunders, down at Crutchet, and the man who holds the reins will point with his whip to the stone buildings with their roofs of thatch, and will tell the stranger that the walls and pavements of an old Roman house lie treasured there. For Driver Will has grown learned in a rough and ready way from driving wiser men than himself from Crutchet up to Danebarrow. He has picked up a smattering of antique lore, and can talk a little about the rust of Rome.

"That's Danebarrow, Mr. Heriot's place," he will say.

And the stranger, if he be cultured and a reader of modern prose, will gasp at the name as at something familiar, and glance interestedly at Driver Will.

"Ah, to be sure, the writer on roses, and gardens, and wild life! His wife, too, I have read some of her novels."

Driver Will knows nothing about books, but he has an eye for a beautiful garden, and a respect for a cleverness that can turn a sandy soil into the finest loam. And as the carriage bows along he will tell the stranger about Mr. Heriot's roses and of the wonderful world of fruit and flowers south of the quaint white house. He may point out, too, with his whip the new plantations that have been made where young beeches, firs, and larches are springing up and linking Bilberry and Hindleap Woods together.

"All the land along the road belongs to Mr. Heriot," he will tell the stranger. "It belonged to the Bur-

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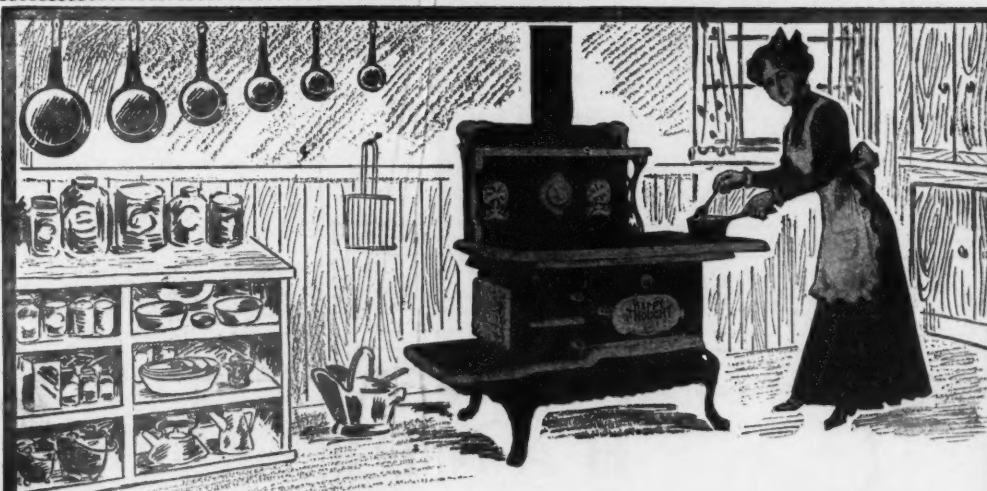
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Try a package.

10c. a Package of Ten.

Cigarettes



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A reliable range is what you want in your kitchen. No housekeeper who aims to be a good cook can afford to take chances with a range that won't perform all of its functions equally well. Whether it's a batch of cookies, the Sunday roast, steamed salmon trout or fried bacon and griddle cakes, good results are only made certain when your range is of thoroughly modern construction.

Because equal attention has been devoted to perfecting the various parts of the Happy Thought Range, it meets in every respect the demand for the utmost in cooking efficiency.

THE PATENTED DAMPER CONTROLS FIRE.

By means of a patent damper you can keep the fire under control all the time. After baking, should you wish to boil or fry, a simple turn will bring the fire under all the cooking holes on top and simultaneously prepare each one for heavy service.

MORE HEAT—LESS FUEL.

Pyramidal Oven Plates—an exclusive "Happy Thought" feature—assure great and even baking heat in the oven with small fuel consumption. It is one of the greatest improvements in cooking appliances in ten years. These plates add

more than one-third to the heating capacity of the oven. Also, as they raise the cooking vessel off the flat surface, they allow the air to circulate under it, which adds greatly to your ability to accomplish good results.

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Space only permits us to mention a few of the exclusive points of merit possessed by the "Happy Thought" Range. Your nearest dealer will be glad to explain, upon request, the several other advantages equally as important, such as simmering covers, air tight dampers, scientifically-constructed fire-box, drain trough in reservoir and so forth. Call and see him—you'll find him a good man to know.

Other exclusive features of Happy Thought Ranges are told in an interesting little book, which will be sent free for the asking.

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goynes once, but Mr. Heriot bought it when the last of them there Burgoynes got lost and was never heard of again. Mr. Heriot was very popular in these parts. He don't bully the folk like the Burgoynes did."

And as the carriage passes under the fringe of the Hindleap firs, Will may tell of that mystery that the moor cherishes amid its heather and its sailing firs. There is one thing, however, that he rarely misses, and that is to point out a red roof that may be seen glimmering far down amid the fir boles.

"Yon's the little hospital Mr. Heriot built," he says; "folk that are tired come down there, and get the smell of the trees. Tain't very big, but I've driven a score of folks to and fro in the year. They comes up yellow, and goes back brown."

Many wise men and women come to Danebarrow; some to look at the splendid pavements under the roofs of thatch and at the relics of Rome that the white house holds, some to talk on books and life, others to be shown one of the finest rose gardens in the south. The land below Danebarrow is one great garden, a little world of enchantment where green walks go winding amid a wilderness of color. It is the garden of a man who labored with his own hands, and whose love of the life has bred in him a magic understanding of the

beauty that rises out of the brown earth.

At one spot in the thick of a shrubbery there is a winding path, and a little circle of green grass, and in the centre thereof a young cedar of Lebanon spreads its shelving boughs. The tree stands alone there, like a silent sentinel, a thing that watches and covers the ground with its shadow. In years to come it will be a mighty pyramid of gloom stretching its boughs afar, and scattering the sunshine in golden filaments upon the grass. Its roots will grip the soil like giant talons, guarding something of silence and mystery. Even now, while the tree is young, with its boughs vivid against the blue, the summer days find children there, with an old doll and a three-legged horse and picture books scattered round. And innocence abides under the boughs of the cedar and those who are wise are no longer sad.

A brawny young man, with a great round, shining face, often comes down to Danebarrow, teases Mrs. Snow in the kitchen, and takes his orders from Heriot as to the planting of trees and other matters. John Lavender is great with children, almost as great as the deaf old man who mows and digs in the garden, weeds beds, and syringes the blight from the roses. David Love is

sometimes to be found in a corner, seated perhaps on the iron roller, and drawing grotesque faces on a worn old slate.

"Draw de debil, David," a small thing in pink demands.

And a youngster in blue jersey and knickers scrawls laboriously on David's slate:

"Joyce wants the devil."

So David draws Satan on the slate, and writes under it.

"Not known in these parts."

Very occasionally a thin man, with slouching shoulders, spectacles, and a cynically kind face, appears at the white house, and seems to envy two people who still look young. "Uncle Bas" generally brings toys with him, and a bundle of books. He and the tall gardener with the brown hands and the brown face seem always a little shy of one another, though they talk and smoke together like old friends. Uncle Bas calls the brown man "Adam," and produces a perennial joke, declaring "that Genesis has been re-edited, and that Eden has been recreated by a woman whose name is Eve."

And Eve, running races with her children, or wandering beside the Adam of the place, looks sometimes at the cedar of Lebanon and in her eyes there is a moment's sadness and a compassion that is akin to prayer.

THE END.



Turkey's First Woman Physician.

ONE of the saddest impressions made upon the tourist in the eastern Levant is due to the astonishing prevalence of blindness of the most pitiful varieties. It is reported that the Arabs are among the chief sufferers in this respect because of the shifting sands so easily lifted and blown about by the wind. If the efforts of Dr. Mary Eddy are availing, there is hope that this form of torture will gradually be abated. Dr. Eddy is the only woman physician in the Ottoman Empire, a position which it was no small task to attain—especially under the old regime. Some seventeen years ago she presented her request to Alexander W. Terrell, at that time Minister to Turkey, in order to make application to the Turkish authorities. Mr. Terrell, writing of Dr. Eddy's work in the Chicago Interior, says he feared that the outcome would be negative, as both the English and the French Ambassadors had been unsuccessful in similar applications. "But," says Mr. Terrell, "there was something in Miss Mary Eddy that gave me instant hope of her success."

She was of American parentage, though raised in Syria, above medium height, with a broad, intellectual forehead, large, lustrous black eyes, and a complexion tinged by the sun and winds of Syria. Her self-possession and graceful bearing told of refinement, and her clear voice and look, though not defiant, revealed courage and confidence in herself.

She placed in my hand diplomas from three medical colleges, one of which certified to her capacity to treat diseases of the eye. When a child she had often seen the wild Bedouins blinded with ophthalmia by the hot sands of the desert, and her heart went forth to them in helpless sympathy. Now she was not helpless; through years of labor she had prepared herself to relieve them. But the "irade," or consent, of the Sultan was indispensable to her purposed mission of mercy.

Dr. Eddy's diplomas were immediately sent through the Grand Vizier to the palace with a request for her examination by the "Imperial College of Physicians." I knew from the aged French tutor of the Sultan that he had studied Latin and could read the diplomas written in that language. For myself, in order to fortify myself with argument in the doctor's behalf, I began at once to investigate the status and privileges of women in the early centuries of Islam—a work in which Dr. George Washburn, the learned president of Robert College, assisted. Weeks passed with no answer from the palace to my request, and I was not at liberty to refer to the matter again even in personal audience with the Sultan.

One night, however, after dining with the Sultan, we sat looking out from a window in the rear of Yildiz Palace on a circus ring where snow-white steeds from his stable—trained to wonderful feats—with jugglers and acrobats, all arrayed in gorgeous costumes, performed for the sovereign's amusement. The Sultan was in cheerful mood, and in an interval of the performance I seized the opportunity to tell him that I had just read the life of the prophet by Seyd Ali, and had been much impressed by a tradition reported by Maudz-ibu-Jabel to the effect that Mohammed once said, "Instruct in knowledge because it pleases God. He who imparts it praises God. Whoever seeks it adores God, and he who spreads it, dispenses alms to the ignorant and lights his way to heaven."

I asked the Sultan if he believed the tradition. He assured me that he did, and that his own greatest work for his people had been in promoting education. I then expressed my admiration for a Moslem lady who in the reign of the Abbassides established a hospital in Arabia where she dispensed alms by curing the afflicted, and so led up to asking the Sultan if he had forgotten that a learned woman from Syria wanted the protection of his "irade" to heal the sick?

The appeal was immediately successful. Turning to Munir Pasha, his chamberlain, Abdul Hamid instantly said: "Let the order be prepared for the college of physicians to examine that woman, and if she is qualified, she shall practise as a doctor."

When, on 19th of November, 1893, Miss Eddy started to the Sublime Porte for her examination, a glance at her high look of confidence and courage told me that no words of encouragement were needed. At the immense Government building she entered alone a room in which a score of distinguished physicians were seated at a long table.



THE PREMIER TAKING HIS EASE.

This interesting photograph shows (standing) Mr. Frank Lawson (first cousin of Lord Burnham), Mr. Asquith and Mrs. Asquith, and (sitting), Mrs. Graham-Smith, elder sister of Mrs. Asquith, with Master Anthony Asquith, the Premier's youngest son.

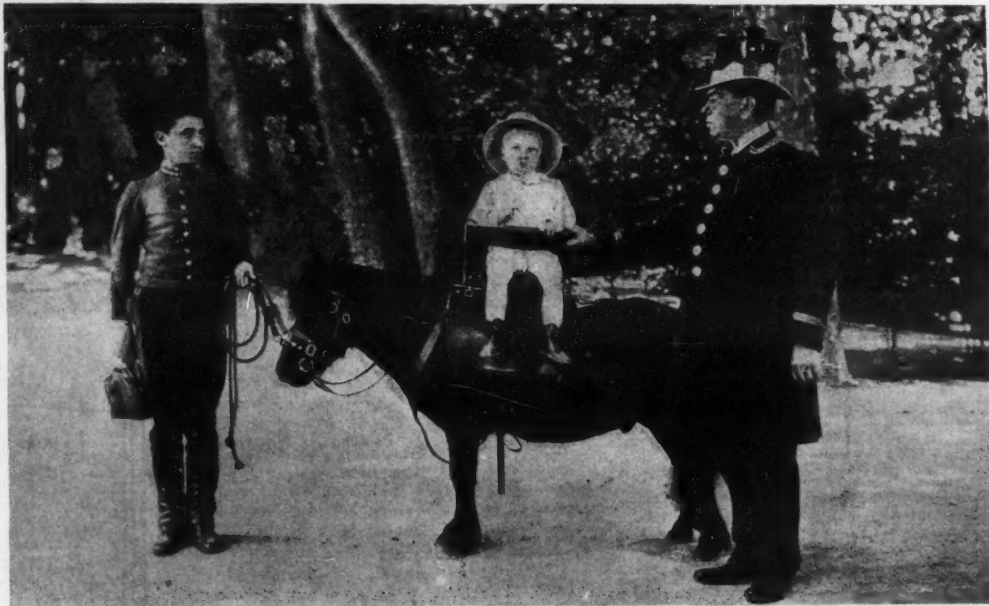


THE LATE LADY EDGAR.

The sudden death in England of Lady Edgar, widow of the late Sir James Edgar, Speaker of the House of Commons, has removed from social, literary and philanthropic circles a woman of rare worth and sweetness of disposition. The late Lady Edgar was born Ridout and a member of one of Toronto's oldest families. She held during her busy and useful life many prominent positions, having been for years president of the Dominion Council of Women. Her wise counsels and broad-mindedness will be greatly missed in Canadian circles.

She was directed to a seat, but no one rose to welcome her.

The first question from the president was in French and uttered in a contemptuous tone, "Who are you?" To their astonishment she answered in the Arabic language



A PRINCE LEARNING TO RIDE.

The heir to the throne of Spain, the young Prince of the Asturias, on his pony in the private royal grounds near Madrid.

in a distinct voice: "I am of you and from among you." She presented her diploma. An examination here is usually brief, for the applicant must already have graduated in some medical college. But it was apparent that Miss Eddy was not among friends, for they examined her without intermission for six hours, and over the whole field of medicine and surgery.

Every question was correctly answered, but finally one of the inquirers said sharply: "That answer is wrong." Looking at her watch she calmly remarked: "For six hours I have answered you correctly. Now I will ask you a question. Have you three certain medical books—French, English, and German [naming them]?" The president pointed to the bookcase and said they were there. "Then," said Miss Eddy, "if all these authors do not sustain my answer, I will withdraw my application to practise medicine." American pluck and knowledge had conquered, and her ovation was complete when all those physicians rose and congratulated her.

When she again entered the legation, the glow of battle was still on her face. To my anxious questioning, she answered "Victory," and threw herself on the sofa. Who can wonder that a flood of tears then relieved the long tension of her emotions?

The "irade" of the Sultan, which authorized her to practise her profession and which when once granted is irrevocable, soon issued. Buoyant and brave, this great woman hurried away to the desert. No one even dreamed of the great career before her. A few operations for ophthalmia, far away in Arabia where no male oculist dared to venture, established her reputation as a prophetess, sent by Allah to cure the blind. Even during the Armenian massacres she would leave her home in Beirut with her servants, tents and hospital stores loaded on camels, and cross the desert without armed escort. But the Prophet Mohammed himself could be no safer than she among the Arabs.

Everybody knows that George Ade accredited the Sultan of Sulu with eight wives when he made that potentate the central figure of his merry comic opera, but the fact is, according to the latest news dispatches, that there are fourteen sultanas, and that they are supported on \$125 a month.

Tales of the Street

By PINCE-NEZ

WHEN Janie Cassidy left the quiet precincts of her employer's home, wheeling the perambulator containing that worthy citizen's son and heir, she had no idea that Fate was waiting for her around the corner. She turned that corner circumspectly into Queen street, by reason of a crowd which had gathered near it, clustering about a gorgeous figure with a bright face and fluent tongue, who was conjuring dimes for half-bottles and quarters for double size big bottles of some new and enticing quack medicine from the pockets of his auditors. Janie stood still to admire him, to note his shiny ringlets, his sweeping moustache, his beringed fingers, and the dashing cerise silk handkerchief about his neck, the ends of which floated in the breeze or dangled to touch his grand big-linked watch chain. He was rather a handsome gypsy-looking chap, and became the sombrero tilted back from his bold knobbly forehead. Janie continued to gaze at him absently, thinking of the hero of a fraction of a dime novel she had found cast out from a neighboring boarding house. She had hidden the bit of lurid fiction from "Missus," because of that lady's habit of considering all forms of literary occupation a waste of precious time, and although she had found snatches of the novel absorbing, there was a lack of sequence and no beginning or ending to what was left of it, so that little remained intact but the description of the hero. That description Janie at once decided perfectly set forth the personality of the picturesque man of nostrums on the chair in the midst of the crowd. She lingered studying him until some sudden impulse swept away his little crowd of hearers. Then, as she too, grasped the carriage and began to propel it forward, the radiant being called out to her: "Hallo, miss! Do you like candy?" Janie did, and promptly confessed her weakness. "Have a packet of drops!" said the medicine man amicably. "No charge! Pleased to give 'em to such a pretty girl!" at the same time handing her a gaudy little box of sweets. While Janie opened and sampled the candy, the medicine man looked her over approvingly. She was really a plump and rather attractive girl, about sixteen, but "backward" as her mistress reported to the institution which had furnished her on de-



ELLEN TERRY'S NEICE.

Miss Neilson-Terry in "Priscilla Runs Away." She is the daughter of Julia Neilson and Fred Terry.

questioning her as he worked: "Sixteen, are you?" he said, laughing. "Have you got a beau?" Janie confessed her lack, and he looked her over with some interest. "Why, you're most old enough to be thinking of it," he commented. "Have another packet! There ain't but six in each. Do you often come by here?" Janie assured him that she came several times a day. "Errands, and letters to post, and the byby," she explained were her various excuses. "Well, so long," said the medicine man, glancing at an approaching policeman; "see you to-morrow, maybe." Janie did not fall asleep with her usual precipitancy that evening; instead, she warily lit a mite of candle, got her tattered romance from a hole in her mattress and read the description of the hero carefully. Beside his personal charm she discovered that he had a generous and princely nature. "Sure he has!" she agreed, sucking the last lemon-drop. "It might have been took from him, same as a fortergraf!"

To make a long story short, Janie missed no chance of passing the corner for the next week, and had a number of interesting and confidential chats with her hero. One of the results of these conversations was that in a heated interview with her "missus," Janie was so exasperated as to vaguely threaten to leave her place, and was startled to be told that the sooner she went the better, and a letter should be sent to the institution with a report of her contumacy forthwith. The next conversation Janie had with the medicine man ended as follows: "Well, you come along Queen street about eight, and I'll look after you. Guess you can trust me to see you through, eh?" And Janie, in a transport of joy, stammered: "Why, of course! I'd rather be married to you than to the Duke of Ilminster." "For the lord's sake, who's he?" "Oh, just a noble gentleman in a story I'm reading," said Janie loftily. The medicine man watched her hurrying around the corner, and his face hardened. "I got to make my sneak early to-morrow," he muttered. "That blamed policeman is coming around here too mighty often." Then he laughed. "The Duke of Ilminster! Well, wouldn't that cure your toothache. What a red hot fool she is!" When Janie hurried around the corner at eight o'clock, she saw her hero smoking on an opposite corner, and fled across to him in trepidation. "I got only this grip," she gasped. "I had to leave my box." "Oh, that's no matter; I'll buy you a Saratoga one day soon, and fill it up with new clothes for you," said the hero, in a rather thick voice. "Come on to the hotel now, and we'll talk things over." The hotel was nearby, and to a little attic room they climbed their way. Then the hero took off his sombrero, and with it his floating curls, then his sweeping moustache and brilliant handkerchief and picturesque Indian coat, revealing a rather slim and very bull-necked personage, with a shock of flaming red hair. Janie gave him one look, then dropped her bag, and before he could cry out, had shot her plump body out of the narrow dormer window, and stood on a rickety fire-escape which zigzagged down toward the street. The medicine man laughed discordantly, as he glanced out and saw a policeman looking curiously up from the other side of the road. "What's your hurry?" he jeered at the girl, rapidly climbing down. "Take your old grip! Catch! I don't want no such rubbish in my apartment." Janie reached a lower floor where a hall window stood open, through which she stepped with much haste and presently emerged from the entrance door of the hotel to be confronted by the policeman. "See, here, my girl, what have you in the grip?" he asked, and Janie promptly answered: "My nightgown, sir, and my best dress, and my brush and comb." "And where are you going?" "Home, sir," said Janie earnestly. "Just right straight home!" The policeman looked at her kindly. "That's right," he remarked. "This ain't a good place for you to be so late in the evening. Now, off with you!" And later on, glancing up where a dim light shone in an attic window, the policeman so far relaxed his discipline as to chuckle a query to the midnight sky. And what he said in a rich Irish brogue was: "Hey, ma bouchal, did ye iver get left?"

Miss Alice Thompson, a graduate of the University of California, 1905, has been for some time soil chemist at the Hawaiian Agricultural Experiment Station, Honolulu. Miss Thompson has recently decided to enter Columbia University for advanced studies.

Maud Morgan is one of the few American women who have seriously devoted themselves to the harp. She studied with her father when a girl and afterward with Chevalier Charles Oberthur, harpist to the Queen of the Belgians. Her debut in concert work was made in New York in 1875, with Ole Bull. Miss Morgan has been harpist in Grace Church, New York, since 1895.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

TENNESSEE CLAFLIN COOK.

Lady Cook, the widow of Sir Frederick Cook, Bart., who is defendant in a suit for damages in New York. As Tennessee Claflin she was famous some years ago in New York financial circles.

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TORONTO

LADY GAY'S PAGE

THE old story of the exquisitely beautiful peasant girl in Ireland who was made a marchioness by an infatuated lover, and being taken in to dinner by a gorgeous officer (who was also smitten with admiration, besides being a keen connoisseur and critic of style and refinement) thus electrified her escort and the company: "Oh, Mister Major, I can see myself in yer buttons!" in a loud and joyous brogue, has been bested by a recent utterance of a handsome visitor to Toronto. This attractive dame was escorted to supper by a fastidious man of fashion who remarked to her, between admiring glances, that he supposed she was interested in aviation. "Oh, yes! I'm bug-house on flying," was the artless response which deprived him of his next breath.

"THAT hat was just designed for you, madame," cried a wise and crafty saleswoman to the tryer-on of fall millinery. Now, it is quite allowable for a shop assistant to make a remark of that sort, to speed a sale, but there is another sort of hat fitting which is not excusable. One makes a perfectly impersonal statement, perhaps a criticism of some type, attractive or otherwise to the writer or speaker. Immediately some ill-advised and hasty person cries out: "Oh! I am sure that was meant for so-and-so." This is a misfortune continually happening to writers in newspapers, and although it may in one case of a thousand be true, that a writer is small and foolish enough to pillory an individual, it is only one in a thousand who does so. What should be done to the busybody who is ever on the alert to fit the general remark to some head whose owner will furiously resent the operation, not on the fitter but on the unfortunate misrepresented scribe? You may say the latter must take chances, which is quite true, and one is not grumbling at them, but at the pain inflicted by someone else, through means of what was never intended to be so distorted. There are women and men so warped and cankered by various ill fortunes and trials, that it is a relief to them to see others suffer, and they recklessly cause much pain to anyone who may or may not have annoyed them by some bitter word of their own. Upon their heads be the penalty. This is not the cap-fitting to which reference is made. If there be one worse type than the gratuitous maker of mischief and pain by fitting caps on other folks' heads, it is that pernicious and incurable egotist who puts on the cap and calls all heaven to witness the vicious spite of the cap-maker! For such, one has little sympathy. They enjoy shrieking out their outraged hearts, and would only really suffer in being convinced that the cap had never been intended to adorn their own superlative cranium.

THE suggestion of a recent orator that men should look after woman's rights and woman be given time to attend to their duties was wise beyond the ordinary. We have so many rights in Canada that it seems superfluous to shriek for more. Nowhere in the wide world of a decent, straight, good-tempered woman have such a heavenly time, unoppressed and unbindered, nay, rather cheered and encouraged by her men associates, and protected by laws that sometimes make me wonder if I shall live to see a men's rights movement agitated in this land. You and I loathe the thought of the man who raises his hand against a woman. He gets all that's coming to him in court, and every month the lash comes nearer to his sacred hide! We have made it an unpopular pastime to whack one's lawful wife, and are fast eradicating the taste for so doing from the simple-minded emigrant in trousers. But what about the other side? It is not to justify but to explain the use of the stick in reducing ladies to order that I ponder over the exceedingly strong provocative weapon the victims of marital chastisement possess and employ. Have you ever seen a tired workman, fresh from outdoors, entering his home at the end of his day? Have you remarked the laundry hanging, and the table cluttered and the furniture awry? I am not finding fault with it all, merely giving conditions. He deposits his kit of tools somewhere where the enterprising infants squabbling or crowding around won't be able to injure them or do damage to one another. He looks about for the basin to wash the dust and sweat from his face, and finds it full of clothes or potatoes or else tucked quite out of sight. He pokes about dumbly, wise in his experience, then he asks for it gruffly. He may get it, or he may not, at all events he gets snapped at, for his lady knows in her heart she's not up to time with the dinner, and assumes the offensive. Why continue this sordid sketch, which by the way happens to be from observation and strictly true to life? That woman, by her barbed and practised tongue, or perhaps by her simple floppy shiftlessness and obvious inefficiency is a continuous incentive to that man to give her what for! He may be of sufficient reasoning power to reflect that if he did his work in the foolish and incapable way she does hers, he'd get the sack in one day. And he may also be enough of a gentleman to feel keen resentment at the frowzy hair and sloppy garments of the natty girl he used to fancy the queen of his home and his jolly helpmeet. I am not speaking of poverty stricken folk, but of workmen with some claim to a neat and airy house and small comforts. But supposing that man gets hardened to the inconvenience and lack of order and general discomfort of his home, there still remains to madden him the grouchy expression and the rough and caustic or whining, complaining tongue. A little while ago I had my sympathy very strongly aroused for a young wife, whose lot seemed most unfortunate. Her husband was a "brute," in the jargon of the neighbors. I had my doubts, for he didn't look the part. They lived in a double house, and I knew the people in the other half, but from them I could get no criticism one way or the other. It happened one stormy day that I was in the neighborhood of that house, and took refuge with my acquaintances while a cab could be procured for me. There was something doing in the other half of the house, and I couldn't help hearing some of it. I never imagined a woman could continually talk for twenty minutes as that oppressed wife talked to a perfectly unresponsive man! Finally there was a sudden crash of dishes, the cab drove up to the door, and its advent brought instant silence behind the partition. My acquaintance, who had gone out in the storm to telephone for the cab, emerged

from it, and his wife greeted him with regrets that he had been so long, and that I had heard that brute next door, quarrelling with his wife, and that he had shied some crockery at her. The good man was most sorry, but I wasn't. I had received a new light on the wife-beating question, and new light is always worth some penalty. "Why, my good people," I said in great surprise, "don't you wonder he didn't shy the crockery much sooner? Fancy her upbraiding him for loafing around the house when the rain prevented him from working! Fancy her almost daring him to strike her. If I hadn't heard her, I'd never have imagined such a nice-looking woman and such a tidy housekeeper could have such a perfectly frightful tongue! I only wonder at the man who could sit quiet for twenty minutes under such a storm!" They shook their heads over it and were not convinced. Perhaps it is because I've had sensitive men to deal with, but no mere thrashing seemed to me at all comparable to the pain that woman's tongue seemed so glibly capable of inflicting.

THERE are cases, of course, where a man is hard to please; let a woman comfort herself with the reflection that he therefore paid her a sincere compliment in choosing her for his wife. In some cases, doubtless, drink and other selfish indulgences come between the home and its glory. It's not always the woman's fault if the work is ill-arranged and the conditions abject. But a real woman, with a hopeful and strong belief in herself and some sympathy for her other half, rarely arouses his vindictive and brutal voice or hand. It's up to us, my sisters, as so many big jobs are up to us, and only each individual woman in her own soul can adjust the rights and the wrongs of the sexes, whether she performs that big task in a palace or a mansion or a semi-detached with lath and plaster walls, and it's a task which is begun and ended in the sacred atmosphere of that sacred place which we so often mistakenly name a home.

THE Pillars of Society had a remarkable interest for any one just newly back from Norway, from watching the timber exports, and from riding on the new railway only opened last December. Ibsen's sure touch was through it all, and the Sewing Society has its counterpart in all corners of the globe. The Pillars, for instance, who pose as models, and buy up land along a secretly projected line of railway, the people who never let up on the scandal that is dead and should be decently interred, for the health of the community, the men who let others bear calumny to save themselves, the women who do good to the torture of its recipients, all these Pillars we have with us here, as Ibsen had them in his little Norwegian town. They were a wobbly lot and needed a Samson to pull them down, and set up what he cried out were the only pillars strong enough to hold society—Truth and Honesty. Don't you hope we may get them? Of course, it would put a good many folks out of business, as it did in the play.

THERE has been great preaching against aviation on account of the loss of life attending the perfection of flight. For my part, I am glad there are so many folk unafraid of death. A craven fear of death is in nine out of ten of us. It is built on fables and unworthy teaching of various descriptions. Death is sad and deplorable if it causes pain to others, severing ties which mortals have lovingly woven, and leaving helpless and unprotected ones to live on as best they may. But to those who die it is progress, perhaps a great and glorious help along the way trending upward; to the aged and sorrowful and diseased, a release and sweet surcease of pain; to the earnest worker the brave heart and true, perhaps better work and bigger results for oneself and others, the soul's advance and conditions that may be new inspiration. And yet, so blind and stupid are many of us, that death means to us none of this, only a craven fear of we know not what! On Sunday we stand in the sanctuary and say out loud that we believe in the life of the world to come, then we act all the rest of the time as if there were no such thing at all! Aviation looks death in the face and says, "I am not afraid." The rest of the world sighs, "Oh, dear, somebody stop it! So many are being killed." By the way, there is something else which might perhaps be curbed a bit wisely, and that is motor-racing, which kills ten to one sacrificed in the conquest of the air.

T. P. O'Connor is thoroughly mellow, his eyes are mellow, with a touch of the sun in them, his heart is mellow, with a wise kindness, and a wise forbearance, his laugh is a mellow chuckle, easily sent into the discordant strife of tongues, like a spoonful of honey in a cup of vinegar, and his voice, heard you ever so mellow and lovely a brogue? the kind you can't lose, even by a score of years' residence in London. No wonder women love T.P. and men like to sit near him. He never grows oily, as so many gracious orators do, nor yet does he ever grow dozy, as over-mellow folks do. He's just mellowed right, the same as a peach that has hung in the sun, and gathered into its goodness the soft rich fragrance that enchants the palate. A peach of an Irishman, but not an over-ripe peach is T. P. O'Connor. And when he takes your hand, he doesn't grip it with crude emotion, or let it slip away with formal politeness. He "takes" it, and you feel the pleasant, never overdone friendliness of him, and perhaps he is saying something about the long ago, beginning "I remember," and you know it's a kind memory whichever it may be, for the heart of T. P. doesn't harbor other sort: This week he had a birthday. God bless him for many another! He was sixty-two, and think of how young his heart is, and how wise and kind, and be glad there are Irishmen in the world!

"No—I don't want to work for him no more," said the hardy son of Sweden, as he regarded his section boss. "He got no sense, dat man. He come to me and he say, 'Jens! You chop dat trees down,' and I chop him down. Then he say, 'Now Jens, you chop dat trees up!' How I can chop him up again? I no work for him no more."

LADY GAY.

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A makeshift cook-stove is always expensive. You waste food because it is not properly cooked. You waste time trying to make things right. You waste fuel trying to heat your oven—or get a hot fire—or keep a low fire all day and night. You lose money every day you try to use an unsatisfactory range.

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Violin.

Gently, beneath her perfect rounded chin,
The instrument is clasped, as mothers hold
Across their hearts a much-loved child, to fold
It from the world of misery and sin.
She draws the bow across the strings, to win
To life the tones now soft, now strong and bold,
(But ever breathing some grand truth untold)
That dormant lies within the violin.
Oh, mystery of music, wondrous art!
The sympathetic violin but steals
The loves and hates that dwell within her heart—
The very hopes, the vague desire she feels—
And at the bow's quick touch they rise and start
In melody that inmost soul reveals.

—Will Meredith Nicholson.

Two Cousins.

She sits before the harpsichord
Her fingers straying o'er the keys,
Sure pleasant food her thoughts afford,
Perchance her heart is over seas.
"Oh, come from dreamland's misty haze,
And give a word, a smile to me!"
I pray in spirit as I gaze
Upon my cousin Dorothy.
Sir Joshua and all his ilk
Had gladly painted such a face,
And dainty figure robed in silk
Ablaze with jewels, soft with lace;
Would that time's wheel were backward turned
A century or so, and we—
The lesson of to-day unlearned—
Our great grandparents, Dorothy!
A measure we to tread would choose,
Like squire and dame in ancient tale,
I, in my wig and buckled shoes,
And you in ruff and farthingale;
And would I, as I touched your hand,
Look down into your eyes to see
A light I only could command,
And know you were my Dorothy?
Alack, that hour can never be!
It only dreams in fancy's day,
For even while she smiles on me,
I know her mind is far away.
But as I watch her there apart,
In dreams, alas! not "fancy free,"
I know that I have lost my heart
To my sweet cousin Dorothy.

—May Lennox.

Written at an Inn at Henley.

To thee, fair freedom, I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble inn.
'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne:
Such freedom crowns it at an inn.
I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.
Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys one freedom at an inn.
Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

—William Shenstone.

A Song of Long Ago.

A SONG of long ago,
Sing it lightly—sing it low—
Sing it softly—like the lisp of the lips we used to
know
When our baby laughter spilled
From the hearts forever filled
With a music sweet as a robin ever trilled!
Let the summer fragrant breeze,
And the leaves of locust trees,
And the apple buds and blossoms, and the wings of honey
bees,
All palpitate with glee,
Till the happy harmony
Bring back each childish joy to you and me.
Let the eyes of fancy turn
Where the tumbled pippins burn
Like embers in the orchard's lap of tousled grass and
fern;
And let the wayward wind,
Still singing, plod behind
The cider press—the good old-fashioned kind!
Blend in the song the moan
Of the dove that grieves alone,
And the wild whir of the locust and the bumble's drowsy
drone;
And the low of the cows that call
Through the pasture bars when all
The landscape fades away at evenfall.
Then, far away and clear,
Through the dusky atmosphere,
Let the wailing of the kildes be the only sound you hear.
Oh sweet and sad and low
As the memory may know
Is the glad pathetic song of long ago!

—James Whitcomb Riley.



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HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES.
The popular American novelist, who in private life is Mrs. Post Wheeler, is the wife of the Secretary of the American Embassy at St. Petersburg. She is now visiting the United States.

Song.

All the words in all the world
Can not tell you how I love you,
All the little stars that shine—
To make a silver crown above you;

All the flowers cannot weave
A garland worthy of your hair,
And not a bird in the four winds
Can sing of you that is so fair.

Only the spheres can sing of you;
Some planet in celestial space,
Hallowed and lonely in the dawn,
Shall sing the poem of your face.

—By Richard Le Gallienne.

An Army Hospital Demonstration.

VISCOUNTESS GALWAY was the central figure in a remarkably successful army hospital demonstration which took place in Serlby Park, Yorkshire, recently. In readiness for war a scheme has been drafted whereby districts organize their own hospitals and ambulances corps to look after the wounded. Lady Galway is at the head of the Serlby district and enjoys the distinction of being the only lady commandant in England. In war time she has undertaken to provide hospital accommodation for fifty-four wounded soldiers at Serlby Hall, while at Bawtry Hall, near to, Mr. and Mrs. Peake would provide eighty-six beds. To test the efficiency of her ladyship's scheme a demonstration was arranged in Serlby Park which proved that the whole arrangement has been effectively thought out. The scheme comprises a commandant, pharmacists, men's and women's cycle corps, committees of supply and help, and everything to make the task of nursing the wounded thoroughly complete. Col. McGill, the organizing secretary of the British Red Cross Society, came down especially from London to witness the demonstration, and Major Hale and Major Erskine of the Royal Army Medical Corps came over from York to judge. Col. Viscount Galway, in the uniform of the Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry, was present. Viscountess Galway was attired in a uniform of green and wore two medals, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem and the Coronation Medal. Her ladyship was mounted on a tricycle. The Serlby detachment is the only cycle corps in England.

The ladies wore green costumes and large white aprons, and attached to each bicycle was a basket completely equipped for use in the field. The Babworth ladies, who were unmounted, were attired in white frocks while the men wore green uniform caps. Two hospital tents were located on the south side of the hall containing beds on each side, and between these large tents was a smaller one containing sheets, mackintoshes and blankets, also dressings for operation purposes. Carefully trained nurses were in charge of the field hospital, which was supplied with an operating theatre and every requisite. To make the demonstration complete patients were supplied as the result of a general action between boy scouts and men of the Sherwood Rangers. The former were led by Capt. Cook, Adjutant of the Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry, and the latter by Capt. Thacker and the Hon. George Monckton Arundell. A severe test was imposed on the nurses in dressing the wounded in the field hospital, valuable prizes were awarded for efficiency. Col. McGill paid Lady Galway a high compliment and stated her detachment was the most forward he had yet witnessed, while the Royal Army Medical Corps officers expressed themselves as highly pleased with the demonstration. Sub-

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sequently the whole force marched impress other girls with the idea that past Col. Viscount Galway, who was she can marry him any time she wants at the saluting point—Gentlewoman. to.

When a young man acts as a girl's And there may be more water in escort for the first time she tries to milk than appears on the surface,

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There are lots of things that even the gossip never hears of until the explosion comes.

Why is it necessary to clean fish when they are in bathing all the time?



The very unhappening beginning of the weather for the O.J.C. Fall Meeting was amply compensated for by the beautiful days of last week, which provided every possible sort of temperature from a roasting day when muslin frocks were a delight to one when furs seemed the only cosy wear, and people whose minds and wardrobes were not up to lightning changes sweltered in tweed suits or shivered in chignons, as their unhappy case might be. The races were capital, and many a fair plunger went home wreathed in smiles on Saturday, for the "gees" were most gallant in running to suit them. Among the visitors last week, whom Toronto hosts and the Jockey Club delighted to honor, were Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, who stayed at Chudleigh, Mrs. Gordon being one of the most admired at the Woodbine, and her pleasant and handsome husband being a guest most popular; Mrs. Marshall (nee Dunlop), of Hamilton, who stayed at Fallingbrook, as did Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. O'Farrell, and came to the meet with Mr. and Mrs. Mann; Mr. and Mrs. Higginson, who had a very jolly time also, and were much entertained; Mr. A. R. Crechman, who was up for the week-end; Miss Reid, of Melbourne, and her friend, Miss Ward, who came with Mrs. Lamb, and are very fond of a good horse; Miss Sullivan, who came with Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald; Miss Hendrie, looking very handsome and smart in a white embroidered gown and royal purple satin wrap and wide brimmed hat to match; the Baroness von Senten, who wore various elaborate toilettes, on the closing day a cream lace with long pale blue satin cloak frilled with lace and silver spangles; young Mrs. Brydges, of Winnipeg, a very graceful and pretty figure and a decided belle; young Mrs. Sweny, who left with Major Sweny for England this week, to the regret of a large circle of new friends here; Captain and Mrs. Homer Dixon, who arrived here the latter part of the week, when Mrs. Homer Dixon was *facile princeps* among the charming women at the races; Hon. Ormsby Gore and Mr. George Lloyd, the young English M.P.'s who have been out to the West Coast on a visit of "acquisition" of useful information about Canada; Colonel and Mrs. Williams, particularly welcome new residents; Mr. W. Hope, of Montreal; Mrs. Wilson, of Ottawa, who came with Mrs. Cross; Mrs. Baker, of London, who is staying at The Dale, and came with Mrs. Dymont; Mr. P. D. Crerar, of Hamilton; Miss Brush, of Detroit, and Miss Enid Hendrie, guests of Mrs. Braithwaite; Miss Raeburn, who came with Major Layborne; Miss Margaret Thomson, who is again with her sister; Miss Gladys Murton, who came with Mrs. Clinch, and a number of others. Several pretty girls who are to be formally introduced later on, were at the races with proud parents and relatives, and altogether the Meeting was very bright and interesting. The usual handsome women gathered in groups to manipulate the giddy hat-pool, or victimise the good-natured men of their acquaintance by giving them fugitive dollars and hazy directions how to place them in the betting ring regardless of odds off or on. I heard of one case where a victorious longshot was chosen by a lady to carry her dollar, which she entrusted to a man friend too late for placing. When he explained with regrets and returned the dollar the lady flashed a look at him which gave him an idea of what she thought, and caused him to hastily resolve never again to be a trusty messenger between the members' lawn and the bookies.

Among the entertainments incidental to race week were numberless dinners and early luncheons, and suppers after the play, both at fashionable restaurants and homes up-town. There were several dinners and luncheons at Fallingbrook, where Mr. and Mrs. Mann have kept open house, the supper on Sunday night being a farewell to Judge and Mrs. Anglin, who are off to Ottawa, having rented their house in St. Joseph street to Miss Chaplin until May. Judge and Mrs. Phippen have also entertained visiting friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock also. On Friday afternoon there were three informal teas, one at the Margaret Eaton School, where Mr. Forbes Robertson was guest of honor, and one later on at Mr. Du Vernets, for Mr. Robertson, who was the house guest during his week in Toronto. Another was given by Dr. and Mrs. Sterling Ryerson for Dr. Wickham, on Friday afternoon, when besides many professional men and their wives, a number of other friends were asked. Dr. Wickham comes from Paris and has the greatest distinction as a scientific man, and the first to introduce the use of radium in the treatment of disease. Though he is English in name, on his mother's side he is French for many generations, and had several little chats in his native language with friends at the tea. Mrs. Scott Raff's tea was a very simple little one, Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. and Miss Burden, Mrs. E. Y. Eaton, Mrs. and Miss Mavor, and the members of the Dramatic Company being of the small group, which gathered around the beloved personality of the actor. Mrs. Ryerson's tea-table was very beautifully done with ragged magenta mums, quite elaborately arranged, and among her guests were Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Dr. and Mrs. Campbell Myers, Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Miss Dorothy Beardmore, Dr. and Mrs. King, Professor and Mrs. Lang, Colonel and Mrs. Delamere, Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Professor Ramsay Wright, Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Ryerson, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. E. Y. Eaton, Dr. and Mrs. Reeve, Dr. Archibald, and many others.

Lady Mulock received for the first time this season on Monday, and many appreciations of the alterations and additions to the homestead were voiced by admiring visitors. The living room, which was finished last year is as beautiful and spacious as modern taste demands, and is banked on all sides with a shallow conservatory of brilliant flowering plants. Among the callers were Mr. and Mrs. Hambourg, the parents of the pianist and violinist of world-wide fame, who with their son, Mr. Jan Hambourg, and two daughters of great attractions, are now living at Parkview Mansions, in Parkdale. This charming Russian family have been so well introduced that they are not likely to find Toronto dull, and certainly Toronto will find them the very reverse.

Dr. and Mrs. Bray have removed from Avenue road to 129 Kendall avenue, where Mrs. Bray receives as usual.

Mrs. Dymont, the new mistress of "The Dale," one of Toronto's old homesteads, received for the first time there on Monday, and hundreds of people called. The hostess was assisted by charming Mrs. Baker, of London, Ont., who presided at the dainty little tea-table, and everyone was most admiring of the changes in the fine

old house, which give a very spacious drawing-room and library beautifully decorated. Mrs. Dymont has always been highly appreciated in Toronto since her arrival some years ago, when Mr. Dymont took Ravenswood, and many good wishes for long and happy years at "The Dale" are hers.

The startling news of the accidental poisoning of Mr. and Mrs. Stegman and their guest and daughter, Mrs. Percy Papps, in Chatham, Ont., gave great anxiety to their Toronto friends. Mr. Stegman is a brother of Mrs. Gooderham of Maple Croft.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee returned from England on Monday, very sad and worn out after their trying bereavement in London of Mrs. Walter S. Lee. They are at their home, 64 Madison ave.

Mrs. and Miss Moncrieff, of Petrolia, will spend the winter at the Queen's. Mrs. Berger, who has been at the Grange before and since the death of Dr. Goldwin Smith, has taken Mrs. Alexander Gibson's house in Prince Arthur avenue, and moved in on October 1.

Miss and the Messrs. Chaplin, of St. Catharines, are to occupy Judge Anglin's house in St. Joseph street next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn came back from Muskoka on Tuesday and are at the Prince George. Mrs. Cockburn is still under her nurse's care.

Among weddings soon to be celebrated this month are that of Miss Elizabeth Long, of Woodlawn, and Mr. D'Arcy Magee, on October 12; that of Mr. Charles Hertzberg and Miss Playfair, also on October 12; that of Miss Barwick and Mr. Burton Holland, in St. James', on October 25; that of Mr. Allan Magee and Miss Leslie Smith on October 19, at St. John, N.B. This afternoon Miss Suzanne Mara and Mr. Louis McMurray are to be married at 10 Chestnut Park road, the home of the bride. Miss Miriam Sweeney and Mr. Reginald Edmonds will be married on October 12.

A family party went to Winnipeg by private car for the wedding of Mr. Harold Gooderham and Miss Perse, which took place this week. Miss Edna Phippen has been there for some time, and was maid of honor at the wedding of her dainty little friend.

Mrs. Warner has come out from England on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Elmsley, at Barnstable. Major and Mrs. James Elmsley are going to England for two years in December.

Mrs. and Miss Florence Sprague will be home from Golden, B.C., next week. Mrs. Calderwood returned from Hotel Kress, Preston Springs, last week. Dean and Mrs. Duckworth have taken up house at 193 Crawford street. The Misses Bayley have removed to 88 Ross street.

Hon. W. A. Ormsby-Gore, son of Lord Harlech, and member of the House of Commons for Denbeigh, and Mr. George A. Lloyd, member for West Stafford, left for the East, Sunday night, after a few busy days in Toronto. They were the guests of the Empire Club at luncheon on Friday, and of the Ontario Jockey Club at the races. Toronto friends and companions on the Royal Edward coming over entertained them at dinner and theatre, Friday evening. On Saturday Mr. Castell Hopkins entertained them at luncheon at the Albany Club, and they dined with Colonel and Mrs. Denison at Heydon Villa. Mr. Willison entertained them at Sunday supper, after which they left for the East. Hon. Ormsby-Gore taking a day at the Falls on Monday. They sail by one of the Empresses for England. What they say of Canada makes very nice hearing.

"Staying at Madame Kammer's Pension, 8 Rue St. Leger, are Mrs. R. S. Williams and her daughter, Miss Ethel, from Canada. These two ladies cycled from Nice to Geneva, thence to Chamonix for Mount Blanc, thence across the Tete-Noire from Chamonix to Grand St. Bernard, staying over night at the famous Hospice."—Swiss and Nice Times, Geneva.

Thursday evening was Toronto Symphony Orchestra night. Madame Galski, who was the soloist, arrived in Toronto on Monday, and has been entertained by the Heliconian Club at tea and by various other hosts during her stay.



THE RUSSIAN COIFFURE.
The barbaric style of hair-dressing which London and Paris are adopting in their admiration of Paviola and other Russian dancers.



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- 1 Our collection embraces many beautiful examples of Draped Chiffon, Dresses, soft satin finished Crepes in medium tones, Net and Satin Gowns.
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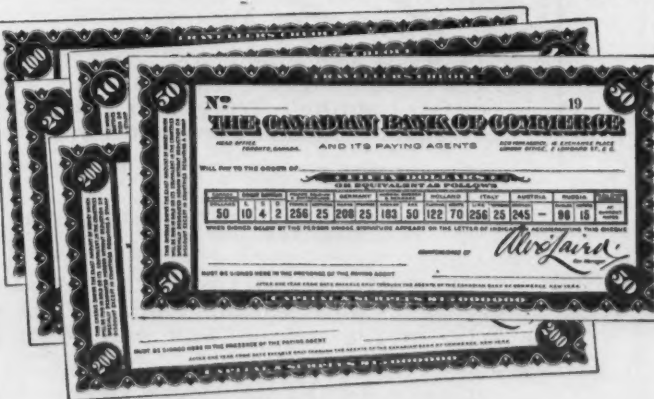


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help to retain a good complexion and they improve a bad one. WRINKLES are mostly caused by shrinkage of cellular tissues under the skin. Our treatments and the PRINCE'S SKIN FOOD, if used in time, will restore them. For pimples, blotch s, blackheads and a red, rough skin they are most effective. They soothe and satisfy always.

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A CITY gentleman was recently invited down to the country "for a day with the birds."

Whatever his powers in matters of finance, his shooting was not remarkable for its accuracy, to the great disgust of the man in attendance, whose tip was generally regulated by the size of the bag.

"Dear me!" at last exclaimed the sportsman, "but the birds seem exceptionally strong on the wing this year."

"Not all of 'em, sir," came the remark; "you've shot at the same bird this last dozen times. 'E's follerin' you about, sir."

"Following me about! Nonsense! Why should a bird do that?"

"I dunno, sir, I'm sure," replied the

man, "unless 'e's 'agin' round for safety!"

MRS. E. S. STEWART, the secretary of the National Woman Suffrage Association, said in a recent address in Chicago: "These men on the one hand accuse the so-called new woman of demoralizing the home, and on the other hand they go about the world abusing the home with all the cynical wit they can muster up. Once, on a steamer, the captain railed a lot against the voting woman and her neglect of household duties. It was this same captain, of course, who laughed when a pretty girl said to him on the promenade deck: 'Don't you ever get homesick?' 'Homesick? Ha, ha, ha!' he roared. 'Why, no. I'm never home enough.'"

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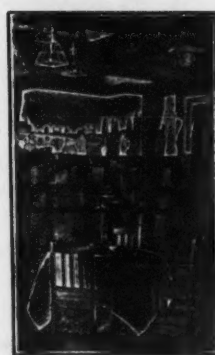
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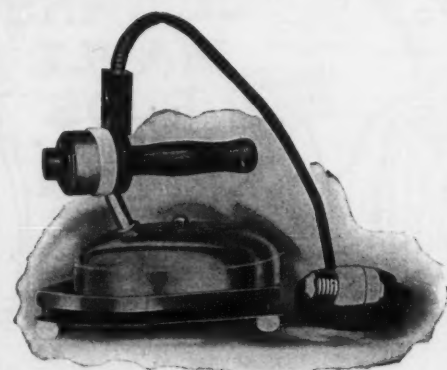
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Goods that are natural looking, easy to adjust, and when adjusted, remain so, are features of all

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comparison with any other creations will convince you that we have succeeded.

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Social and Personal.

On Monday, at high noon, St. Paul's church was the scene of the wedding of Mr. S. Morley Wickett, Ph.D., of Toronto, and Miss Hidessa Daum-von Daun, Ph.D., daughter of the late Colonel Baron von Daun and granddaughter of General Baron von Daun, of Budapest. Banks of flowers and special music made the delightful church still more inviting. The bride was charmingly gowned in a tailored suit of white ladies cloth, and large white hat with plumes, to match. Only the immediate relatives and a few friends were present. The Rev. Canon Cody officiated, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Workman. After the wedding breakfast at McConkey's, the bride and groom left for a fortnight's trip south. On their return they will be at the King Edward for a short time.

Mrs. W. B. Galbraith and Miss Clara Galbraith will receive with Mrs. Lytle next Thursday afternoon, October 13, at 22 Summerhill avenue, and afterwards Mrs. Lytle will receive on the first Thursday.

On Tuesday afternoon, October 4; the marriage of Miss Edith Wragg Wright, youngest daughter of Dr. Adam Wright, and Mr. Alexander Crosby Snively, was celebrated in St. James Cathedral at half-past two, Rev. Dr. Miller, of Ridley College, assisted by the Rector, officiating. The bride was brought in and given away by her father, and wore a simple gown of rich white satin, and handsome lace, with a very beautiful veil of old rose point, and a wreath of orange blossoms, the bouquet being of roses and lilies. Mr. Schuyler Snively was his brother's best man. The maid of honor was the bride's sister, Miss Ethel Wright, and the bridesmaids Miss Hazel Goad, Miss Gladys Parry, Miss Wanette Miller of St. Catharines, and Miss Kathleen Alexander, half-sister of the groom. Their pretty gowns of white *crepe de soie* were mounted on pale pink silk, and their white beaver hats were trimmed with pink roses and ribbons, the bouquets being round clusters of roses, sashed with pink. Mrs. Adam Wright held a reception after the ceremony at the family residence in Gerrard street, where the handsome collection of bridal gifts was much admired. Dr. Miller proposed the health of the bride, and when they left for the honeymoon, in the Berkshires, the bride looking very dainty and happy in her navy blue travelling suit, she and her fine young husband carried with them the earnest good wishes of hosts of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Snively will spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander at 15 Roxborough street east.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Joseph Macdougall gave a tiny tea to about a dozen friends in her cosy flat at Bloor and Yonge streets, to meet Mrs. White, Mrs. Douglas Macdougall's sister, who has been spending a short time in Toronto. Miss Joyce Macdougall looked after the tea and the guest of honor seemed to enjoy meeting the pleasant little company as much as they did the opportunity of greeting her. On Wednesday Mrs. Douglas Macdougall had a few friends for tea to meet her sister, who returned to New York this week.

The Governor-General and Countess Grey have returned to Ottawa.

Mrs. Edward Jones, Miss Winn, Miss Petika Geddes, and Miss Dorothy Kingsford are returning to Canada immediately.

Mrs. Stanley Ryerson held her post-nuptial receptions on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, and many friends called to welcome her to the ranks of young matrons. Mrs. Ryerson, who as Miss Teddie Devigne was so much admired, looked very sweet in a white embroidered chiffon gown, with violets. Her sister, Miss Devigne, assisted, and Mrs. Dyce Saunders and Mrs. Joseph Macdougall poured tea on the several afternoons.

Mrs. Prince and Miss Ross are leaving for England in a few days.

Among the earliest festivities of the season are a dance at Heydon Villa for Miss Clare Denison, a house dance for Miss Dorothy Beardmore's debut, a tea at McConkey's for the debut of the Misses Mabel and Florence White, followed by a dance for their young friends at the Metropolitan. The debutante's luncheon, at McConkey's, will be given the first week in November. There are apparently quite half a hundred young people coming out this season, and several pair of sisters among them. The Misses Duggan, second and third daughters of Mr. E. H. Duggan, are among the number.

Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy is with her daughter, Mrs. Browne, 107 Woodlawn avenue.

On October 24, Miss Theora Carter, foundress of the International Good Cheer Society, will give forty minutes of good cheer talk in Massey Hall. The Toronto String Quartette, the Highlanders Band and Leonora James Kennedy, P. Redferne Hollinshead and Arthur Blight will give gratuitous contributions to a happy evening. Miss Carter, I understand, hails from Chicago. She wants "to meet the people of Toronto," many of whom are working in this Society with splendid results.

Mrs. Schenkenwald, of London, Eng., who has been staying for the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Stinson, 134 Tyndall avenue, sailed for home on the R.M.S. Laurentic, 30th September, with her guest, Miss Inez Stinson, who does not expect to return until after the Coronation.

A very smart wedding in St. Paul's, Montreal, last week, was that of Miss Doris Allen, youngest daughter of Mr. A. A. Allen, and Mr. Russell Cowans, of Winnipeg. Rev. Dr. Barclay officiated. The bride's gown was of white satin, velvet, lace and pearls, and her bouquet of white orchids. She wore some lovely pearls, the gift of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Allen. Miss Hazel Allen, a sister, was bridesmaid, in white chiffon over satin, touched with mauve, and the seven bridesmaids wore the same, only relieved with yellow—all carried bouquets of mauve and yellow orchids—and wore picture hats trimmed with ermine. Mr. Douglas Cowans was best man. After the ceremony there was an immense reception at the bride's home, and later on the best man gave a dinner and Horse Show party to the bridal attendants.

The marriage of Miss Kathleen O'Hara, only daughter of Mrs. Robert O'Hara, and Mr. W. A. J. Craig, of Kingston, took place in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, on Tuesday, Sept. 27, Rev. Rural Dean Dobbs, of Brockville, uncle of the bride, and Rev. Canon Starr, officiating. The bride was brought in by her brother, Mr. F. T. C. O'Hara, Dep. Minister of Customs, Ottawa, and looked very handsome in her bridal robe of satin charmeuse with trimmings of Irish lace and pearls. The veil was of tulle, fastened by a wreath of orange blos-

soms and the bouquet of roses and lilies. Two bridesmaids, Miss Rita Cosby, of Toronto, and Miss Kate Craig, sister of the groom, were the bride's attendants with two flower girls, Marion O'Hara, niece of the bride, and Gwynneth Matheson. The bridesmaids wore blue satin with pink roses and picture hats with willow plumes and the little girls were in white mull and lace, with blue ribbons and black velvet hats and carried daisies. Mr. Clive Betts was best man. The ushers were Mr. Geoffrey O'Hara, brother of the bride, who sang "O, Perfect Love" during the signing of the register; Mr. George Smythe, Mr. Ernest Gildersleeve and Mr. W. F. Nickle, K.C., M.P.P. Mrs. O'Hara held a reception after the ceremony, and later on the bride and groom left for Toronto and the West, Mrs. Craig travelling in a navy blue costume with hat to match, relieved with turquoise. This wedding was of much interest to Kingston and Portsmouth people, where the bride's family have resided for several generations.

A report from Australia that Mr. Thomas Tait has resigned his position as chairman of the Government Railway Commission has been in the papers. During his administration, Mr. Tait has reconstructed and revolutionized the whole railway service, and has been a most valuable member of the important board over which he presided. The cable stated that Mr. Tait would come to Toronto to reside.

There is the usual plaint in society this season that there is so little doing for the married people, the bulk of the entertaining and gaiety being for the young set. There are at least fifty young married couples of my acquaintance, who complain of not having dances and evening parties, when they are still fond of them. The idea of a married people's *coterie*, giving four assemblies each winter, has been tried with much success across the line, where, by the way, the married men seem to retain their sprightliness much longer than in Canada. Little dinners precede the assemblies; each hostess asking three or four pairs of her married friends, and the members of the *coterie* taking their turn in entertaining. Suppose there are ten dinners given, with ten or twelve at each dinner (in many cases the dinners are smaller *affaires intimes*) the guests come on to the assembly at 9.30 and the dancing lasts until one o'clock, with a buffet supper at half past eleven. There are at least two places in town where such assemblies could be nicely arranged, so if our married friends really want a good dance now and then they can easily get busy and have it. As to objecting that one doesn't get everything for nothing, as at a private house, or a dance given by some rich host at the fashionable ballrooms, surely Toronto has gotten past such village notions. The Married People's Assemblies are quite the smart thing in some United States cities.

One of the marriages of this autumn will bring back to Toronto, as a bride, a woman of much charm, who officiated as matron of honor at a wedding here some years ago.

Why have several society men sacrificed the hair on their faces? That horrible account of the microbes lurking in the most assiduously tended moustaches seems to have borne fruit, and sometimes the man can stand the shaving well, and sometimes not.

Mrs. Chas. Sampson and her mother, Mrs. Davis, of Rusholme Road, are in England, having sailed last month on the Minnewaska. They intend to spend the winter in Europe. Mrs. Sampson is progressing in her literary work, and has a novel now about ready for publication.

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At the Piano.

With drooping head and parted lips,
And the moonlight on her hair,
My lady sits, while the music drips
From her fingers thin and fair.

My lady sweet, whom I adore,
Though forever lost to me—
Oh, bitter words! no more—no more—
That throb through the minor key.

The plaintive strains that rise and fall
Are like tears of those who part,
And ever under and through them all
Rings the cry of a breaking heart.

—Edith Sessions Tupper.

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Color in Evening Frocks.

IN the evening gowns and wraps designed for early autumn wear Fashion seems to have brought together all her most subtle points of fascination. Each individual costume, at least as represented by the foreign models from which the majority of dressmakers will take their inspiration, is a marvel of beautiful color combinations and effective treatment of materials.

Nothing can be said in authority concerning either colors or fabrics, for anything that is sold at the counters of first-class shops is bound to have in it the desired possibilities. If, however, one is urged to suggest first and second colors they must be the blues that hover around the delft shades and royal purple made popular by the approaching coronation, the influence of which, as a matter of course, is extended to this side of the Atlantic.

Much attention is paid to the foundation of frocks that are veiled, and the majority, it may be said, are veiled either with transparencies or semi-transparencies. In many instances, the foundation is elaborately trimmed and finished, entirely as if it were not to be covered. Then, whatever decoration is given to the outside is oftentimes accomplished without regard to the underneath part, although the result sometimes borders on a mixture that is not altogether successful.

One new scheme shows the underdress decorated as far as the knees, and from there down the same motif continued on the outer fabric. This is best understood from a specific illustration. In a gown that Traversier made for an actress, there is a foundation skirt of white satin, embroidered with sprays of lilies of the valley, each cluster lying against a leaf of its own. At exactly the knee line the over-dress of gray white chiffon cloth, which has been gathered a trifle at the waist, is again gathered, this time into two shirr lines. Below this there is a plain space of a few inches, then an almost solid mass of lilies of the valley and leaves, incorporating the motif of the sprays above it.

Styles in Hair Dressing.

THERE does not seem to be much of a return, as far as fashion goes, to the flat peasant coiffure of last fall. Yet some of the best dressed women continue to wear it, and Paris is rather given over to it.

It may be that it is such a simple mid-summer coiffure, not necessitating roll or puffs or waving, that women have adopted it for comfort.

It is the ideal hot weather hair dressing, but Paris has not been troubled with this kind of weather, which is the one flaw in the argument for its continued popularity.

In America only those who were at the cool resorts could stand even the minimum of artificial hair this summer, for the weather reduced them to the state of caring little what they wore.

The heat and humidity took out even the tightest waves, puffs and swirls raised the temperature about five degrees, and so women went in for simple coiffures that were often unbecoming, a fault which did not trouble their wearers as much as it would under any other kind of weather.

To go back to our mutton, however, the swirl, which means the flat hair dressing of nearly any kind, achieved through any method, is a second style, although it is worn by many well-dressed women.

The high crown is the thing in coiffures. There is a certain sweep and carelessness to the Grecian hairdressing which is really only intended for youthful faces, but which is worn by all.

It is not new, and yet it was not seen last winter in America as much as it was talked about. It is quite true that the high-crowned coiffure was in evidence, but it was not what they are now wearing.

The present style keeps the hair flatter all around the head than the other style did and then swings it into a shower of curls right in the middle of the crown.

Mary Garden dressed her hair in this fashion when she sang "Thais," and wore the wide, strong band of metal with jewels around the head to keep that flat line.

This is the mode that prevails now, and it is much cooler and more comfortable than the monstrous shapes we have followed which called for a feather bed pompadour and dozens of pillows and bolsters in the form of additional puffs.

To a majority of the women the flattening fillet is not becoming. They can wear the classic coiffure if their

unconfined hair is allowed to gently wave away from the forehead. It may be parted in front or at the side, but it must not be held down with an ornamental band.

Yet it is the band, or fillet, that is classic. It is a gorgeous touch to the costume. It is made to match the gown unless it is of cloth of gold or silver, when it is worn with anything.

Banded Skirts Still Popular.

THERE is no abatement in the favor with which banded skirts are regarded. Although controversy over the tight skirt is spirited there seems to be a tacit inclination on the part of all to give the skirt below the knees a scant appearance, however full it may be above.

The plain skirt is an exception, even the plain veiled one. If the decoration is nothing more complicated than an arrangement of the sash, it is there to add its effective touch. Sashes and other ribbon garnitures, by the way, are far from being insignificant this season. Wonderful transformations are obtained through their use. As a rule, there is always a sash, a chou, or a bow to give the desired note, and who ever would have imagined there could be evolved so many different forms of bows?

Lemon color and Nile green were used in a fetching dancing frock in which one of these ribbon garnitures figured. A skirt of lemon tulle was hung over the fourreau of the delicate green, with many tiny gathers evenly distributed around the waist, and at a point midway between knees and ankles the skirt was banded with embroidery running the gamut of greens and yellows, the dark moss tones lending character to the ensemble.

The green embroidered bodice was cut with a deep point at the back, and a similar one in front filled in to give a square décolletage effect with a vest of tulle shirred over the Nile satin.

Then the short kimono sleeves had a band of velvet ribbon of one of the deepest of the moss shades that figured in the embroidery. The girdle or belt was of this velvet also. Girdling the waist in belt fashion, at the centre back, the joining was concealed by a perpendicular bow of double loops. From underneath this there fell a long streamer of the same ribbon, which, meeting another streamer that started from a buckle at one side of the front, was tied carelessly in a bow, the loops and ends hanging limply down.

New Styles in Coats.

CERTAIN fashion makers would like to do away with the coat and skirt suit altogether and leave nothing but entire gowns with separate wraps in the wardrobe. This has been tried time and again as fashions have come and gone during the last generation, but as yet the suit holds its own. But with the present style for entire gowns, separate coats are a necessity. And all kinds and styles are provided. For handsome cloth gowns, velvet, satin, Ottoman silk and even a new handsome taffeta are being used until the weather demands fur. These coats are very long, many of them covering the entire skirt, and having either a scant flowing mantle suggestion or a long straight look that is smart for excellent figures, but to be tested carefully by others before buying. Many of the coats fasten low below the waist and some have a draped arrangement which looks as though they had been drawn about one more or less carelessly.

All collars and revers are huge and a majority of the collars as yet are square at the back. To have the lapels cover the entire front of the coat and extend over onto the sleeves is quite the thing. Many of the lapels are unlined and limp and others are given character enough to hold them in their legitimate shape. Bright linings are back again and some of the newest models are sumptuous with fur and embroidery and passementerie.

Beaded and spangled robes ready to put over satin foundations have come in with an unusual display of shapes and effects. They are all straight and scant, and draped over the models have a Greek simplicity which the best dressmakers will not spoil by over treatment. White beads on black satin or net is one of the present fads and jewelled effects in barbaric colorings with large opaque beads another fancy. Bugles are used in great quantities and the jet, silver and gold effects are all as popular as ever. Fish scale spangled robes too are among the rich models in the new displays.

MURRAY-KAY, LIMITED

(W. A. MURRAY & CO.)

17 to 31 KING STREET EAST



CORSETS

TO this department we give the very special attention its importance deserves. An ample stock of the most approved makes is carried and an expert corset fitter is always in attendance to give information, to advise, to fit, and, if necessary, to have alterations made in the corset decided upon.

THE GOSSARD CORSET

We consider the Gossard to be the most perfect front-lacing Corset made, and one especially adapted for wear under the new tight-fitting dress skirt. It comes with low, medium or high bust, and with medium and extra long hips.

Per Pair \$7.00 and \$8.00

Among other favored makes we show are:

THE MADAME IRENE—In all the newest models—\$5.00, \$6.50, \$7.50, \$8.50, \$10.00.

THOMSON'S GLOVE-FITTING CORSET—Specially adapted for tall, slender figures—\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00.

C. B. A LA SPIRIT CORSET—In this well-known make we carry about twenty different models, so that we can fit all figures—\$1.25 to \$4.50.

P. & D. CORSETS—A complete range, from \$1.50 to \$5.00.

THE "MURIEL"—A Corset made especially for young girls—\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

THE COUTESS CORSET—In short and medium models only—\$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.75.

FERRIS AND H. W. WAISTS—Of these comfortable waists we carry a full line for ladies and children.

CORSET ACCESSORIES

Of Corset Accessories, such as Brassieres, Suspenders, Shields, Pads, Silk and Linen Laces, etc., we carry a full assortment of the most desirable makes.

17 to 31 KING STREET EAST

Cleaning Kid Gloves

The Fall and Winter season of dances and evening entertainments will be in full swing next month. This means kid gloves, which must be frequently cleaned to look well.

We clean gloves and kid slippers as they cannot be cleaned elsewhere. We clean the gloves inside and outside and leave no offensive odor. They last longer, too.

R. PARKER & CO.,
Cleaners & Dyers, Toronto

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The Success of Your Reception or Afternoon Tea

will depend in a great measure upon the character of the catering. Our specialty is Afternoon Teas, Wedding Receptions and general high class trade, which is done in the same careful and artistic manner that has commended our work in "The Metropolitan." Our methods have the full endorsement and co-operation of the Harry Webb Co. Let us submit prices, menus, etc.

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DOMESTIC SERVICE is what you get when you send your laundry to us. Such service implies care of buttons, buttonholes, and collar edges, and a clean, refined finish to your white wear. Put it up to us with a sample parcel. We'll make good. Phone Main 1580.

THE YORKVILLE LAUNDRY
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FEARMAN'S
HAMILTON
Star Brand
BACON
is the best Bacon



SOME SMART AUTUMN MODELS FROM VOGUE.

The tea gown to the left is of palest yellow brocaded poplin, with a chiffon coat of the same tone, trimmed with bronze satin ribbon. The centre panel shows a gown of marine blue silk poplin, and a black chiffon tunic which is left open at the left side and trimmed at the bottom with a band of fur. The evening wrap to the right is of brocaded poplin, in cream color, with collar and cuffs of silver fox.



The Leading Linen Manufacturers of the World

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE PURCHASER

Hand Woven Irish Damasks	2x 2 yds.	\$2.18	2x2 1/2	\$4.00	2x3	\$4.80 ea.	
Hemstitched Damask Tea Cloths	36x36 in.	.38	36x36	.65	50x50	\$1.52 ea.	
Damask Tray Cloths	18x24 in.	.24	18x27	.28	26x45	.53 ea.	
Hemmed Linen Sheets	2x 2 yds.	\$2.90	2 1/2x3	\$3.78	2 1/2x3 1/2	\$4.40 pr.	
Pure Linen Pillow Covers	20x30 in.	.30	22x30	.35	27x37	.40 ea.	
Embroidered Linen Pillow Covers	20x30 in.	\$1.68	22x32	\$1.80	27x37	\$1.56 ea.	
Hand Embroidered Linen Bed	80x90 in.	\$5.40	80x100	\$6.12	90x100	\$6.95 ea.	
Spread	48 in.	Embroidered	.66				
Linen Nightdress Cases—Hemstitched	per doz.	26x36 in.	\$1.75	26x40	\$2.00	26x45	\$3.00
Fringed Bedroom Towels, per doz., Colored ends	22x42	\$1.40	22x45	\$1.92			
	24x42	\$2.73					

Walpole
IRISH LINENS

44v Bedford Street, BELFAST, Ireland

Illustrated Catalogue on receipt of Postcard to WALPOLES,
173 Huron Street, Toronto



What Every Woman Knows

Every woman who uses facial and massage creams knows that most preparations of this kind soon grow rancid and unpleasant to use. This is because they are made on a foundation of fats and grease.

Hay's Lily White Toilet Cream

is a soothing, healing emollient, made from special natural oils, that keep sweet and fresh indefinitely. Delicately perfumed, smooth in texture, and gives wonderful results in freshening and cleansing the skin. Contains no irritant or harmful bleaching agents. LEAVES NO SHINY EFFECT, and more beneficial to the skin and complexion, than any other toilet cream made.

There's SOMETHING DIFFERENT about HAY'S.

JARS, 50c. TUBES, 25c. For sale at PHILLO-HAY SPECIALTIES CO.

For sale and recommended by The T. Eaton Co., Limited

Among the Women Exiles in Siberia

THE stories of suicide of Siberian exiles do not seem surprising when we read the experiences of some of them who have lived to come back. The depressing desolation of the country, the long, dark winters, and the cruelty of the guards and governors, we are told, make death seem kinder than life. Little news reaches the exiles of the success or failure of the revolutionary schemes for which they and their comrades have risked their lives, save when a court sentence or administrative order, in distant Russia, sends some one from the centre of activity to share their fate. Yet, in spite of their hardships, the exiles stand by each other with courage, and work out many plans of mutual assistance.

According to Rose Strunsky, who has known many of them intimately, the prisoners have started benefit associations, soup kitchens, and even small libraries. Upon the women more than the men does the privations come hard, in the nature of

ness in the touch of their hands, and such tenderness hanging around the eyes and mouth! They never addressed each other but with the sacred word of "comrade" and "my dear one." There was an intangible atmosphere of fellowship and love in the room. Some one cooked for some one else; a little working girl was taught the Russian grammar by a student from Moscow and all were soft-voiced and loving.

In Akatoui, the penal colony, which now takes the place of Kara, where this Austrian girl was going, is one Marie Spiridonova, whose beauty is so great that the reports always read: "That though showing proofs of all she had undergone, her great beauty is not really marred." This young girl had taken it upon herself to mete out justice to the governor-general of Tomboy, for having gone through that province with fire and sword. He would order peasants to be whipped, keeping them tied for two or three weeks lying on the floors in barns and taking them out each day to be whipped again, until death relieved them. The bench where the whipping was

noted for her wondrous beauty. She was tall, pale, with gray eyes, and much dark hair. In Finland, where she had gone to see to the transportation of dynamite into Russia, she dressed well, for she acted as a bride touring the country with her husband. A few nights before their return into Russia, she swept into a concert room in a long train and many furs, looking so much like some gracious queen that the eyes of the whole concert followed her. Her husband was one they called "the Bear." He was leader of the December uprising in Moscow, and of the attempts against Stolypin and Durnovo. Both returned to Russia, and he was trapped by a spy dressed as a beggar, who knew "the Bear's" habits of never refusing alms. When he stopped to give him a coin, the beggar threw his arms around him and held him till the gendarmes came up. That was on a Saturday afternoon, and by sunrise he was hanged. Poor Natasha Klinova walked through the streets of St. Petersburg in despair and anguish, with tears running down her face. She made no attempt to hide. She was arrested on the streets and also condemned to death. Rumor had it that, although the "Bear" was ostensibly the leader of his group, it was really Natasha's great executive gift which carried out all his plans. She was sentenced for helping to organize the attempt against Stolypin, but as she was the daughter of a governor-general, the sentence was commuted to fifteen years' hard labor in chains. She is the first woman and the only one in chains.

Her name, Natasha Klinova, was carved on the prison table in firm, heavy strokes. She had made the start for the Great Siberian Road a few weeks before.

And this is the value of Siberia to the world—that though there are men and women who will do injustice there are, also, men and women who will not suffer it; and that as long as the autocracy of Russia shall exist, so long will Siberia remain the school, the home, the fatherland of the Russian people.

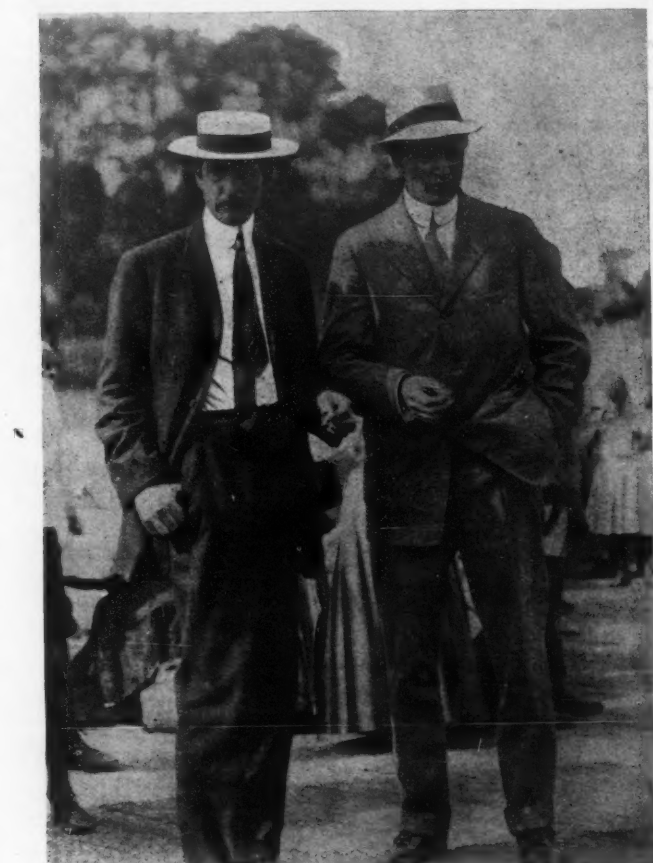
THE new dairyman had been given instructions that the lady at No. 75 was inclined to find fault. But she was a good customer, and he was on no account to be rude to her. "Those eggs you left here yesterday were stale," grunted Mrs. 75, on the dairyman's second visit. "Them heggys," responded the dairyman blandly, "was laid 'arf an hour before you 'ad 'em by special, quick-laying birds imported from the Mooly Womps Isles, marm, an' they come down ter this very house by Marconigram, so as yer should get 'em fresh. A bit of a twangy flavor they may 'ave; but you can lay odds, marm, they weren't stale." Mrs. 75 gasped. "Well, the milk didn't seem as good as usual yesterday, either," she pursued. "Well, the guv'nor will be cut up when 'e 'ears that!" continued the dairyman. "E sent down to Halderney a-purpose for a cow wot'll eat nothin but peaches an' pineapples. 'Never mind the expenses' sezee. 'This 'ere cow we keeps a-purpose fer the lady at 75; an' mind it sleeps on a feather bed at nights,' 'e sez, 'an' don't forgit the heiderdown quilt an' the bed socks.' Was there anything wrong wi the butter, marm?" But Mrs. 75 shook her head, breathless.

A TRAINED ostrich recently disconcerted its exhibitor at a music hall by continually endeavoring to break away all restraint and to climb over the footlights into the orchestra. The widely advertised act came to a sudden end, and the professor emerged from behind the curtain and apologized for the actions of his pet in about these words: "Lydies and gentlemen—Hi ham very sorry to disappoint you this evening. We are compelled to cease our hengagement until the management hengages a new orchestra leader. The one at present hemployed 'ere 'as no 'air on top of 'is 'ead and my bird takes it for a hegg."

There is another woman in Akatoui, Natasha Klinova, who, too, was



Sportsman (who has handed his flask to the stalker to celebrate the death of the stag): "Won't you have the cup?"
Stalker: "I'll no require it, thank ye. My mouth just hauds a glass."
—Punch.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

TWO ARCTIC HUNTERS.

Harry Whitney, to the left, and Paul J. Rainey, snapped while watching the unloading at New York Zoological Park of the polar bears and musk oxen they captured alive in the Arctic.

things, yet how cheerful they are, and how devoted; says Miss Strunsky in *The Forum*:

In the writer's two days in prison, it was discovered that there were certain "rights" she did not receive. As a foreigner, she should not have been imprisoned at all, without an explanation; and she ought not to be eating prison food, but hospital food, at least. The request for hospital food was made, and granted, but on condition that it be paid for, which, of course, would not be getting it as a "right." Unfortunately, she was freed before the matter had been fought out. In this same room, most of the panes in the windows were broken. "The winter is coming soon; how does it happen that the window-panes are broken?" the girls were asked.

"Oh, they will be put in for us. We only broke them the other day." And then they added, by way of explanation: "You see, one of the girls, who was taking her walk in the yard, was called to go up to the gendarmerie. The warder thought she did not go fast enough, and took her by the hand roughly, and pulled her. Of course, we broke every window in the prison. We can't have personal violence here."

The most striking thing about these women was the love and tenderness they bore to one another, and their great personal beauty. The Russian woman revolutionist is not in her element on the streets. She hurries along in a little black serge skirt—the inevitable pockets bulging with literature—and a short black jacket and fur cap; uncorseted, bent forward, her hair first braided and then pinned low on her neck; with an intense manner, as if she were in great anxiety not to miss the Czar and throw the bomb. She needs a prison to show her off.

The room we were in seemed full of beautiful nymphs and dryads, because of their hair, which they wore in long braids that fell over their shoulders, or opened loose and tied back on the head with a ribbon, like little English school girls. Their bodies were lithe and supple, and showed strongly underneath their little waists and skirts. And such gentle-

EATON'S

Learn to Know Oriental Rugs



No better way than to haunt our rug section for the next few weeks. All the various styles, each full of symbolic and historic meaning, are spread in rich profusion for your enjoyment.

Take the Persian Section for Example

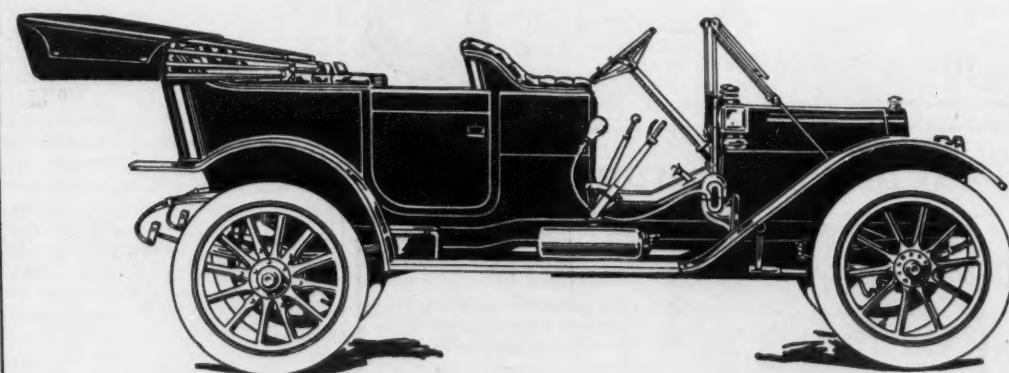
There are **Kemansha** carpets that are splendid examples of the Persian garden themes; brooks and mosaics, trees, flowers and animals in endless and exquisite mazes, to furnish a lifetime of pleasure. They show 16th century modifications, from Italian influences strangely felt in far Persia. Prices for rugs averaging 4 feet 3 in. by 6 feet, are **\$5.00 to \$75.00**. Larger sizes, per square foot, about... **\$25.00**.

There are **Mesceds**, heavier in weave and color, with soft reds, blues and ivory in their medallion centres and borders full of long lines. As an illustration of price, one 9-2 x 12-10, costs **\$200.00**.

SAROUKS, of much finer work, in exquisite blues, terracottas and cream tints, showing tiny figures and beautiful silky surfaces. One 7-3 x 10-2, costs **\$175.00**.

KESHANS, the finest grade of all, are represented by many fine specimens, each a study in itself, with its fish, flowers, trees, etc., in the inextricable confusion of carefully elaborated patterns. One, 9-10 x 13 feet, **\$650.00**.

The **Season's Find in Persian Rugs** was a consignment of home pieces, rugs not intended for export, but which found their way into the market during the recent revolution. We have never seen this collection surpassed and would advise all rug lovers to give it a visit before the pieces are dispersed. They include Keshans, Bokharas, Kemanshes, Shiraz, Ferahans, Sinnehs, Sarouks, Ispehans, etc., at prices ranging from **\$40.00 to \$250.00**.



The Pleasure and Satisfaction of Owning a Prize Car

is one of the lesser reasons for buying a Chalmers. The winning of the 1910 Glidden Tour Trophy was one of many prolonged and severe tests for speed and endurance to which the Chalmers has been subjected. At the same time the makers have spared no effort to make it one of the most comfortable and handsome motor cars.

The Chalmers "30" model for 1911 is the same in all important details as the car that won the trophy. The motor is splendidly built, the control is simple, and the running gear up to grade. Upholstery and springs make the Chalmers always comfortable, even on rough roads.

The cost of the Chalmers "30" Tourist Car shown is \$2,275.00, although the quality of materials and workmanship would seem to warrant a much higher figure.

The Chalmers Motor Car approaches the Ideal. All technical features explained upon request.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, CALL AT GARAGE, ALBERT STREET.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED



IT looks at the time of writing as though the dividend on the preferred stock of the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation was passed for the present. For the purposes of this article, it matters very little whether it is passed or not, inasmuch as the last statement of the company was not very reassuring. It only needs \$131,250 per year to pay the 7 per cent. on the \$1,875,000 preferred stock, and as there were indications that the dividend was barely being earned, and the company could make good use of the money, it would probably be the part of wisdom to keep the cash instead of paying it out in dividends. The industrial end of the concern seems to be flourishing enough and it would seem as though there should never be any trouble earning the \$375,000 necessary to pay the 5 per cent. on the \$7,500,000 bonds. As for the \$8,125,000 common stock, the unfortunate holders had better forget that they have it, and it will cause them less worry during the next few years.

This Asbestos episode has been a rather discouraging one for Canadian financiers, and even more discouraging for those who entered into the subscription agreement—details of which were reviewed on this page three weeks ago. It has also been discouraging for those who bought the common stock at 25 or 30 or higher and are now being offered 5 or 10 for it, according to how buyers may feel over the matter. Mention might also be made of those who bought preferred stock in the vicinity of par and bonds not far below, and who could probably not get 50 for the preferred to-day. As to the bonds, they are good, but the general feeling over the matter and the uncertainty as to the attitude which the Royal Trust will adopt towards the subscribers affects the whole situation.

When this Asbestos underwriting was offered the Canadian public, it was offered under such excellent auspices that if the public was not impressed it would be hard to impress them with anything. The names of the Bank of Montreal and Bank of Commerce were freely used as being in some way associated—though just what that association was is now hard to recall—while the Royal Trust Co. showed how it felt about the matter by agreeing to carry the bonds upon receipt of 20 per cent. from the subscribers at the time of purchase and a like sum at the time the preferred stock bonus was sold or withdrawn from its custody. In addition to this, there was an array of names which could not fail to impress in even a larger and more experienced community, these being: Mr. E. B. Greenshields, president; Hon. Robert Mackay, vice-president (both of Montreal); Howard Ellery Mitchell, Philadelphia, second vice-president; Henry M. Whitnev, Boston; Richard V. Mattison, M.D., Ambler, Pa.; Thomas McDougall, Quebec; Harry A. Berwind, C. H. Kuhn and Theodore W. Cramp, all of Philadelphia; William McMaster and Hugh A. Allan, of Montreal; Hon. Jas. M. Beck, R. H. Martin of New York, and H. H. Melville of New York. Almost all these men were well known in Canada and the Eastern States; all the Canadians and most of the Americans were bank directors, and all were experienced business men. There have been very few changes in the directorate, E. B. Greenshields having, however, recently resigned the presidency and Dr. Mattison having dropped off the board, Percy Cowans and John M. McIntyre being added.

THIS was the first of the big mergers. Asbestos suddenly loomed up gigantically on the horizon. The Amalgamated got the pick of the asbestos country in Quebec, and that means the pick of the world, so it is said. Mines which had been paying modestly were to be made to pay handsomely. The whole industry was to be organized. Economies of great significance were to be instituted, new machinery was to be installed and extensions and developments were to be made.

All this was true and all has been done. But something has gone wrong, and at the present moment a really great industry is in discredit. People wag their heads and say, "I told you so." Other asbestos stocks very naturally feel the effect of the situation, and even stocks which have no connection with asbestos but which belong to the merger classification seem also to be acting in sympathy. In fact, it might even be said that the whole market is more or less affected and is looking askance.

The only reason I can see for this is that there are a great many stocks of one kind and another in the hands of the public which are of the kind known as "watered" and which have not yet demonstrated their earning power. These are still, in effect, being carried on margin, the holders not having yet been able to purchase them outright and put them away as an investment. Hence, the holders are largely subject to the good will of the banks, trust companies and financial concerns who are carrying the securities. So long as these are prepared to carry the load, all will go well. But the moment they conclude to call them up in whole or in part, there will be disturbance, no matter how successful or splendid the industry on which they are based.

The question is, what will the banks do?

And to add to the rigors of the situation as it appears to-day the syndicate of underwriters has just notified the subscribers to the Amalgamated pooled bonds that a call of ten per cent. will become forthwith payable to the Royal Trust Company.

For my part, I really do not see how they can do anything. I think they will have to carry their end so long as a reasonable margin is maintained. It is a certainty that the institutions which financed these deals have some moral responsibility in the matter of flotations, inasmuch as the flotations could not have been made had they not facilitated the matter by agreeing to carry the securities. Of course, the public were fools in all probability to undertake purchases or underwritings which they were unable to pay for. But the fact is they have done so, and if they did not do so the banks, trust companies and other financial institutions would never be able to make the profits they do. To ask the purchasers to take up their obligations would simply be to ask them to perform an impossibility. They could not do it without help. The very suggestion that the subscribers to the Amalgamated Asbestos bonds held in the pool by the Royal Trust Co. were likely to be called in whole or part made those bonds practically

unsaleable. It did more—it frightened the holders of other securities carried in a somewhat similar manner.

This is a case where harsh measures cannot be employed without precipitating conditions which would unsettle the whole market and which in the long run would probably have an injurious effect upon the banks and trust companies themselves. These latter will in any case fulfil their agreements, thus discharging their legal obligations. On a question of moral obligation, there may be a dispute; but the economic effect upon the country and upon the banks and trust companies is not affected by arguments or disputes. It is inevitable and must be reckoned with.

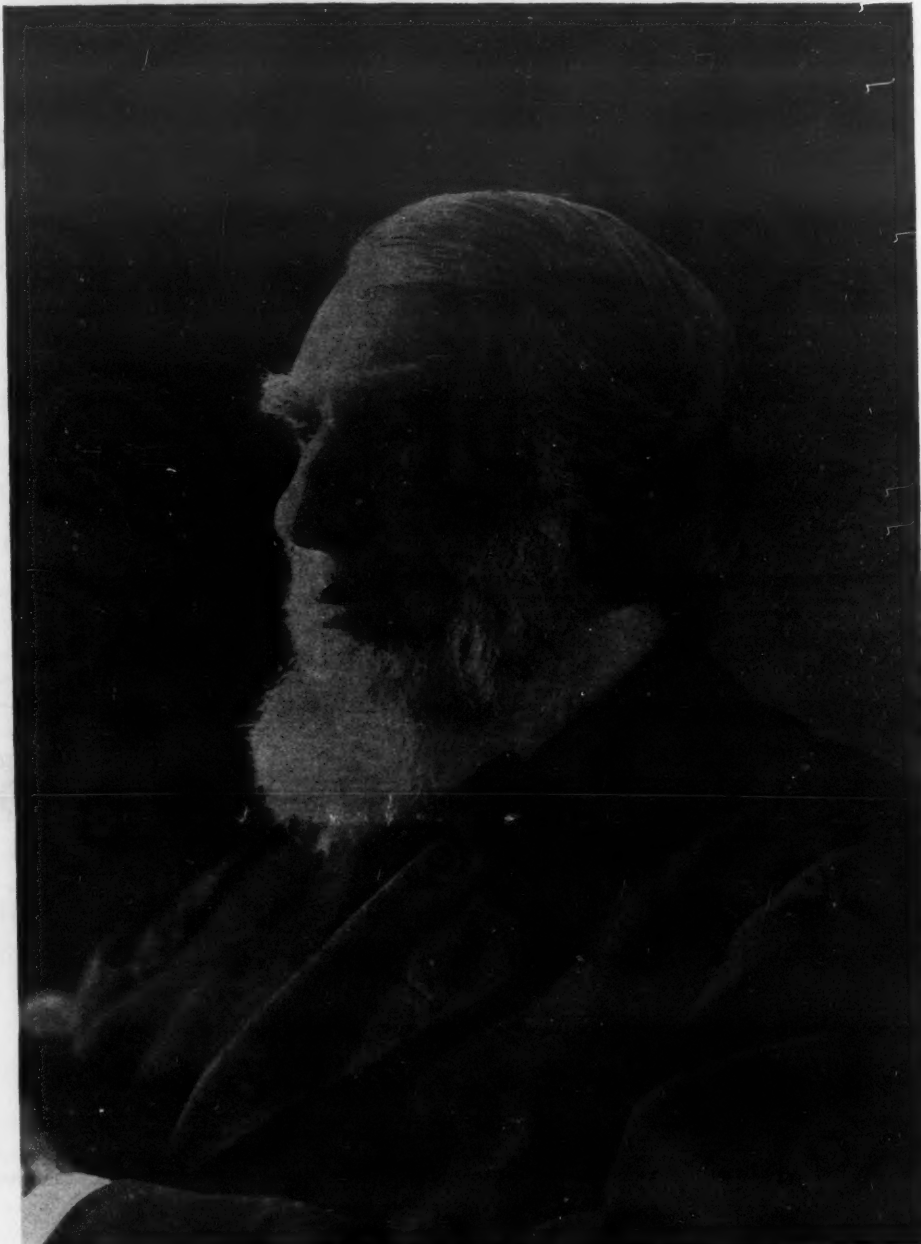
MESSRS. CRAMP, MITCHELL & SHOBER, of Philadelphia, the syndicate managers, who were to have disposed of the bonds for the subscribers and who failed

not be given to their methods. At any rate Mr. Plummer, in a public statement some months ago, intimated that some sort of substitute might be granted.

Canada is interested in knowing what the object of cancelling these bounties may be, if it is true that the Government is to grant a substitute.

Let us see what these bounties have been costing the country. During the year ended March 31, 1909, the following payments were made:

Algoma Steel Co.	\$ 304,789
Dominion Iron and Steel	1,067,529
Nova Scotia Steel and Coal	130,375
Hamilton Steel and Iron Co.	252,311
Canada Iron Furnace (Midland)	39,968
Canada Iron Furnace (Radnor Forges)	3,743
John McDougall & Co.	3,374
Lake Superior Iron and Steel	45,890
Ontario Iron and Steel	6,887



J. R. BOOTH, CANADA'S LUMBER KING.

The career of Mr. Booth is replete with interest. By shrewdness and hard work this veteran has amassed a fortune the exact extent of which is not known. He is still young enough to mount quickly to the top of a load of lumber, a feat he performed recently in Ottawa in order to gain a vantage point from which to address his workmen who had gathered to thank him for a bit of payroll beneficence. On an inside page of the Financial Section will be found an article written about J. R. Booth, the first of a weekly series on "Millionaire Men of Ottawa."

so to do, have not communicated with the subscribers since the communication which was referred to on this page three weeks ago. They have no power to extend the pool beyond the end of this month, however, so that the subscribers should hear further details ere long. It will be interesting to learn what the Philadelphia firm has to say and also to learn what expenses have been added to the owners of the pooled bonds by the syndicate managers' efforts to market them. The whole incident, together with the present market position of the securities, might or might not have been avoided under a capitalization which would have borne some reasonable relation to earnings. But it does seem that had the securities end been managed with as much circumspection as has been shown in some of the more purely Canadian flotations the situation need not have been as it is at present. With a board of directors such as the company has, it would appear that some action must be taken before long which will have the effect of placing the premier securities, at least, in a better position.

THE recent easiness of the stock of the Dominion Steel Corporation on the Stock Exchanges has again given rise to some discussion concerning the probable attitude of the Government concerning the granting of concessions to take the place of the bounties which expire at the end of this year, and at the end of next June. It is said that representations are being made to Ottawa by Mr. Plummer and others and that there is reason to hope that something in the nature of increased duties or tariff concessions will be obtained. There is reason to believe that efforts are, also, being made by other iron and steel companies to impress the Government with the importance of extending assistance of some nature to take the place of the bounties which are about to expire. One of the companies has had a very able man at work for some time, although, when the shouts of the West began to be heard, some of his recent efforts must have seemed singularly inopportune.

It does not seem that any very great effort is being made by the companies to observe secrecy concerning their hopes in the direction mentioned, although publicity may

Canada Iron Corporation (Midland)	9,296
Canada Iron Corporation (Drummondville)	432
Total	\$1,864,614

There was much talk a year ago or so of the success of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. in capturing an export order in competition with the steel companies of the world, for some of its product—possibly steel rails. Mr. Plummer was reported as stating at that time that the order was taken at a price which gave back a profit. That being the case, it is a little difficult to see any reason why governmental assistance should even be asked for, let alone granted.

Now that the Government, through the Hon. Mr. Fielding, has taken the step of cancelling the bounties, or of permitting them to expire, it is incomprehensible why another means should be taken to render equally costly aid.

How can these payments, made either in the shape of bounties or in any other form, be excused?

The answer would, of course, deal with the position of "struggling industries," or as they used to be called, "infant industries," and it will probably be asserted that were it not for this assistance they would have to close down altogether.

Well, and what then? Are not industries closing down in Canada, and the world over, every day, which could be resuscitated and made to flourish by the transference to them of Government funds? If it is a good thing for the Government to keep the iron and steel industries operating by acting as a clearing house for the transference to them of the moneys earned by other concerns, should it not also be a good thing for the Government to act in a similar capacity for the assistance of all "struggling" concerns?

IF wealth can be created or added to the country by transferring funds from the profit-earning concerns to the profit-losing concerns, the Government must have been strangely lax all these years in not putting the system into general effect and making us all prosperous.

The truth is that wealth cannot be so created. Transference is not production or creation, else would there be an end to further productive effort and to labor. Ac-

countancy would lose its significance. A losing department could be made into a big revenue producer by the simple means of crediting it with profits earned by other departments. But the object of accountancy is to find out what is not being operated at a profit in order that we may close up the losing departments and spend our efforts on the paying ones.

Suppose that the concerns enumerated above would have lost \$1,864,614 by the year's operations had they not received this sum in bounties (this is the theory upon which its payment is generally excused), does any thinking man suppose that it was better for Canada to pay them the sum and keep them operating than to let them close up?

It is a simple problem in arithmetic. The manufacturing cost—the actual cost of production, mark you, which was put down on the books in black and white—was such and such an amount. When the product was sold, it realized \$1,864,614 less than cost. Did that or did it not represent a loss? Of course it did. Then the iron and steel industry of Canada was operated at a loss. Could any manipulation alter the fact that it was operated at a loss? Absolutely none. It cost so much to produce, and the goods sold for so much, and nothing could alter the fact. The industry could be kept going by donations from some other source. But as a business transaction, would anyone be fool enough to imagine that it paid him to operate a business or a department of a business at a loss, and could any legislator be fool enough to imagine that the principles of business altered where Government instead of private companies were concerned. Government donations to private businesses and companies do not convert losses into profits, but simply shift the losses onto the shoulders of the public.

However, if it is agreed that Government is to render assistance to private concerns in order that they may continue to do business at a loss and thereby make the country prosperous, it were much better for us all that this assistance were given in the least expensive manner—that is, in the shape in which it has been given in the past. So far as can be seen at the moment, the only other manner in which it could be given or is likely to be given—if given at all—would be through increased duties. Now, why make the change at all?

If industries or companies of any nature are to be given assistance, surely that assistance should be given in the least costly manner. I cannot imagine any less costly and more honest manner of giving this assistance than through bounties. The payment is direct, the book-keeping is but slight, false swearing becomes of small advantage, and over and above all this, the general public is in no sense inconvenienced—other than in providing the moneys to make the payments.

Compare this with the other system—that of tariffs and duties. The payment is indirect and round-about, a costly staff of custom-house clerks and officials is necessitated, to say nothing of the enormous staff employed in the offices of the various business houses on work occasioned by the tariff alone. Then there is the trouble and expense to the shipper of the goods, and the delays to the receiver, to say nothing of the inconvenience to the travelling public.

As between continuing to pay these firms a bonus or giving them the money in any other manner, the bonus is certainly less costly to the country and it has this additional advantage that we know just what we are paying.

Of course, it will be quite satisfactory if the Government permits the bounties to expire and refuses to give the money in any other manner—and, as a matter of fact, any other course would savor of an effort to deceive the country into the idea that because the bounties had been cancelled the iron and steel industry was no longer a drain on the productive effort of Canada.

THROUGH an injudicious admixture of race-ry and financial argument, Mr. Henri Bourassa recently invited battle on ground where the sun was shining direct into his eyes. An article in "Le Devoir" called upon the French-Canadians to support their own banks and financial institutions instead of encouraging foreign institutions and placing deposits in banks whose directors were indifferent to the destiny of the French-Canadians. In this manner the article rambled along, the writer being either ignorant or careless of the results of the acceptance of his challenge upon his compatriots and upon his fellow citizens of other races—if he would deign to include other races as fellow citizens.

It apparently never occurred to the writer of the article that the people who were behind the institutions against which he desired to have his compatriots discriminate might retaliate by discriminating against him and his compatriots. In this he was quite safe. These institutions are managed by men of affairs who know little and care less of the valiant Henri's race-ry and would neither know nor care whether a depositor or a borrower was a French-Canadian or a Canadian of other descent. But suppose that "Le Devoir" unfortunately had sufficient influence to excite fellow countrymen to indulge in reprisals upon each other, what would be the result? Would the banks and other financial institutions which bear English names feel the loss of French-Canadian deposits a bit more than the French-Canadian people would feel the withdrawal of the credit and accommodation these banks are able to give them?

It was fitting that the article should receive its rebuke from one of those whom it was, presumably, designed to benefit. Hon. J. D. Rolland, who has just been elected to the position of president of the Bank of Hochelaga, in place of the recently deceased F. X. St. Charles, publicly took "Le Devoir" to task. This will probably be remembered as one of the first acts of the new president. He said that nothing could be more prejudicial to French-Canadian interests than articles of the nature referred to and he expressed the indignation of French-Canadian business interests in general upon reading the article.

Henri Bourassa may be all right in the political arena with his narrow little race-ry, but if he wants to talk commerce, finance and economics he will have to drop it and pull his fist out from behind his back and shake hands all round.

Economist

Detroit United earnings for the third week of September showed the fine increase of \$35,295; from January 1 the gain is \$1,013,700.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of 2 1/2% has been declared on the Preferred Stock of Maple Leaf Milling Company, Limited, for the current half year, payable October 18th, 1910, to shareholders of record October 4th, 1910. Transfer Books will be closed from October 4th to October 17th, inclusive.

By order of the Board,
J. CARRICK,
Secretary.



W. J. J., Calgary: The total nominal share capital of the City Dairy Company, head office Toronto, Ont., is divided as follows: preferred stock \$700,000, common, \$565,000 par value in each case \$100. The company was formed in 1901 and A. E. Ames & Co. made the offering of shares. The directors consist of A. E. Ames, president; S. J. Moore, vice president; Charles E. Potter, J. N. Shenstone, J. L. Spink, Fred H. Deacon, George Weston, Robert Kilgour, and T. E. Robertson, all of Toronto. To secure a copy of the last annual report, address the Secretary, Toronto, or Messrs. A. E. Ames & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

E. C. R., Toronto, asks for information respecting the Caille Perfection Motor Company, of Detroit.

I am informed by a member of the Detroit Board of Commerce that the Caille Brothers have been in business in that city for many years. They manufacture slot machines and are also backing the Caille Perfection Motor Co. My informant tells me that the company seems to be going along all right and expanding to some extent. I imagine therefore if you take up the matter of which you write, with the company, that you should be able to secure satisfaction. If you do not, write in again to this column.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Some time ago, through the influence of a Toronto University professor, I invested some money in the Bateese Mines, Limited, for which Ross & Holmstead, in the National Trust Chambers, 20 King Street East, Toronto, are trustees. Since sending the cash a year ago, I have had no word from the concern except in the form of delivered stock certificates. Will you be good enough to tell me through your column what the Bateese mines are doing?

V. W. O., Winnipeg.

Bateese, which is situated in James township, is closed down, whether temporarily or permanently remains to be seen. The place is flooded with water at the present time, and there's nothing in the treasury to pay for the work of clearing it. That looks like the familiar skeleton of Cobalt prospecting. As a matter of fact, however, whether Bateese has silver or not of any commercial value, this proposition looks clean compared to some of them. I understand that only a comparatively small number of shares were sold to the public, and that all the money received from these sales went into actual work at the prospect, and that in addition more money than came in from the sale of shares was spent in the same way. From the number of surface veins encountered I would class Bateese as being a genuine prospect, and what is the matter with it at the present time is that the gang of Cobalt fakers there pushed their work to such an extent that the average man would soon think of advancing money to float a Bee Trust as he would to develop a Cobalt prospect. I am told that only treasury shares in Bateese were sold to the public, instead of promotion shares, so that if these statements are correct, Bateese has so far "stung" no one. I don't know whether it will resume operation or not; neither does anyone else know. Write C. B. Murray, No. 8 Colborne Street, Toronto, for further information.

Reader, Galt, Ont.: Otisse is pretty much of a dead one. Development has produced nothing worth while, and I would not look on shares in this as constituting even an ordinary gamble. Too many chances against you; a case where only the dealer wins.

Toronto, Sept. 28th, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

As a subscriber to your interesting paper since its first issue, I beg to inquire if you would enlighten me with many others on the reason that gave rise to the introduction of the Hydro-Electric System in this province, and why our Provincial Legislature indorses that system so strongly, after having granted franchises to various private companies throughout the Province for the same class of business.

There are hundreds like myself who invested their money in the stock of these companies, believing it would be a sound investment, approved by the Government of the Province in the issue of a charter, and why these stock holders should be put to the serious loss that appears to be looming up, is something I cannot understand, so must await the information from you. I cannot believe that Mr. Whitney and his colleagues would sacrifice the rights of all these stockholders in order to obtain some advantage over the original promoters of Niagara power, or even for obtaining cheaper light and power for the Province, but probably they intend to recoup the stock holders for any loss they may incur by their action.

STOCKHOLDER.

The issue raised here is one that cannot be adequately discussed, save at length. The issue of a charter to a company on the part of a Government to enable the concern to do business within the territory, does not obligate the Government to do much more in the way of fostering the enterprise. Possibly the final result of the operation of the Beck Hydro-Electric cheap power service will be to put certain light and power companies out of business; possibly it will not. The corporations that have money invested in power and light concerns are going to put up a good stiff campaign to secure business, and one cannot tell at this stage of the game what the position will be five years hence. If the companies in the field are enabled to expand and to serve a larger clientele at less expense, giving cheaper rates, the earning power of these companies will put the quotation value of the shares where they properly belong. There are vast possibilities in the electrical situation within this province in the next five or ten years, and I don't profess to know how the cat is going to jump. If the Government scheme takes hold from the start and looms pretty big, you may see an Ontario merger of the main group of the incorporated companies—organized for business. The time is not yet that the Beck power propaganda has destroyed the credit of the big companies. Possibly the most unfortunate element in the situation is the tendency observed to array one section of citizens of the province as users of the forthcoming Beck light and power against other groups of equally established citizens of the same province, who, as shareholders of the power and light companies, are stigmatized as the "vested rights" crowd. Sir James Whitney had little or nothing to do originally with the process of helping nurse along the Hydro-Electric project when its knees wobbled. Hon. Adam Beck was the promoter of the enterprise to utilize Niagara power for the benefit of the

They've Got Scheffels & Co.

Last week the federal authorities of the United States engineered and carried out simultaneous raids on the offices of Scheffels & Co. in Broad Street, New York; in Providence, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago and Milwaukee. The officers copied off Scheffels himself and they also raked in that interesting personality known as George Graham Rice, the ex-convict, whose real name is Simon Herzog. Both were held in heavy bail. Readers of Toronto Saturday Night will recollect that some months back the financial section contained a page exposure of Scheffels & Co., and it is to be hoped that the Canadian victims of this firm are not many. Their pet was Ely Central copper, but they handled so-called mines, and conducted a heavy advertising campaign. Estimates of the firm's dealings are placed as high as \$5,000,000.

people of the province. As I said before, I don't think the Beck scheme will put the other companies out of business. If it does, then the time will be ripe for considering whether shareholders are entitled to any special consideration or whether they are not from the people that got up the rival business.

It is the opinion of Edward Epps & Company, New York curb brokers, that the time is opportune to buy Cobalt Central. They send out a circular of August 5 date, advising this purchase.

I cannot too often sound a general warning against the wisdom of taking up any proposition that comes along through the medium of a curb broker of New York or elsewhere. If by any chance you get your name on their list—on the "sucker list." I would suggest a liberal use of the waste paper basket.

Hamilton, Sept. 27th, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

I have not seen anything further in the columns of "SATURDAY NIGHT" regarding your exposure of the "blind pool" operated by C. D. Sheldon, of Montreal. Has Mr. Sheldon "made good," or was his threat of action the quietus?

The intimation received by Saturday Night of an intention on the part of C. D. Sheldon to have recourse to the courts to end criticism levelled at his blind pool was followed by further disclosures in this paper as to the nature of this blind pool. It might be just as well the next time you send a communication to a newspaper, to sign your name on the bottom, merely as an evidence of good faith.

The Montreal Star is devoting some space to Sheldon and his blind pool. This Montreal newspaper prints an article containing one of the letters sent out to prospective "customers" by Sheldon, in which he claims that he has made very large profits for 3,000 people within the last few months. The Star says that every trader and broker that has been following the market for years throws up his hands when he hears of the alleged Sheldon profits. The Star adds that up to a week ago Sheldon did a good deal of his trading in a bucket shop.

G. M., Merriton, Ont.: I rather think I would continue to hold Black Lake bonds and preferred stock as you can't get out in this market without a loss.

Butte, Montana, Sept. 25, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Kindly advise me in what standing with your government is "The Chicago Alberta Oilfield Limited Co.,"? Would appreciate an answer at your early convenience.

D. E.

I might reply with another question: what standing has Ely Central with the United States Government? I may say that the glories of the Chicago-Alberta Co. have been alluded to more than once in Saturday Night. If it ever makes any money for anyone except the promoters, I will be vastly surprised.

Bracebridge, Sept. 22, 1910.

Editor Gold and Dross:

Do you consider the Maple Leaf Milling Co. preferred a good investment?

BILLIKEN.

Maple Leaf looks good to me, I must admit, and a great many people have been buying preferred shares of late on the theory that there is nothing cheaper offering on the market than a preferred stock which can be bought under or about par, \$100, and which is already on a 7 per cent. dividend basis. The first half-yearly dividend on this stock is payable October 15 to holders of record of October 4.

Edmonton, Alta., Sept. 28, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

I shall be glad if you will give me any information you can as to the Hubbard-Elliott Copper Mine and the Ventura Oil Development Company.

H. P.

I don't know the first, and the second is a plain gamble.

Winnipeg, Sept. 29, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Kindly give what information you have with reference to management and also prospects of Combined Goldfields, Ltd., and Searchlight Larder Lake Mines, Ltd.

W. M. H.

Right from the start I haven't been able to say anything complimentary about Combined Goldfields and the whole Larder Lake proposition, and the fact that a man signing himself "An Agent and Director," tries to sell you shares at ten cents, with a bonus, in order to get together the magnificent sum of \$15,000 for mine development, does not place the matter in any better light to me. I have no intention of hurting any prospect that's trying to mine, but I would not put a cent of money into shares at ten cents each, nor for that matter, ten cents per bushel.

J. H. M., St. Mary's, Ont., writes me with reference to Canadian Gas Power and Launches, Ltd. On the strength of a prospectus which stated that after eight years of operation that the company had more than doubled its business within the last two years, she bought shares three years ago. The statement forwarded J. H. M. led her to believe that the net profits for the past three years had been between twenty and thirty per cent. of the capital invested. Dividends on the preferred stock, J. H. M. was informed, were at the rate of ten per cent. per annum up to July 31 three years ago, this dividend being reduced to seven per cent. "owing to the volume of business having far outstripped the working capital."

The Bank of British North America, London, E.C., was given to Mrs. J. H. M. as a reference.

The circular offering to the public \$150,000 of preference shares pointed out that these shares were an investment, not a speculation, and Donald J. MacKinnon, a director, used red-ink phrases to emphasize the fact that when an industrial company got on a good earning basis that the holder would never part with his shares, till death reaped him.

Tipping into a beautiful booklet containing leaves of crinkled paper about the color of parchment, each page boxed with a red border, and the matter printed in large black type, with occasional lines in red, Mrs. J. H. M. was easily persuaded that here at last was a good thing, a real good thing, safe as a church, and certain to return fat profits.

So she took shares.

Three years passed.

No dividends.

Apparently no reason why there should be any dividends, for on June 2, 1910, at Osgoode Hall, Geo. O. Alcorn, Master-in-Ordinary, advertised that under the terms of the Winding-Up Act that he would proceed forthwith to appoint a permanent liquidator for the company.

Mr. Alcorn has appointed John Mackay & Co., Ltd., Toronto, liquidators, and Mr. Mackay writes me that the winding up order has been issued, but that the business has continued since the order was issued and the liquidation has not been proceeded with. Later on I expect to have figures from Mr. Mackay which will show what shareholders are going to get out of the smash.

The moral would appear to be: You never can tell.

V. H., London. I have not been able to obtain any definite information as to Black Rock Mining Company. If you can supply me with the location of the property and the names of officers I may dig something up for you.

CAPITAL - - - - - \$4,000,000
RESERVE FUND - - - \$5,000,000
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What explains the break in the rubber prices and in the rubber-share boom, the London Economist asks, and how is the future to be judged in each? The answer is, by the future of yet another boom. In America, "the automobile craze has had a severe check. Banks everywhere are discriminating against making loans where the purchase of an automobile is the object of the would-be borrower, and land, building, and loan associations are following a like course; and the United States, as rubber men cannot too often be reminded is by far the most important factor in consumption."

As reflecting the heaviness of security prices at London, the Bankers' Magazine of that city points out that 387 representative issues, between July 20 and August 10 last suffered a depreciation of £10,399,000. Twenty-six English roads declined £4,000,000, in spite of the strong statements for the half year. Some of this loss was explained by deductions for dividends paid. High grade investment securities, including consols, made new low records, with net depreciation for the month of £9,000,000.

MONTREAL FINANCIAL

MANAGER OF MONTREAL STREET NOW IN THE LIMELIGHT.

Montreal, Oct. 8, 1910.
ALL this excitement in Montreal Street Railway, Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co., and Canadian Light and Power calls attention to the man who is at the head of the business end of the company with which the alliance is so eagerly sought. W. G. Ross is the managing director of the Montreal Street Railway, which concern, in rivalry between its suitors is any evidence, must be in a flourishing state of health. To what extent this is due to the efforts of the managing directors, is one of those questions which people frequently ask but to which it is difficult to make a very conclusive reply. Still, something may be learned from a comparison of the earnings of the concern over the affected period, and still more, perhaps, may be told from the character of the service rendered as compared with similar services in other places, and also from the regard in which the concern is held by the general public. Taking the latter consideration first, there is little room for dispute. The Montreal Street Railway is not so popular as the postman who brings the registered letters in the morning, but it is easily the most popular of the public utility concerns in Montreal. The reason of this is very largely that the Railway gives the citizens a good service, when all the circumstances are considered—a better service, perhaps, than the street railways of most cities give their citizens. It is quite true that the people crowd the cars and hang on by their eyelashes and all that kind of thing, and that fifty per cent. of the passengers take their rides standing up, a good part of the time. Also, the records show the usual accidents and killings, and the serenity of the passengers is not infrequently disturbed by altercations between the conductor and the man who sticks up for his rights and his wrongs concerning the validity of transfers, and the well known disposition of the cars to run past corners and destinations. These are among the things which must be improved and which are more or less common to railways the world over. But the cars themselves, are fine and large and well lighted, they are reasonably cool in summer and warm in winter, they run a little too fast for those who get on the track and a little too slow for those who get aboard, the fares are fair enough and you can ride farther than you have time to on one ticket. When Montrealers come back from other cities they seldom say, "You ought to see what a fine street car system they have in ———." They usually talk about the good system we have in Montreal.

Its Good and Bad Points.

One seldom hears any suggestion in Montreal, relating to the advantage it would be to the city to have a municipal street car system. The reason is not that Montrealers are not about as well aware as the citizens of other places that street car companies are making dividends on money which was probably never invested, but because they are convinced that they are getting pretty good rides for their six and eight for a quarter tickets, and that they'd sooner take chances on the ills they know than on those they know not of. No doubt a certain amount of this friendly feeling is due to the efforts of the managing director. No doubt also, some of the financial prosperity of the company is due to wisdom of management. Of course, any company would be bound to show increases in gross earnings in these growing times. Nevertheless, to almost double the annual number of passengers carried, in six years, speaks pretty well.

Here are some of the figures for the year 1903—when W. G. Ross took over the management—as compared with those for the year ending during 1909, the growth being certainly creditable:

	1903.	1909.
Gross earnings	\$2,222,787	\$3,874,838
Operating expenses	1,510,897	2,255,919
Expenses, per cent. of earnings	68.26	58.29
Net earnings	906,839	1,619,819
Passengers carried	54,592,014	95,376,373
Car earnings per passenger	4.01c	3.96c
Transfers	15,077,511	22,285,208
Total passengers carried	69,669,525	117,661,581
Car earnings per total passenger	3.96c	2.96c

W. G. Ross is a Montrealer by birth, having been born here in 1863, and being thus three years on the youthful side of fifty years of age. Many years before he became so well known in street railway circles, he had attained quite a lot of celebrity in athletic circles, having for years been the star bicycle rider of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. Those were the days of the old high wheel, of which there was once a large number of devotees. After the pneumatic tire came into vogue, the high wheel gave away to the safety, so that the man who would venture forth on a safety bicycle to-day would find his photograph in the newspapers. In fact, it might almost be said, that the man who would venture forth on any kind of a bicycle in Montreal to-day would cause some commotion. "Willie" Ross came of an athletic family, his brother "Jim" having held the running records for years for all distances up to a mile, and he had the good sense to retire and not try to "come back." Both boys knew all the old lacrosse crowd, and now and again one hears no end of reminiscences over photographs of be-medalled chests among those who are now prominent business men of the city but who yet look back with no little pride to their earlier prowess.

W. G. Ross attended the High School, and about the year 1880 went into business with his father. Eight years later he was connected with the management of the Windsor Hotel, being possibly secretary-treasurer or assistant manager—or both. After about four years, he became connected with James Ross, of whom so much was heard during the past few years in connection with the Steel-Coal fight. At that time, James Ross was up to his eyes in street railways and more especially, perhaps, the Montreal Street Railway. In fact, as the reader may have observed, there have been few prominent businesses in which James Ross has not at some time or other been a prominent factor. However, it was in this association that W. G. became connected with the Montreal Street Railway. Apparently he was a first-class accountant; in 1895 he was appointed comptroller of the system.

After holding this position some years, on the death of the secretary-treasurer, he succeeded to that position, and later on—about 1903—he was appointed to his present position upon the retirement of F. L. Wanklyn.

W. G. Ross has been credited with handling a number of rather delicate positions with considerable ability. Among these, it seems, was the Street Railway strike problem, which problem, according to all accounts, is now almost non-existent, the relationship between the management and a committee of the men being apparently of a nature which facilitates the keeping of the peace.

The Canadian Light and Power people are approaching the Street Railway Company with a certain offer. The directors are apparently opposed to the offer, and because of this reason are fixing up some sort of a deal with the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co. Committees of the Montreal Power and Street Railway directors are conferring with each other in order to agree on a plan which they can recommend to their shareholders. W. G. Ross is on the Street Railway committee. Now, the deal between the Montreal Power and Street Railway, so far as it has been explained, is open to objections and is meeting with a good deal of criticism. It is even said that the Public Utilities Commission may be called upon to step in and investigate the whole topic. But the railway directorate is apparently not friendly to the Canadian Power proposal; yet it is possible that the Canadian Power people will demonstrate that they are in control at the annual meeting on November 2nd.

A number of interesting questions occur to one as he ponders over the position of a managing director under such circumstances. The alternate deals are so dissimilar that there might readily be a very great difference of opinion as to which was the more favorable for the company. There are many complications, and the strength of the players will not be known till the hands are laid on the table a month hence.

John Moody in Fall Market.

"I THINK every indication points to the probability of as radical a turnover in the elections this fall throughout the United States as could well be imagined," says Mr. John Moody in his Weekly Review of Financial Conditions. "While many of these newly-elected Democratic Congressmen will be of the conservative type, the progressive element will dominate, and these men will, of course, have co-operating with them to an important extent, a very large number of Republican insurgents."

"This being the case, it may be quite certain that the tariff question will be brought up immediately for discussion this winter; the railroad rate situation will be brought to the front in the present Congress more forcibly than ever before, and much more radical sentiment will be expressed. The new Congress may easily put through legislation which will be discussed widely, but voted down in the old Congress. So that while we shall probably see the trade reaction reach its limit this fall or winter, we shall not be warranted in expecting a revival of business activity on a large scale until the political factors have become less important."

Despite the clouded outlook and developments of an unfavorable character, the market has held firm during the past week, says Erickson, Perkins & Co. This fact has encouraged holders of stocks, and in anticipation of very easy monetary conditions after the turn of the year, there has been a better demand for high grade investments by financial institutions. The holders of stocks have become inured to the danger of radical legislation, and the expectation of Supreme Court decisions.

It is generally held that while money rates will be higher during the month of October, the banks will be in a position to meet any stringency which may arise. We believe that declines which may take place in October should be availed of for the purchase of first-class investment securities, but discrimination will be necessary, owing to the changed conditions affecting the earning power of certain companies.

C.P.R. net earnings for August were \$3,691,622.33, an increase of \$727,614.66, or 37.05 per cent.



W. G. ROSS.
Managing Director Montreal Street Car System.

Bank of Montreal

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend at the rate of Eleven per cent. (11 p.c.) per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st October, 1910, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Tuesday, the 1st day of November next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to 31st of October, 1910, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.
Toronto, 21st September, 1910.

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TORONTO FINANCIAL

DRUGGISTS SELL
GOODS AT PROFIT ON

THEIR CO-OPERATIVE PLAN.

Toronto, October 7, 1910.

It is a common axiom in the business world these days that you can sell pretty nearly anything to the public if it is sufficiently advertised. This being the case, it is interesting to turn to an incorporated company, with headquarters in Toronto, which not only does not advertise, in the commonly accepted meaning of the term, but which does not believe in advertising, and yet is successful. Having thrown down newspaper advertising as a principle, however, the Druggists' Corporation of Canada, Ltd., has adopted something which in shabby language, they say is just as good, and that is they have taken up the principle of co-operation, and on that plan the association is run. This moving force among the druggists of Canada, for there are members all over the Dominion, had as its originating cause the fact that the market was flooded with patent nostrums which the druggist did not care to handle. In the first place, the formula for each of these things was secret, and the Canadian druggist did not know exactly what he might be passing over the counter. Again, those potent preparations with whose contents he was familiar, did not recommend themselves to him in many cases.

And for all I know there may have been a good many more reasons for the move, in which the element of profit played its part. The result was that four years ago the Druggists' Corporation of Canada was formed. It is composed of shareholders, each shareholder being a registered pharmacist. A Dominion charter was secured and the capital was fixed at \$40,000.



GEORGE E. GIBBARD,
First President Druggists' Corporation.

George E. Gibbard, of Toronto, was the first president, and he held that position for three years. A committee of the druggists took all the best formulae in actual use amongst the members, and if they passed inspection, they were filed for use. Other formulae were added, and then a skilled man was placed in charge, a manufacturing headquarters was secured at 82 Church street, and the Corporation started to make up in large quantities the various specifics, pills, salves, etc., which heretofore each druggist had either compounded in a small way for himself, or had been obliged to purchase ready made. One result naturally followed. The Corporation manufactured the goods in large lots at a much cheaper cost than any individual could do. This saving amounts in some cases to twenty-five per cent. In other cases, probably more and in some less. Each carton that comes from the co-operative factory bears the stamp "D.C." and there are five hundred different preparations now being sold under the "D.C." mark.

The result so far has been entirely satisfactory. The Druggists' Corporation sells to the druggists whatever "D.C." stuff he orders at cost plus a fraction for working and running expenses. When these operating expenses have been paid, the surplus will be available in the form of a dividend to the shareholders. So far there has been no dividend, and I don't think the members are worrying over whether there is one or not. They are satisfied to be able to handle goods of which they know the formula, the compounding of which is overlooked by a skilled man, goods without that are price protected. The output of the Corporation is made to sell at a certain price, and that is what the public pays for it. There is no cutting. No druggist outside the Corporation can handle these goods because the manufacturer, who is really another druggist, won't sell it to him. And in this, while there may be a hint of combination, it does not appear that it is combination in restraint of trade, for the courts have held that the manufacturer may control the price of his own output, and to a certain extent also the avenue of trade along which it proceeds to the consumer. It might look a little as if the Corporation were organized to harry the price-cutters, but I am informed this is not the case, that the motive was one much more worthy. Indeed, leading members of the Corporation say that price-cutting does not bother them to any great extent. They say that the principle of price protection, in drug mixtures, as well as in other lines of business, is gaining ground steadily.

In reading over trade documents one becomes very familiar with the oft-reiterated admonition to Canadian manufacturers in various lines, to get up and hump themselves, so to speak, to capture the export business that is awaiting them. The last report made by the Canadian Trade Commissioner to Mexico is no exception to what may almost be called this rule. In his report, the Commissioner says that the export of food-stuffs into Mexico is almost entirely controlled by the United States, but although the duties are high, and a great part of the population cannot afford luxuries in eating, still there is a large Mexican market. While no great general increase may be looked for for a few years in the volume of Mexico's imports, still, as the Commissioner puts it, "this is no reason why Canada's share in the existing business should remain stationary or constitute such an insignificant part of the whole."

It is the opinion of the writer that although geographically the United States has an advantage over Canada, still much could be done to overcome this with a market of 16,000,000 people, by proceeding on the co-operative principle. Canadian houses interested in such business might appoint a permanent representative in the city of Mexico who would be entrusted with a well-assorted stock and be in a position to make immediate deliveries to the retail trade. The United States has done that very thing, with good results. Canadian producers might, with their combined product, secure a freight rate for a full carload, instead of each having to pay a higher rate for less than a carload lot, and this would represent a profit in addition to the trade profit. It appears to the Commissioner that Canada might make a bid for land business, now entirely in the hands of the United States. Canadian cheese was favorably received in Mexico, but the importations have dwindled to zero on account of lack of energetic pushing. With a cold storage service from Canada, this country might undersell the American article and get the preference for quality, the Commissioner thinks.

Rules for Investors.

By a Blind Pool Artist.

1. The largest fortunes have been made by means of tips. Keep your ear to the ground. If you know a man who knows a man who has seen a man who is close to a bookkeeper in a big man's office, there is wealth in sight for you.
2. When you get on Easy street, watch your tie pin and your roll.
3. Common stock is what is served out to common people. Preferred stocks are for timid souls that never do make any real money. Bonds are for mere faddists; they are too safe.
4. Try to evolve a trading system. Average your losses and then—but scheme it out for yourself. No matter how often your system breaks, you try again. You must win in the end.
5. Never investigate a concern in which you buy shares. It has taken a deal of trouble to get the thing running smoothly, and an inquisitive shareholder is apt to cause as much trouble as a month of litigation.
6. Never put questions to a promoter. This only results in confusion and does no real good.
7. After buying shares in a company in this manner, do not at once begin to yelp for dividends. Allow five years to elapse. If none are paid by that time, write the manager. If no reply is received, the manager is too busy to answer.
- (P.S. With a mining company, do not write for ten years.)
8. The term "investment" means the shovelling of your savings into any old thing that's incorporated.
9. When investing, seek advice. A company promoter will usually be found to accommodate you. If not, barbers and elevator men are very useful in this regard as they follow the market closely.
10. Be careful when buying stocks never to select dividend-payers. A company that actually pays dividends is too conservative for the average man or woman.
11. If anyone unloads five per cent. municipal bonds on you, keep your eye on newspaper quotations, and if you have bought at 97, try to sell around 95 or 96. Otherwise you may become known as a plunger.
12. A company that issues a prospectus printed in three colors is naturally more attractive to the investor than one using plain black type. Insist on two colors at least, and if gold rules are used, get in quick.
13. Read all the market letters you can obtain. They are infallible.
14. Beware of home investments, dividend-paying or otherwise. Keep your money for far-away things. Here is a fairly safe list:
Blind pools.
Cuban lands.
Brazil dredging concerns.
Ely Central.
Any townsite proposition, the farther away the better.
Chicago-Alberta Oil.
California-Alberta Oil.
Canadian Eatables.
Geo. Munroe's flotations.
Macintosh Toffee Co., Athol George Robertson brands, etc., etc., etc.
15. If you happen to hold shares in any company that pays a dividend, write the president asking if the dividend has been paid out of capital or earnings.
16. If paid out of earnings, sell at once.

Canada Steel common shares have sold this week on the curb at \$30, the stock not yet being listed. The preferred has been quoted at 95 asked, 91 bid. Canada Cycle and Motor sold at \$50.

The Royal Bank will open a branch in New York City.

The annual meeting of C.P.R. took place October 5.



Erickson, Perkins & Co.:

Stocks are due for another bulge soon.

Toronto World Financial:

Local disposition more favorable to buy than to sell.

Charles Hend & Co. to R. B. Bongard:

Market is a purchase on all breaks.

Market for Cobalts:

Generally more buoyant tone.

Hon. Wm. Gibson, President. J. Turnbull, Vice-President and General Manager

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New York

The Man Who Secured the D.A.R. Bargain

THE interest in Nova Scotia over the advent of the C.P.R. shows no signs of abatement in that province by the sad sea waves. And now that the purchase price of the D.A.R. is announced the people seem really pleased to know that Sir Thomas struck such a bargain. A five million dollar railway for one million dollars does bear all the evidence of a really good snap. The people down there have been equally interested to know who it was that induced the C.P.R. to invade the Bluenose land, and now their curiosity has been satisfied for the C.P.R. has officially handed the bouquet to Hon. Benjamin Frank-



B. F. Pearson, of Halifax.

lyn Pearson, the man who promoted the Dominion Coal Company, which act incidentally turned Sydney from a slow mining town into a great industrial centre. Mr. Pearson represents the county of Colchester in the Provincial Parliament, and the C.P.R.'s public and frank acknowledgment of his influence and foresight should place him pretty close to the hearts of the electors of that burg. The C.P.R. will run into Colchester from Windsor over a branch of the D.A.R. known as the Midland, and that county will naturally be all the better for it.

B. F. Pearson has promoted many industrial concerns in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Mexico, Demerara and the West Indies, and is still on the job. He is the proprietor of the Morning Chronicles, Daily Echo and Nova Scotian (weekly) newspapers, the best publishing proposition east of Montreal. He is also an active politician, being a member of the Provincial Government without portfolio and has much to do with shaping the policy of his party, at least so far as Nova Scotia is concerned.

—\$—\$—

Pests that Cost \$400,000,000 Annually.

ALL of our undesirable citizens are not two-legged, nor are they all, by habit, city-dwellers. Some of the most undesirable have no legs at all, other pernicious varieties have many, and millions of the most destructive sort inhabit the forest, the orchard, and the truck-garden. Of the no-legged kind there is our own peach brown-rot, and the white-pine rust of Europe, while of those many-legged, we have already with us the imported codling moth which costs the country \$15,000,000 a year, and on the other side of the water there ravages periodically the "nonne" moth, which, like all predaceous creatures, is ever watching its opportunity to emigrate to fresh fields and victims new, says Harper's Weekly.

One of our national responsibilities is, first, to weave such a mesh of legislation that these unwelcome strangers shall be held up to inspection; and, second, to appropriate funds to provide competent inspectors who recognize these incomers. Why this is a responsibility of the gravest importance, commensurate with that of sifting the raw materials of citizenship, can be shown by parading some facts and figures of recent scientific history.

The three Fates who have the weaving of this web of legislation in their hands are the United States Department of Agriculture, the House Committee on Agriculture, and the Association of Importing Nurserymen. For two or three years these three bodies have held occasional weaving circles. The web is not yet woven, though the pattern is about selected, and perhaps another session of Congress will give the finished product to the market. The Fates in the case have not found it easy to pull together. One interest is apt to draw a little harder on one thread than is good for the pattern.

Up to date, this web, by name the Simmons Bill, is the best legislation to prevent the importation of insect pests and plant diseases that has ever been considered in Congress. The bill probably would be operative now had not the activities of the late session been bunched into the concluding few weeks. It was framed by the Bureau of Entomology, the House Committee is friendly to it, and the nurserymen balk at only one clause.

What sort of a tangle will the visiting insect meet when the Simmons Bill takes effect? To begin with, when the box in which he sleeps arrives at its destination and he is brought forth into daylight, together with the plant of his abode, he will find a cold, scientific eye gazing into his. Thus is the beginning of his career in his adopted country also his ending. There will be no more underground ways by which he can elude the vigilance of science. The travels of the marauding worm and the insidious fungus will, by the operation of this bill, be subjected to a limelight of information and regulation.

Hereafter it shall be unlawful for any person to import nursery stock from abroad without a special permit from the United States Department of Agriculture. Before the permit is granted the department must know how much and what kind of nursery stock is to be imported, the country and district where it is grown abroad, name and address of shipper, approximate date of arrival of stock, and where and to whom it will be consigned. The transportation company must notify the department upon the arrival of the stock, which must be accompanied by a certificate of inspection made by a foreign expert before the stock was shipped, certifying that it is apparently free from infestation or infection. The stock will be subject to inspection by scientific authorities on the premises of the person to whom it is shipped, and if infected it may

be fumigated at the expense of the owner or agent, or, if necessary, destroyed.

So far all the Fates agree. The one provision over which the entomologists and nurserymen cross blades is that which empowers the Secretary of Agriculture to lock in a hard and fast quarantine any foreign district in which a plant disease or devouring insect is raging. This would relieve the State of New York from the unequal fight it has been and is waging with the white-pine rust. That is, the fight is equal enough so far as preventing the disease from establishing itself within the State is concerned, but unequal in the efforts to eliminate the possibility of infection in other parts of the country. White-pine stock bearing the rust may still elude the State inspectors and go into private hands, or may go through the State to some other State where the inspection service is not so efficient.

This disease is, so far as is known, actively established in only one district of Germany, from which most of our white-pine seedlings are imported. White-pine culture has been abandoned in Holland, as well as in parts of Germany and Russia, solely because of the grip of this fungus. It has been imported into this country, in New York, the Northwest, and in parts of New England, but has not yet spread extensively. It threatens the Eastern and Western white pines, and also the sugar pine, in fact, all the five-leaved varieties. Last year the State Department of Agriculture of New York destroyed 300,000 German white-pine seedlings in the nursery at Lake Clear, and the United States Department has destroyed two other private importations. All this trouble and danger might have been avoided had the quarantine power been at the discretion of the Government. Quarantine power in this case is especially needed, as the disease cannot be discovered until it has progressed to an advanced stage.

Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the Bureau of Entomology, estimates that we are suffering damage to the amount of \$400,000,000 annually from pests that have been accidentally imported. Without such legislation as the Simmons Bill the tax placed by insects and plant diseases upon our crops will increase. This bill would have saved the New England State the \$900,000 they spent last year fighting the gypsy and brown tail moths. The State of Massachusetts has alone spent over \$2,000,000 fighting the gypsy moth. Nests of this insect are found every year in large numbers on imported nursery stock, and as wide awake as most State authorities are to the imminent danger of this pest it is certain that without centralized facilities for checking the importation of foreign nursery stock some nests of the moth will eventually elude inspection, and the moth will get free in other sections of the country.

—\$—\$—

Business as Brad. Sees It.

TORONTO reports to Bradstreet's say all lines of fall trade are now moving briskly and indications are that the turnover will be considerably heavier than that of last year. Western shipments of general lines are particularly satisfactory. Heavy shipments are going by lake and rail freights and this movement will continue until the close of navigation.

Winnipeg reports say the general trade situation there continues exceedingly reassuring. Wholesalers in all lines are busy sending out goods and travellers report excellent orders for the coming season. Even in those districts from which crop damage was reported there seems to be a good amount of business offering. Grain inspections show the wheat crop to have been of excellent quality. So far shipments show a much greater percentage of high grade wheat than was the case last year. Collections are generally fair to good.

Vancouver and Victoria reports say there continues an excellent demand from interior points for all lines of commodities and the season's trade will prove a record in volume. Some of the larger wholesale grocers are finding it necessary to put out extra travellers to cope with the trade offering. City retail trade is also good.

Quebec reports to Bradstreet's say conditions show little change from that of the preceding week. From country points frost was reported during the week, but no material damage is said to have been done, as crops in some districts are pretty well harvested. City trade appears to be holding its own.

Hamilton reports a good steady trade is noted in all lines of retail business and wholesalers report a satisfactory volume of sorting up business in fall lines. Local factories are busy and it is stated this city is to be the home of another big steel company. Trade in the surrounding district is good.

London reports say that the annual fair being over, trade has taken on a somewhat quieter tone, but country business has improved as travellers have returned to their routes and are beginning to send in good sorting up orders. Local boot and shoe men report a good demand and prospects for a satisfactory season.

Ottawa reports say last week saw an excellent city trade due to the large number of people visiting the annual Exhibition. Retail business has been good and wholesalers report a good demand for fall lines. There continues considerable activity in the building trade and the demand for lumber is active. Export trade is reported slow.

—\$—\$—

The Winnipeg realty market is reported to be in an active condition.



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Head Office of the Montreal Street Railway.

SHAKING HANDS WITH NATURE

Mr. Business Man—Have you ever gone home tired from your office after a heavy day—and have you ever wished that suddenly and mysteriously you might be wafted out somewhere for an hour or so, where fresh air—surrounding hills—trees and flowers would take the place of clanging pavements, brick and stone buildings, burglar-proof safes, and telephone calls? What wouldn't you have given then for a whiff of fresh country air to chase the smoke and book-keeping out of your system? Of course you have felt that way. We all have. ALEXANDRA GARDENS—the beautiful suburb linking the country to the city—was developed for busy city men by busy city men who have often felt the same as you.

ALEXANDRA GARDENS

The Gardens fill a heart-felt desire of city business men, shut up in offices all day, who want to enjoy a portion of life out where they can Shake Hands with Nature and forget that there

ever were such things as bonds, stocks, mortgages and interest: far enough from the city to get freshened up—yet close enough to the city to get back next morning and resume the business life promptly at 9 o'clock.

Just 30 minutes from the thumping heart of Toronto—corner of King and Yonge—up north Yonge street, are the ALEXANDRA GARDENS, a beautiful tract, laid out in pleasant streets, wide and shaded by pines and maples. Every convenience is now on the property—well graded roads, granolithic sidewalks, gas, water, electric light, etc. It adds all the conveniences of city life to the exhilarating air, foliaged landscape and beautiful surroundings of the country. Many well built homes are now on the property, and many other home-builders are building. Money will be advanced at a low rate of interest to assist in building operations.

Athletic recreation is convenient for dwellers in the Gardens. The property is but a few minutes from the Rosedale and North Toronto Golf Clubs. A beautiful ravine on the property is being made into a park.

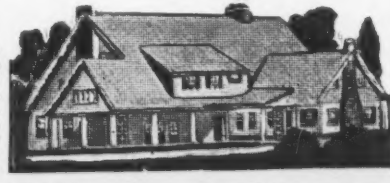
Educational facilities are many. The district is near Upper Canada College, St. Clement's College, and a fine Public School is near at hand. Churches are convenient, and stores are but a short distance away.

WE HELP YOU BUILD

Prices of lots in the Gardens are low and may be paid for on reasonable terms. Moreover, arrangements can be made for building loans to help you put up your house. Houses will be erected if fair payments down are made. Restrictions are good, assuring you that your home will be in splendid company.

Saturday, October 8th THAT'S TO-MORROW

Is our special day to show you sites in ALEXANDRA GARDENS. It will be a pleasant outing—and you owe it to yourself to make it a profitable outing also. Take a Metropolitan car to Stop 19, North Toronto, directly opposite Victoria avenue, and south of Glencairn avenue, and ask for a Robins man; or phone our office and make an appointment for us to motor you over the Gardens.



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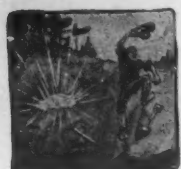
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COMMENT ON COBALT



THAT dreams Fancy paints in the minds of simple folk on the subject of mining! To the vulgar mind, the mining is the process of raiding Nature's store without penalty: the obtaining of something without work by the inspiration of our good angel. Callow youth has drifted into the mining fields of New Ontario and has picked up the word "sour dough," not in those parts, but rather he has borne it there, and in newspaperdom it has appeared applied to local beings.

According to the rule in force at Dawson, any one who has seen the ice on the Yukon make and break is a sour dough. The writer is a sour dough. Technically, the term is derived from the habits of the old timers out West making their bread by the sour dough process, which is this: A can, an empty lard tin preferably, or generally, is filled with water in which some flour is stirred and, if possible, a potatoe is added. This is allowed to ferment to acidity, when a dough is made with the paste, the flour having some baking soda added. The effect is that of a quick leaven and the bread is remarkably wholesome. In fact, I knew a train dog that would turn up his nose at "baker's bread." As a matter of usage in the Klondike and Alaska, a "sour dough" is a pioneer of pre-excitement days, that is previous to 1897. A sour dough is held in great esteem in the sub-Arctic mining camp, and would have been in the East generally had Service not spoiled his really excellent first book by bringing out his second. We, most of us, went through a certain amount of starvation in the old days, but we all did not go the broad way.

It makes me hot when I see a thieving wild-cat-mongering set with the highest ambition of their souls that they may be able to lie sufficiently to sell some worthless ground for good money, compared to the noble souls who braved the hardships of a great new land, being lured by no hopes save those inspired within themselves, as were the Yukon pioneers; and in the declining days of the boom, those who were left to starve, or stayed to starve—too noble to give up the fight, or to admit they had given up the fight, and much too proud to ask the aid of supercilious kinsmen. I knew one such. We met and became friends ten years ago. We were both about equally useless, perhaps he was more so, being burdened with the degree of B.A., Cambridge. I secured the jobs for both, and we agreed to meet and travel (by foot) 45 miles to Gold Run. He failed to keep his appointment, and at the mines I received a note that he had heard bad accounts of the place where we were to work and asked that his pack be returned by stage. A few days afterwards I heard of his death. The doctors called his trouble spinal meningitis, but I would chance the diagnosis of "starvation" or lack of proper nourishment, which is the same thing. O post-mortum to-day is possible for the eternal frost is a perfect preservation.

When one looks at the lives that go down in real mining and then compare the scum that prospers per the stock market and the subsidized press, it brings bitter thoughts.

I met one Yukon Pioneer in Cobalt, Bill Hartz by name. He had the quiet and reserved manner of his kind and sat with his feet on the stove of the Cobalt hotel, while I sat at his left. To his right there were two fellows talking—they had been to Larder Lake. They were typical of their peculiar kind and in their own minds they were heroes and they made every effort to impress the world that they were heroes. The expression on the sour dough's face was striking. It did not show contempt, nor yet annoyance, it was a display of wonder. I learned a lot from Hartz, including the history of the discovery of coarse gold on the Forty Mile, as yet unwritten, or at least unprinted, for it lies in manuscript but partly finished.

The full statement of the Kerr Lake is out. That which was first wired gave a false impression. The decrease of surplus by \$480,827 to \$148,220 meant the surplus for the year's operations. The general impression gained was that the cash assets of the company had decreased to the last mentioned sum. This is not a fact for the liquid assets are given as follows: Ore at smelters and in transit Aug. 31, 1910 (estimated), \$306,526; total, \$701,961; cash on hand is given as \$1,008,487.

I have not got much use for such a large amount in "estimated" values, but the presence of \$701,961 in the treasury assures the present rate of disbursement for several periods to come. On the other hand, the mine has come down to low grade ore. During July and August the shipments were almost entirely low grade

ore, and an output of 400,000 odd pounds for week ending October 1st would point to low grade ore.

The mine has certainly proved a marvel, the high grade ore averaging 3,775 ounces. Even their dump ore showed up 92 ounces, which is away above that produced by the McKinley-Darragh.

On the other hand, the reiterating of the statement that "we have put two tons of ore in sight for every one mined" is bad; to me it does not denote good faith. The cash on hand is only equal to a little over two dividends and their estimates of ore may be wrong. The annual report deals only of the past, not the future of the mine. While the average cost of production for the year has been only 13.27 cents, yet this is an increase of over 50 per cent. on the record of two years ago, which proves conclusively that the mine is running into lesser grade ore. On the whole, I cannot do better than take the line of argument that the mine has produced \$3,000,000, and it is too much to expect it to produce \$4,000,000 and the stock should be avoided pending a statement of ore reserves.

On this all-important question of ore reserves Mine Manager Heakes has this to say:

"In the matter of ore reserves the situation is too uncertain for the ordinary type of report. . . . From accurate data of the values secured from ground removed up to the present, and by comparison with these results, we may estimate with reasonable certainty from six to seven million ounces of silver in probable ore." You will note he says nothing of actual ore.

Accepting 6,500,000 ounces of probable ore as positive ore, we have \$3,250,000 less 25 per cent. for all charges.

\$2,433,333 net
With liquid assets, 1,000,000
\$3,433,333

Against this we have a capitalization of 600,000 shares at 6.50, which gives \$3,900,000.

The man who sells his stock at six dollars or better gets all probabilities in a lump sum and runs no chances: he has real money, and lets the other fellow depend upon the "probabilities." I can therefore see nothing in the last annual report to justify the present price of the stock, and I hold to my old opinion that \$4 would be nearer the true value of the same. You will note that Mr. Heakes does not say that he has put two tons of ore in sight for every one mined.

I have given as my opinion on several occasions lately that the Cobalt had passed, or was at, the apex of its production. Last week I gave reasons why the concentration of ore should increase the shipments rather than diminish them. Here follows an interesting table taken from the Davis Handbook on Cobalt, which is issued from the Canadian Mining Journal offices:

Year.	Cobalt ore shipped, average value per ton.
1904.	\$82.00
1905.	\$87.00
1906.	\$705.00
1907.	\$426.00
1908.	\$362.00

According to another source, the average value of ore during 1909 was \$412.

This shows a marked ratio of decline.

In the Davis Handbook I find some further material which makes interesting reading, and helps my general argument on the subject of concentration.

"The average assay of the ore treated is about 25 ounces (\$12.50). The concentrates average 1,000 ounces, or an average reduction in bulk of 44 to 1. The mill does not, of course, add to the silver values; but makes a practically pure metallic concentrate, extracting 85 to 95 per cent. of the metallics in the ore and averaging an extraction of 88 per cent."

The article then is illustrated by two examples showing the benefits and virtues of concentration.

EXAMPLE No. 1.

One Hundred Tons of 25 oz. Milling Ore.	
100 tons, 25 oz. ore	2,500 ozs.
After concentrating, 2 1/2 tons concentrates	2,500 ozs.
Less loss of 12 per cent. in concentrating	300 ozs.
2,200 ozs. at 5 1/2 cents	2,200 ozs.
Less cost of concentrating 100 tons at \$3.75 per ton	\$375.00
	\$758.00

Example No. 2 works out that the net value of 100 tons of 100 oz. ore is 4,260. The loss in concentrating is given as only 10 per cent., but this figures out 1,000 ozs. \$512.50, five dollars and over loss per ton. When it is considered that the resulting concentrates must be shipped and suffer loss in the smelters, it will be easily seen why only low grade ore is milled and why the presence of concentrators in Cobalt cannot be given the credit of reducing shipments. On the general subject of concentration, the Handbook says: . . . "but as improved methods of ore sorting are introduced the average concentrating rock will run under rather than over 25 ounces. The Nipissing and La Rose mines, for instance, are keeping discards from the picking tables that assay under 15 ounces."

The above may be taken as reliable statistics, and will impress the reader that some other excuse must be found for a falling off in Cobalt shipments besides the process of concentration. It will also impress him with my idea that the Temiskaming mill was erected for effect on the stock market.

A great deal of guesswork is going on as to why Right of Way is selling so low. I learn that the life of the present ore reserves is limited to next spring, say four dividend periods, or 8 cents per share. It looks to me that there must be someone giving out all the stock the market will take through lately. I am told an effort is being made to put it up. Of course, the boomers may say that even if it runs out of ore and never pays a dividend, that it has as much right to sell around 30 cents as Beaver. This is something on the par with the statement that Hargreaves does not pay royalty because the royalty is on the profits or net return, and "there ain't no profits." Of course, if the proposition is turned into a blueberry ranch, there will be no tax on the berries. I learn that this festive feline is shipping about a car of smaltite ore per month in which is a little silver, and that the feeling in Cobalt is that they have struck the Kerr Lake vein so often that the phantom has fled before the assault, which is only reasonable to suppose. I know that if the head of the chief liar among the proposition's boomers was hit

with a club as often as this vein has been struck, according to report, the said head would be beaten into a pulp. And if the said chastisement took place, I fancy society were better off that were the impossible Hargreaves to become an important producer.

Porcupine is in the ascendant. The Hollinger property is showing up in a fabulous manner, and so much am I impressed with what I hear that I venture to prophesy that if a deal is made for this new bonanza, the terms of the same will startle Canada and some of the world. A million means much, yet I am told by one whose opinion would bear much weight that the Hollinger is worth many millions, over a score of millions in fact, and yet the idea seems to frighten one by its immensity.

Canadians will lose, and already have lost much in Porcupine, and the prophesy was made to me that they would scramble after the wild cats. I know I took samples of the Hollinger to a leading local brokerage firm, and it was not interested. It had had experience in the Port Arthur district. This was last November.

In the Cobalt stock market the bulls have run the stocks upon the bears. They have done more harm to themselves than to the bears, for they cannot sell the stock they purchased on the upturn. There is a lack of news telling of Temiskaming striking ore at the 500 foot level.

Shepherd

Scheffels Nabbed Fortune Police Nab Scheffels

IT is not for want of a good stiff warning on the part of SATURDAY NIGHT that any Canadian may have allowed himself to be caught in the crash of Scheffels & Co. Some months since this paper devoted considerable space to exposing this firm which last week was raided. The criminal record of George Graham Rice was recapitulated, and it was shown that Ely Central and most of the other shares sold by Scheffels were worthless. Just how brazen the whole affair was is evident from further particulars that are wired to the newspapers from New York. A despatch to Montreal says:

The department's investigators did not have much trouble in getting the history of the company and its interstices. It found that the concern had got options on properties regarded as worthless and had incorporated these options. Bouvard Consolidated, Rawhide Coalition, South Quincey and Rawhide Queen were some of the companies thus launched.

On Bouvard Extension, Rice and his associates are believed to have cleared up \$500,000; on South Quincey, \$600,000. Rawhide Coalition, which had a skyrocket rise and sudden drop while Nat C. Goodwin was associated with Rice, followed these, but it was Ely Central which seemed to be getting the money when the Department of Justice began looking things up.

Ely Central was incorporated, it is said, in good faith by a Philadelphia crowd who capitalised it at \$16,000,000 in \$10 shares and then gave it up in disgust and allowed Rice to have \$80,000 shares for a few cents apiece. Most of these shares he bought outright, but some he took options on.

The special investigators have evidence, it is said, that Rice and his associates have sold more than three times the capitalization of the company, or, in other words, have distributed \$48,000,000 of stock in a company capitalised at \$16,000,000. They have sold this stock all the way from 50 cents to \$2 a share, and in the last year, according to the information now in the hands of the Government, have cleared up as net profits more than \$3,000,000. Their gross receipts are estimated to have been between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000. In getting rid of this stock and the stock in other of their companies, Red Letter Sullivan and his chain of letters were the prime factor. The first letter informed you that Scheffels & Co. had knowledge that a certain stock was about to have a big rise, but it wasn't known just which one. If you wanted to make your

J. A. Ruddick, dairy and cold storage commissioner reports as follows concerning apple shipments from Canada:

"Several shipments of early apples have been made to Great Britain during the past month. Our inspectors report some shipments in ordinary cars arriving at Montreal in a heated, over-ripe and even rotten condition. In view of the arrangement between the department of agriculture and the railways, whereby shippers may obtain iced cars at ordinary rates for the carriage of fruit intended for export in cold storage, it is amazing that such a complaint can be founded on fact. Some of the oldest shippers are the worst offenders in this respect. The direct loss for such neglect or ignorance falls on the shipper or owner, but the indirect loss from injury to the reputation of Canadian apples reaches every apple grower in Canada, and it is about time that the careless, slipshod operator should be given to understand that he has no right to jeopardize the interests of an important industry in this irresponsible manner."

The British Government, through Ambassador Bryce, having assented to our carrying on tariff negotiations directly with Canada, President Taft having cordially endorsed the principle of reciprocity, and the voters on both sides of the border having forcefully expressed their desire for more friendly relations, the way should now be open for the establishment of a sensible tariff between the two neighboring countries, which in many respects are more like adjoining States than rival nations. Authoritative assurances have been received from Beverly, "the summer capital" that steps are being taken with a view to having the representatives of both governments meet during October, and confidence is expressed in Ottawa as well as in Washington that the movement will be crowned with a success creditable a like to President Taft and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The plan harmonizes with the former's expressed intention of having our own tariff revised, schedule by schedule, as proper data justifying a change are gathered and presented by the official investigators. — Financial Chronicle, New York.



TRADE DISUNION.
Boiler-Maker: "When I chucks my tools down, I chucks 'em down!"
Trade Union Official: "Yes—and you don't care where they fall!"
—Punch.

fortune, get all the money you could at once and let Scheffels & Co. keep it on ice for you until you heard more. In the next letter you got a list of mining stocks. Each of these had a code word. Some day a code word would be flashed to you which would mean that the big movement was on. Then you would know what stock was meant and could send Scheffels & Co. an order to buy. This letter would be sent out in batches of 400,000 at a time. One group of clients would get it three months after another batch had been put through the mail. There is evidence, it is said, to show that as a part of this plan 3,000 shares would be reported traded in on the curb, and the books the same day would show that the firm had got rid of more than 50,000 shares to its customers at the prices marked up on the curb.

To get out the 100,000 letters at a time Rice had had 100 typewriters working at night and 100 by day. In four years the concern's advertising expenses have been \$5,000,000, according to W. E. Bishop, who works for the Stock Exchange.

The Trusts and Guarantee Company, Ltd., acting as agents for the Port Arthur Wagon Company are offering for public subscription 2,500 shares of preferred stock in that new corporation, which will have its works and headquarters in the city of Port Arthur. The par value of the seven per cent. cumulative preference stock offered is one hundred dollars. The capital of the Port Arthur Wagon Company is \$750,000, and the business taken over was that of the Speight Wagon Company of Markham, a business which has been conducted to yield a good profit. The Port Arthur Wagon Company closed negotiations with Port Arthur a year ago, and it secured favorable treatment in the way of concessions at that time which possibly in these days would not be so readily accorded.

Professor M. B. Baker, of Kingston, reports to the Bureau of Mines that the deposit of coal along the Mata-rami River in Northern Ontario proves to be lignite only. He found good iron 155 miles down the river.

Officials of Canada Cement deny the company is to exchange its 7 per cent. preferred stock for 5 per cent. debentures.

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HON. H. B. RAINVILLE.

Director Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co. A committee of Power directors are discussing merger terms with Montreal Street Railway heads.

MILLIONAIRE MEN OF OTTAWA

A Series of Graphic Sketches describing how leading citizens of Canada's Capital have carved out careers of more than ordinary Success.

By DONALD I. McLEOD

No. 1—J. R. BOOTH, Lumber King

THE capital of the Dominion rubs its eyes about half-past seven in the morning, and gets up about a quarter to eight.

But if, on your coming to Rome, you have the courage to do as the Romans don't do, and arise at peep o' day, you may be rewarded by seeing something that the native Romans—the cohorts of business men and civil servants and clerks—always miss.

If you hasten over to Wellington Street and tarry there awhile, you may at length see approaching you a white haired man, rather small of stature. He is the sight that the other fellows miss every day.

As he comes nearer, it is seen that he is dressed in a suit of dark gray homespun, with a peaked cap of the same material. His face, save for a clean shaven upper lip, bears a snow-white beard, and the hair which shows beneath the peaked cap, is of a snowy white, too. His eye is wondrously keen and penetrating. His whole countenance, or that part of it which his beard does not cover, is ruddy with the glow of health.

This is J. R. Booth, the multi-millionaire king of the lumbering industry. His destination is yonder group of towering chimneys and giant mills down at the Chaudiere Falls. He was 84 years old last April, and he's on his way to work—while Ottawa sleeps.

This little white-haired man knows the road down to the Chaudiere pretty well now; he has trodden it for half a century. Fifty years ago he toiled day by day in another man's saw-mill, and drew his pay in an envelope every week. To-day his own mill, the largest in all Canada, rears itself on the very site of that other man's mill of years gone by.

An unique and picturesque character is J. R. Booth, this man who has made bricks without straw, this genius who has built up from nothing a mammoth industry which affords employment to 5,000 men, and in which are invested millions of money.

If you want to see "the old man," as he is known to everyone around the mills, the Booth mill office is the very last place to go. The uninitiated, of course, always go direct to the office.

I well remember the day I first went in quest of him. "Why, no," replied one of the office clerks in a surprised tone. "Mr. Booth is very seldom here. You'll likely find him out around the mill somewhere."

A short distance from the office door, an old French lumber hand was encountered.

"You expect to fin' de ole man in de offees, eh?" asked he, with a merry laugh. "He ees likely over at de new power house. He ees always where de beeliding is going on."

That's right. "He ees always where de beeliding ees going on." And "de beeliding ees going on" all the time at the Booth mills. Concrete mixers and carpenters are just as necessary a part of the Booth pay-roll as are the thousands of mill hands proper.

If there is a great gaping excavation for a new building, "de ole man" will be found at the bottom of it, directing the work with the stout cane that he always carries; if the concrete framework of a new building is already up, he will surely be found at the top of it. "De ole man," with his hoary hair and his 84 years, can climb ladders and poise himself on beams with the agility of a school boy.

While in the theme of climbing, it would never do to pass over J. R. Booth's notable climb of a couple of months ago, in the presence of thousands of his men.

'Twas the first pay-day after the G. T. R. trainmen's strike, which had closed the lumber mills for a few days. The men had just opened their pay envelopes, and were rejoiced to find that "the old man" had allowed them full time—which piece of generosity, by the way, amounted to \$12,000. They resolved to thank him.

He was not far off. In a few minutes they had surrounded him in the mill yard, and one of their number had made a neat little French-accent speech, expressive of their gratitude.

The lumber king looked around for a higher elevation whence he might make himself heard to them all. A few feet distant was a wagon, piled high with lumber. He at once made for it, and in a trice was standing on top of that load, nine feet from the ground, and his 84 years, smiling and bowing his response to the cheers of thousands. Scores of fine, strapping men were standing around within a few feet of him, but they didn't lend him a helping hand—they didn't have time.

"The old man" takes a deep personal interest in the well-being of his men. 'Tis strange, but nevertheless true, that with advancing age his view-point is veering around again to the side of labor, whence it came. Time was when J. R. Booth would have been one of the last employers in the land to present his men with \$12,000. Now he is wont to discuss industrial problems, and economic problems, generally, from the standpoint of the thousands of men who work in his mills, rather than from his own capitalistic standpoint.

Every man in the mills knows full well that J. R.

Booth, and no one else, is the fountain-head of all authority around the Booth concern, even if he doesn't see very much of the inside of the office.

This prodigious industry is owned and run by "J. R. Booth," not by "J. R. Booth & Co., Limited," or even by "J. R. Booth, Limited," just by "J. R. Booth," private citizen.

Think for a moment what this means. In this era of corporate organization, in these latter days of bonds and preferred stocks and one bonus share of common for every four shares of preferred—in these days this mammoth industry, representing an investment of nobody knows just exactly how many millions, is owned and operated, in fact as well as in name, by one private individual, just like the little grocery up at the corner!

Some day a promoter will conceive the idea of a great Canadian lumber and pulp merger. He will come to Ottawa to talk his scheme over with J. R. Booth. And then J. R. Booth will, as the street youth would say, "hand him the icy mitt" with a vengeance. J. R. Booth will give that promoter the coldest and most abrupt turn-down a promoter ever suffered since the world began.

This business will be J. R. Booth, "only that and nothing more," until J. R. Booth relinquishes it; and that won't be for quite a few years yet, if his present vigor of body counts for anything.

But just because J. R. Booth is the man who decides and administers all the big things in connection with this great business, 'twould be folly to suppose that its ten thousand details elude the tentacles of his marvellously alert mind.

A while ago, one of the mill horses dropped dead. They say that the cause of its sudden demise was nervous shock resultant from "the old man's" being a little late for work one morning. Now, there are between four and five hundred horses at the Booth mills, and one of J. R. Booth's subalterns, to avoid needless delay, quietly bought a new horse and put it 'twixt the shafts of the horseless cart.

"Where did the new horse come from?" enquired J. R. Booth the next morning. That keen lynx eye of his hadn't taken long to espy this one strange steed among the 500 old ones.

If there were some elixir of life, whereby J. R. Booth could renew his strength like the eagle for another generation, he would not continue to be a lumber king; he would be a cement king. He would establish a greater cement mill than has been, a mill which would produce more cement than all the merged plants of the Canada Cement Company.

J. R. Booth has always had a weakness for concrete. His huge pulp mills, which he began to build when he was 70 years of age, are all of concrete. Every building which has been erected at the mills in the last 15 years is of concrete. Indeed, the people of Ottawa, when they want to make a pun, say that "all J. R. Booth's plans take concrete form."

I remember having a chat with "the old man" not long since. It was down at the bottom of a deep excavation for a new set of turbines. He spoke slowly and deliberately, as he always does, weighing carefully every word as he described various geometric figures on the ground with his cane.

"There is a great future for cement," said he. "Take the building of ordinary dwellings, for instance. A few years from now doors and window sash and perhaps flooring will be the only wood used in dwellings. The rest will be concrete. Men will travel around the country with portable house-forms, and they will finish a concrete house in four or five days."

The words of this man of 84 years were slow and measured, yet they overflowed with the confidence and enthusiasm of the young man, whose life is before him.

J. R. Booth's status as a millionaire is unique. Unlike the vast majority of Canadian millionaires, he knows little and cares less about high finance and the securities of the stock market. He is a director of the G. T. P. and of the Canada Cement Company, but his private car—the old Canada Atlantic "Opcongo"—never wears itself out taking him down to Montreal to attend directors' meetings. He is wholly wrapped up in his own business, which none but his own hand has guided down through these years, and which has yielded him his millions.

Of course, he has extensive interests elsewhere. On a birth-day several years ago, just after he had turned the Canada Atlantic over to the G. T. R., he presented each of his two sons and two daughters with railroad bonds to the value of one million dollars.

Four millions at one fell swoop! And yet the Canada Atlantic was but one of his side lines, built to open up some of his northern timber limits.

No one knows just how much J. R. Booth is "worth," nor is there any means of even arriving at an intelligent estimate. However, there is scarcely the slightest doubt that, if it came to an actual show down, of individual money power, J. R. Booth could hold his own with any other millionaire in Canada—any individual member of the C. P. R. or Bank of Montreal crowds, or the Bank of Commerce group, or the Canadian Northern circle, or any of the rest of them.

But after all, it is impossible to satisfy the infinite mind with finite things. This man, with his fabulous wealth and his premier place among Canadian kings of industry, and bearing upon his head the frosts of many winters, continues to toil day after day as in years gone by—not for money, not for power, but to give his work-craving mind and body something wherewith to occupy themselves, and to see the industry which he has nurtured and tended from a humble birth, growing larger, larger, ever larger.

(Article No. 2 will deal next week with Hon. Clifford Sifton.)

It is the opinion of John Moody in his Weekly Review of Financial Conditions, that the final decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission will be to advance freight rates to a small degree, but not to anything like the extent the railroads are demanding. Should the Commission decide generally against the railroads, the writer looks for an immediate wage reduction on the principal lines.

When Canada Calls Loans

By H. M. P. ECKARDT

FROM time to time the point is emphasized that the business of acting as reserve centre for banking institutions is not altogether made up of honey and sweetness. It is pleasant and agreeable, no doubt, for those financial interests at such a centre having need of borrowed money, to know that bankers' funds from all parts of their own land and from other countries are hurrying in large masses towards their city. During such a time the periodical bank statements and other signs indicating money market conditions afford good reading. But within the shadow of the privileges and advantages enjoyed by the central city always lurks the responsibility or obligation connected with them. Sometimes the responsibility assumes a prominence that is quite disagreeable. In the latter part of August New York has been experiencing some of the unpleasant phases. During the summer, funds poured into New York from the interior of the United States, from Canada, and from Europe. There is some suspicion that the gold imports from Europe represented proceeds of direct loans negotiated in London by American financiers; but, the movement of funds from Canada and from the interior of the United States clearly represented massing of resources at the strategic centre in preparation for the special task of crop moving.

Judging from the press comments, the importance of the position held in the New York money market by the Canadian banks is fully realized. Thus one of the best informed New York dailies remarked that "There were indications that the banks would soon be compelled to ship gold to Canada as the movement of Montreal Exchange disclosed a profit on such shipments. Next day the same paper said, "Canada also made heavy demands upon the banks here, and the indications were that the \$500,000 gold withdrawal of yesterday for Montreal would be quickly followed by other remittances in the effort to supply the Canadian market with funds required for crop moving and other outlays. This drain not only takes money out of New York, but forces banks here to tie up additional cash in providing the reserve with which to carry the loans called by the Canadian lending institutions, which have long been heavy lenders in Wall street."

These remarks would seem to indicate that in August also the foreign loans of the Canadian banks were called. It will be remembered that the July statement disclosed the fact that about \$28,000,000 of foreign call loans had been liquidated in that month. However, the proceeds realized from these calls were not all brought home to the Dominion. Some \$10,000,000 were required to meet the withdrawals of that amount of deposits outside Canada. And about \$9,000,000 went to increase the balances carried on deposit with New York and London banks. As the current loans elsewhere increased a couple of millions, there may have been something like \$10,000,000 or more transferred to the Dominion by means of exchange transactions. (In addition to the calling of foreign loans there were sales of securities by our banks amounting to \$5,000,000.) Probably the bulk of this transfer of funds to Canada in July could be explained as representing payment of interest due on one debt held in London and of debts due by our importers to United States manufacturers and exporters.

Now, however, the gold is beginning to come; and if the Government pays no heed to those parties who advocate a weakening of the specie reserve carried against Dominion notes, it is practically certain that the Dominion note circulation will show a further increase.

It is interesting to follow the effects, technically, upon the New York money market of such heavy calling of loans by our banks as occurred during July and perhaps in August. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the \$28,000,000 called abroad in July were realized in New York. Take the item of interest on Government and other debts held in London. Gold was moving to America and sterling exchange is usually cheap when that is occurring. Our bankers could buy the necessary exchange advantageously. If they called \$5,000,000 of loans for the purpose, the New York banks, in all probability the clearing-house institutions, would have to assume the loans; they might also be forced to draw on credits carried by them in London or Paris. Then, suppose \$10,000,000 more of our loans were called for the purpose of meeting withdrawal of deposits elsewhere than Canada. The New York banks would require also to take this load. If their deposits increased correspondingly they would be under the necessity of tying up \$2,500,000 of their cash as reserve against the increase in deposits. In other words, their surplus reserve would be decreased by that extent.

Loans called by us for the purpose of settling our trade indebtedness to the United States would have the same effect. The New York banks would, in all probability, have to take them over, and their reserve requirements would be increased by the deposit expansion incidental thereto.

The most exhausting type of loan calling, however, is that whereunder our banks on calling loans in New York ship the proceeds in the form of gold to Montreal. Each shipment of \$500,000 gold cuts away the leases for \$2,000,000 loans.

When They Reach Canada They Anchor.

FOLLOWING the recent reports to the effect that the tide of migration from the United States to Canada had again turned towards this country, the Boston News Bureau has made an investigation of the whole migration problem.

There is very little ground for the statement that the American farmers are returning. In Southern Alberta, where the drought has been very severe, and crops are in many sections practically nil, some discouraged farmers have come back. But the great bulk are remaining. Actual figures of returning farmers as shown by the United States customs entries for the seven months ended August 1 were as follows:

January	11	May	27
February	2	June	11
March	40	July	15
April	78	Total	184

Between the same dates, 50,425 persons went from the United States to settle in the Canadian West.

The reports that farmers are returning to the United States evidently originated from the statement made several weeks ago by Clarence Blanchard, of the Federal Reclamation Service of Canada, that 15,000 Americans had returned from Canada this year. High Canadian Government officials have no hesitancy in declaring that these figures were deliberately falsified by American land companies promoting properties in the American West, which spread broadcast the report that these were "American farmers."

It is a rather striking commentary on the volume and

AFTER WILLY'S WAD



"Big Bill," the billiard sharp: I'm working him for another game—and then see me trim him. —Toronto World.

quality of the American migration to Western Canada, that in the last provincial elections in the Province of Alberta, Canada, the most westerly of the three "Prairie Provinces" some 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. of approximately 40 candidates had previously been Americans. In the following tabulation is shown total immigration to Canada from Jan. 1, 1897, to March 31, 1910, the close of the last fiscal year, total American immigration and the percentage of Americans:

	Total.	American.	Per cent. American.
(1) 1897	21,716	2,412	11.1
(1) 1898	31,900	9,119	28.5
(1) 1899	44,543	13,945	31.3
(2) 1900	23,895	8,543	35.7
1900	49,149	17,987	36.5
1901	67,379	26,388	39.1
1902	128,364	49,473	38.5
1903	120,331	45,229	37.7
1904	146,266	43,652	29.4
1905	189,064	57,919	30.1
(3) 1906	124,667	34,659	27.4
1907	262,469	58,312	22.1
1908	146,908	59,832	40.4
1909	208,794	103,798	49.5
Total	1,575,445	529,268	33.6

(1) Calendar year.
(2) First six months.
(3) Fiscal period (nine months).

During these 14 years, 42 per cent. of the arrivals from the United States made homestead entries in the Western provinces.

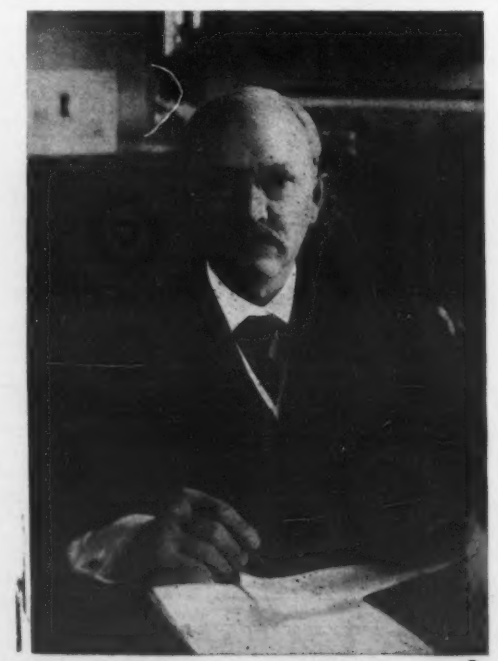
Diverting National Assets.

WILLIAM LITTLE, of Montreal, well known as expert on subjects connected with forestry and lumbering, discusses in a letter to the Montreal Star the fine showing made by the Laurentide Paper Company in its report for the year ending June 30, 1910. He points out that the policy of those who have remonstrated against the Government's action in prohibiting the export of pulp wood materials would result in driving such companies out of the country and diverting the direct benefit that they create for Canada.

The report, as Mr. Little states, shows that the net mill profits from ground wood, sulphite pulp, paper and cardboard, was \$669,802, and from lumber and miscellaneous amounted to \$105,631, or total mill profits of \$775,523 which, after the deduction of bond and other charges, leaves a net profit of \$516,304 for the year. The timber lands from which these profits were derived are inventoried at \$609,713, not a great deal in excess of the net profits for one year, and the total mill profit of \$775,523 in amount exceeds the entire revenue from timber dues of the province of Quebec for any one year, save that of 1906. Mr. Little points attention to these figures as illustrating the frightful sacrifice the country has suffered in allowing fire to burn up so much valuable timber, and in acquiescing in the alienation of timber privileges to foreigners for the merest trifle. Such a company as the Laurentide will pay out from one and a half to two million dollars in wages a year, and Mr. Little says, "although these facts are well known, it is lamentable to find gentlemen, supposed to be of sound mind, actually remonstrating with the Government against its commendable action in prohibiting the export of this pulp wood material, which, together with our water power, is our chief national asset."

Earnings of the Railway Steel Spring Co. for the first six months of 1910 are the best in its history. The rate of earning indicates a net surplus of \$2,340,000 or 8.85 per cent. on the Common stock for the year.

Nova Scotia steel dividend has been increased to five, from four per cent.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.
SECRETARY BALLINGER.
A new photo of the American politician who has been made the target of such violent attacks on the part of the insurgent Republicans.



"The time is out of joint; O cursed spite! That ever I was born to see it right." —Philadelphia Record.

ALLAN LINE

FAST TURBINE STEAMERS

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL

(Royal Mail Service)

Virginian	Sept. 2, Oct. 29
Tunisian	Sept. 9, Oct. 7
Victorian	Sept. 16, Oct. 14
Corican	Sept. 23, Oct. 21

RATES OF PASSAGE.

First class, \$77.50. Tunisian or Corican: \$57.50, Victorian and Virginian. Second class, \$47.50, \$50, \$52.50, according to steamer.

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW.

Grampian	Sept. 3, Oct. 1
*Preorian	Sept. 10, Oct. 8
Hesperian	Sept. 17, Oct. 15
*Ionian	Sept. 24, Oct. 22

RATES OF PASSAGE.

First class, \$67.50.
Second class, \$47.50 and \$50.00.
*One class cabin steamers, \$45.00.
For further particulars apply The Allan Line, 77 Yonge St., Toronto.

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450 ROOMS WITH BATH
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It carries through coaches and sleepers for Ottawa and Montreal, and arrives MONTREAL 7.00 A.M.

Leaves West Toronto 9.45 p.m.
Leaves North Toronto 10.00 p.m.
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4 TRAINS DAILY TO 4 MONTREAL
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ONLY DOUBLE-TRACK ROUTE
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It is not only the best but it delights the taste and puts an edge on the appetite.

Toronto Saturday Night
Dear Editor

Enclosed please find \$2.00 for one year's subscription to "The Paper worth while."

My address is

Yours truly

TALE OF THE TAPE

Record of the Market Fluctuations of Canadian Stocks for the Day with High and Low a Year Ago. Inactive Securities:

Par Value	Outstand'g Common Stock	Out-stand'g Preferred	Bonds and Debentures	Res. Funds Profit and Loss	STOCK	Range for twelve months, 1909.	High	Low	Ask	Bid
100	180,000,000	55,616,665	176,333,583	2,244,359	Transportation Canadian Pac. Ry.	189% Oct.	166	Mar.	193%	
100	12,500,000	24,905,000	24,905,000	2,244,359	Detroit United	71% Aug.	55	Jan.
100	12,000,000	10,000,000	22,000,000	601,994	Duluth, com.	70% Sept.	63	Sept.	80	79%
100	3,500,000	1,500,000	2,600,000	437,800	Dul. Sup. Trac. Co. com.	124% Dec.	106%	Jan.
100	1,400,000	800,000	800,000	1,027,465	Havanna Electric	99% Dec.	83%	Feb.
100	7,453,703	5,000,846	8,627,731	1,024,465	Do, pref.	98% July	90	Oct.
100	7,453,703	5,000,000	8,627,731	24,956,813	Illinois Trac. pref.	101% Feb.	101%	1910
100	15,000,000	4,552,600	3,072,000	416,344	Mex. N. W. Ry.	148% May	122	Dec.
100	11,487,400	15,087,500	15,087,500	7,239,851	Mexico Tram. Co.	148% Jan.	134	Nov.
100	16,800,000	8,400,000	66,895,000	2,786,864	Minn. St. P. & S.S.M.	223% Dec.	203	Jan.	236	238
100	10,000,000	4,426,004	4,426,004	58,642	Montreal Street	123% Dec.	97	Jan.	117	118
100	10,000,000	12,634,000	947,166	142,380	Northern Nav.	36% Dec.	24	Feb.
100	3,000,000	600,000	2,941,500	1,707,935	Porto Rico Ry. Co. com.	52% April	35	Dec.	47%	47
100	9,000,000	2,500,000	2,500,000	2,597,507	Que. R. L. & P. Co. com.	94% Dec.	77	Jan.
100	3,132,000	1,183,573	378,700	2,988,600	Richelleu & Ont.	103% May	79	Jan.	92	...
100	31,250,000	40,336,326	1,707,935	2,597,507	Rio de Janeiro	161% Nov.	105%	Jan.	115	149%
100	860,000	6,000,000	2,597,507	2,597,507	Sao Paulo T.L. & P. Co.	14% Jan.	6	May
100	10,000,000	13,257,000	1,691,188	2,597,507	Toledo Ry.	130% Dec.	107%	Jan.	124	123%
100	13,875,000	13,257,000	1,691,188	2,597,507	Toronto Ry.	93% Oct.	94%	Jan.	113%	113
100	8,000,000	2,826,200	3,033,000	814,903	Tri-City pref.	116% Dec.	96%	Jan.	113%	113
100	9,000,000	3,000,000	19,503,000	861,430	Twin City com.	190 June	156	Jan.
100	20,100,000	3,000,000	19,503,000	861,430	Winnipeg Electric	150 April	138	Jan.	141%	141%
100	6,000,000	3,649,000	2,275,000	2,442,420	Telegraph, Light & P.	207% April	186%	Jan.	203	...
100	12,500,000	3,649,000	2,275,000	2,442,420	Consumers Gas	207% April	186%	Jan.	203	...
100	3,500,000	3,649,000	2,275,000	2,442,420	Mackay pref.	77% Sept.	69%	Jan.	92%	92%
100	41,330,400	50,000,000	903,768	663,854	Do, pref.	89% Jan.	63%	July
100	13,585,000	2,400,000	18,889,188	663,854	Mex. L. & P. Co. com.	107% Jan.	103%	April
100	17,000,000	2,400,000	18,889,188	663,854	Do, pref.	107% Jan.	103%	April
100	1,520,300	1,000,000	10,477,000	2,042,581	Ottawa L. H. & P. Co.	108% Dec.	100	Nov.	145	144%
100	7,000,000	1,000,000	7,900,000	171,376	Shaw. W. & P. Co.	103% Dec.	86%	Jan.
100	4,000,000	1,000,000	1,056,788	1,056,788	Toronto El. Light.	135 Jan.	114	May	112%	112%

Par Value	Capital Stock Outstand'g	Reserve Fund	Profit and Loss	STOCK	Range for twelve months, 1909.	High	Low	Ask	Bid
243	4,866,666	2,530,666	294,663	Banks British North America	155 Mar.	148%	Feb.
50	10,000,000	6,000,000	722,139	Commerce	201 Dec.	171%	Jan.	203%	203%
100	4,000,000	5,000,000	148,841	Imperial	165 Jan.	165	Jan.	163	163
100	3,000,000	2,100,000	148,841	Eastern Township	206 Dec.	199	Jan.	145	147
100	2,649,300	2,649,300	403,665	Hamilton	148 Sept.	140	Jan.	145	147
100	2,500,000	2,300,000	403,665	Hochelaga	170 Dec.	160	Nov.	224	222
100	5,454,846	5,454,846	403,665	Imperial	171 Dec.	160	Nov.	224	222
100	6,000,000	4,500,000	102,157	Merchants	211 Jan.	193%	...	207%	207%
100	1,000,000	1,000,000	307,809	Metropolitan	254% Aug.	245	...	261	261
100	3,810,400	12,000,000	681,561	Montreal	254% Aug.	245	...	261	261
100	14,400,000	12,000,000	681,561	Nationale	254% Aug.	245	...	261	261
100	2,000,000	1,200,000	26,014	New Brunswick	275 May	263	Oct.	275	265
100	773,800	1,379,150	26,268	Nova Scotia	275 May	263	Oct.	275	265
100	3,000,000	3,500,000	44,865	Ottawa	213 Feb.	205	Mar.	211	211
100	3,461,660	3,461,660	455,919	Quebec	126 June	122	Jan.	245	242
100	2,500,000	1,250,000	39,671	Standard	241 Jan.	232	April	245	242
100	5,000,000	2,400,000	54,074	Toronto	227 Jan.	215	July
100	4,000,000	4,750,000	68,871	Traders	148 Dec.	136	Jan.
100	4,354,500	2,200,000	102,443	Union	140 Dec.	130	July	143%	143
100	3,244,800	1,900,000	28,676	Union	140 Dec.	130	July	143%	143

Par Value	Outstand'g Common Stock	Out-stand'g Preferred	Bonds and Debentures	Res. Funds Profit and Loss	STOCK	Range for twelve months, 1909.	High	Low	Ask	Bid
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	3,306,001	Industrials and Miscellaneous Amal. Asbes. Corp. com.	32 Oct.	27%	Dec.	11	9
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	3,306,001	Do, pref.	91% Oct.	59	Dec.	51	45
100	3,000,000	1,000,000	510,000	75,940	Black L. Cons. Asb. com.	23% Dec.	21	Dec.	17	17%
100	3,000,000	1,000,000	510,000	75,940	Do, pref.	87% Dec.	62%	Dec.
100	750,000	750,000	49,000	75,940	E. N. Dist. Co. com.	93% Dec.	91%	Oct.	88%	...
100	3,500,000	5,000,000	3,500,000	75,940	Can. Car. & F. com.
100	3,500,000	5,000,000	3,500,000	75,940	Do, pref.
100	13,500,000	10,500,000	3,000,000	3,306,001	Canada Perm.	163% April	140	Jan.	65	...
100	6,000,000	1,713,327	3,306,001	2,541,305	Can. Steel pref.	196 Sept.	27	Jan.
100	2,736,695	1,959,455	2,541,305	76,700	Do, pref.	125 July	82	Jan.
100	4,700,000	2,000,000	267,568	1,829,000	Can. Gen. Elec. com.	123 July	101	Jan.	108%	108%
100	565,000	408,910	54,396	71,971	Clt. Dairy com.	102% May	15	Jan.
100	565,000	408,910	54,396	71,971	Do, pref.	102% May	15	Jan.
100	1,768,814	...	549,275	549,275	Crown Reserve	6.00 Oct.	2.60	Jan.	2.65	2.67
100	25,000,000	...	24,129	24,129	Dom. Steel & C. Corp.	118 Dec.	66%	Jan.
100	20,000,000	...	6,451,058	6,451,058	Dom. Steel pref.	79% Sept.	57%	Jan.	103%	103%
100	5,000,000	1,859,030	6,451,058	6,451,058	Dom. Textile com.	110 June	95	Feb.	98	99%
100	40,000,000	12,000,000	12,000,000	12,000,000	Do, pref.	110 June	95	Feb.	98	99%
100	2,100,000	1,500,000	1,284,395	1,284,395	L. of Woods Milling	145% Oct.	14%	Jan.	122	124%
100	2,100,000	1,500,000	1,284,395	1,284,395	Do, pref.	128 Sept.	118	Jan.	122	124%
100	7,488,145	...	421,482	421,482	La Rose Cons. M. Co.	8.47 Aug.	4.20	Nov.	3.80	3.85
100	1,600,000	...	978,966	978,966	Laurentide com.	130 Sept.	112	Jan.
100	...	1,200,000	...	527,783	Do, pref.	131% Dec.	112%	Jan.
100	2,500,000	2,500,000	...	393,596	Maple Leaf Mill. com.	53%	53%
100	2,500,000	2,500,000	...	393,596	Do, pref.	94%	94
100	700,000	800,000	...	393,596	Montreal Steel	105 Dec.	68	April	114%	119
100	700,000	800,000	...	393,596	Do, pref.	117 Dec.	104	April
100	6,000,000	1,030,000	4,500,000	393,596	Nipissing Mines Co.	12.91 Sept.	9.25	Feb.	10.65	10.55
100	2,500,000	2,000,000	1,750,000	393,596	N. S. Steel	122 Dec.	114	Mar.	83	...
100	2,500,000	2,000,000	1,750,000	393,596	Do, pref.	122 Dec.	114	Mar.	83	...
100	2,500,000	2,000,000	1,750,000	393,596	Ogilvie Flour	144% Dec.	112	Jan.
100	2,500,000	2,000,000	1,750,000	393,596	Do, pref.	122 Dec.	114	Mar.	127%	124%
100	2,500,000	2,000,000	1,750,000	393,596	Penmans. Ltd. com.	66 July	118%	Mar.
100	2,150,600	1,075,000	2,000,000	602,005	Do, pref.	93% May	84	Oct.
100	327,500	300,000	685,690	685,690	W. A. Rogers, Ltd. com.	152 Dec.	101	Mar.	200	190
100	327,500	300,000	685,690	685,690	Do, pref.	111 May	97	Jan.
100	8,750,000	1,250,000	654,950	654,950	Shredded Wheat. com.	43% Dec.	29	April
100	8,750,000	1,250,000	654,950	654,950	Do, pref.	97% Jan.	97%	Jan.
100	1,000,000	...	81,303	81,303	Trethewey Cobalt Mine	164 Feb.	129	June	1.28	1.26

INACTIVE SECURITIES

Par Value	Common Stock Outstand'g	Bonds, Preferred Stock or Debentures	Reserve and Contingent	STOCK	Range for year 1909	High	Low	Ask	B
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